THE BOOKMAN

A Magazine of Literature and Life

VOL. XXXIV OCTOBER, 1911 No. 2

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

Tennyson's Grandson

It is not in any spirit of hostility that we say that *A Portentous History,* by Alfred Browning Stanley Tennyson, is receiving a great deal more consideration because the author happens to be the grandson of the great laureate than because of its strict merits as a book. We have not read *A Portentous History,* but a critic whose judgment is usually kindly and sound describes it as "hopelessly dreary," in fact quite in tune with the title it bears. The author is the son of the great poet's second son, Lionel Tennyson. His mother was the daughter of Frederick Locker-Lampson. Lionel Tennyson died in 1886. Two years later his widow married the Right Honourable Augustine Birrell, Chief Secretary for Ireland.

The O. Henry "Life"

The O. Henry *Life,* which was to have been published this year, is not to appear until the autumn of 1912. It is being edited by Mr. H. Peyton Steger, who was a close friend of Sidney Porter's later years. Perhaps not more than half a dozen persons realise how astonishingly varied was the career of the man who builded up in so brief a space of time a reputation as a writer of short stories that is second to only one or two in the history of American letters. There was a dark side to his career which the editor of the *Life* must treat in the spirit of perfect candour. To any one who knew and delighted in O. Henry's humour, who understood his spontaneity and his riotous invention it is quite superfluous to say that he is not to be judged by the standards that are applied to ordinary men. Mr. Porter went to New York about ten years ago. In a few years he had made for himself a conspicuous name. The facts of this last part of his life are very well known. But Mr. Steger feels that the earlier years, especially those years in North Carolina and Texas, need a more careful investigation. This *Life* of O. Henry is to him to a large degree a labour of love and, as he expresses it, "I want to know about any story, sketch, or letter of his still unpublished."

THE LAUREATE'S GRANDSON, ALFRED BROWNING STANLEY TENNYSON, THE AUTHOR OF "A PORTENTOUS HISTORY"

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政治官報

THE OLDEST NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD

The "Tching-Pao," the official gazette of Pekin, has just celebrated its 1,000th anniversary and claims to be the oldest newspaper in the world. Ever since its conception a copy of each edition has been carefully preserved in the archives of the Pekin palace. A love for accuracy has been the keynote of its success, and in order to bring about this state of affairs it is said that a number of journalists on its staff have paid the penalty with their lives for the responsibility of mistakes printed in its columns.

Here is a letter written by Sidney Porter when he was nineteen years of age. It is interesting because any one with a sound knowledge of O. Henry's work will detect, in the boyish nonsense, a suggestion of the humour that years later was to sparkle in *Cabbages and Kings, Roads of Destiny,* and *The Voice of the City.*

KYNTOEKNEEYOUGH RANCH, Nov. 31, 1883.

DEAR MRS. HALL: As I have not heard from you since the shout you gave when you set out for the station on your way home, I guess you have not received some seven or eight letters from me, and hence your silence. The mails are so unreliable that they may all have been lost. If you don't get this you had better send to Washington and get them to look over the dead letter office for the others. I have nothing to tell you of any interest, except that we all nearly froze to death last night, thermometer away below 32 degrees in the shade all night.

You ought by all means to come back to Texas this winter; you would love it more and more; that same little breeze that you looked for so anxiously last summer is with us now, as cold as Callum Bros. suppose their soda water to be.

My sheep are doing finely; they never were in better condition. They give me very little trouble, for I have never been able to see one of them yet. I will proceed to give you all the news about this ranch. Dick has got his new house well under way, the pet lamb is doing finely, and I take the cake for cooking mutton steak and fine gravy. The chickens are doing mighty well, the garden produces magnificent prickly pears and grass; onions are worth two for five cents, and Hr. Haynes has shot a Mexican.

Please send by express to this ranch 75 cooks and 200 washerwomen, blind or wooden-legged ones preferred. The climate has a tendency to make them walk off every two or three days, which must be overcome. Ed Brockman has quit the store and I think is going to work for Lee among the cows. Wears a red sash and swears so fluently that he has been mistaken often for a member of the Texas Legislature.

If you see Dr. Beall, bow to him for me, politely but distantly; he refuses to waste a line upon me. I suppose he is too much en-

H. PEYTON STEGER, WHO IS EDITING THE O. HENRY "LIFE"

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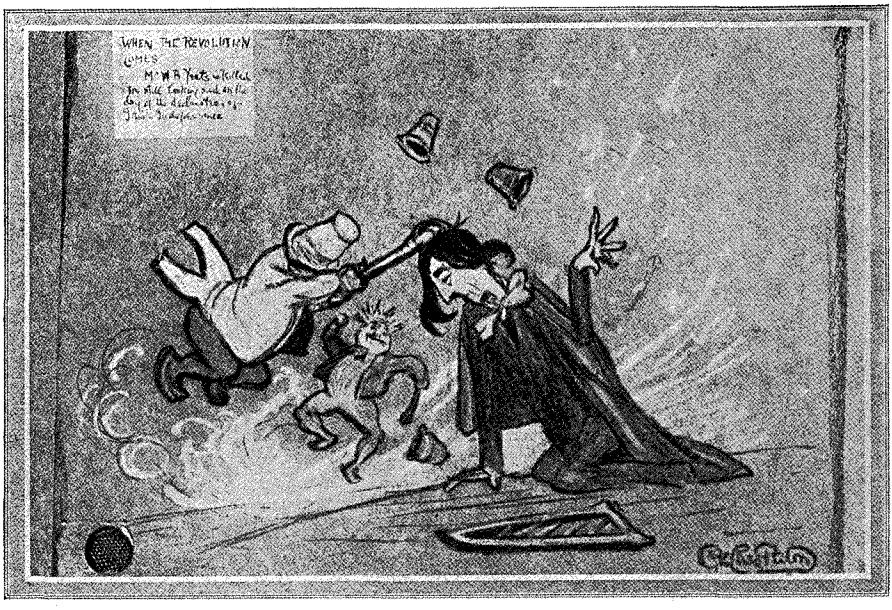
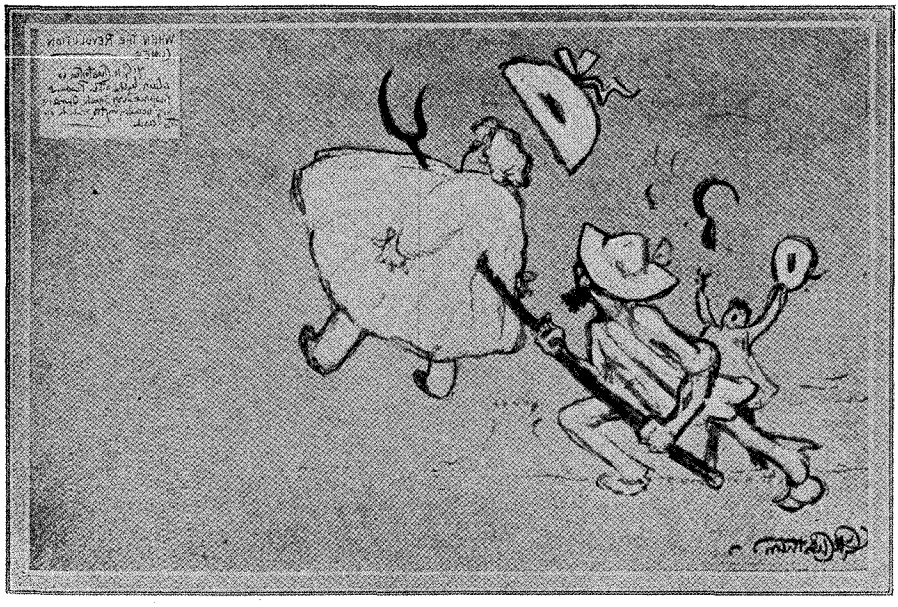
G. K. CHESTERTON AS A CARTOONIST

WHEN THE REVOLUTION COMES



MR. W. B. YEATS IS KILLED FOR STILL LOOKING SAD ON THE DAY OF THE DECLARATION OF IRISH INDEPENDENCE



MR. G. K. CHESTERTON IS SLAIN BY THE OTHER PEASANT PROPRIETORS AND SMALL OWNERS FOR OCCUPYING TOO MUCH OF THE LAND

Everybody knows Mr. G. K. Chesterton as a brilliant essayist. He is also well known as a novelist, as witness his political satire, "The Napoleon of Notting Hill," and his new detective stories, "The Innocence of Father Brown." He has published, in addition, many books of biography and criticism, including one on Mr. Bernard Shaw. Probably few people know, however, that Mr. Chesterton is likewise an accomplished artist, resembling in this respect other famous writers in whom humour was a leading characteristic, such as Thackeray and the late Sir W. S. Gilbert. From the "London Sketch."

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WIDOW OF THE LATE SIR EDWIN ARNOLD, THE FAMOUS ORIENTALIST AND POET, AUTHOR OF "THE LIGHT OF ASIA." LADY ARNOLD (KURO-KAWA TAMA)

gaged in courting to write any letters. Give Dr. Hall my profoundest regards. I think about him invariably whenever he is occupying my thoughts.

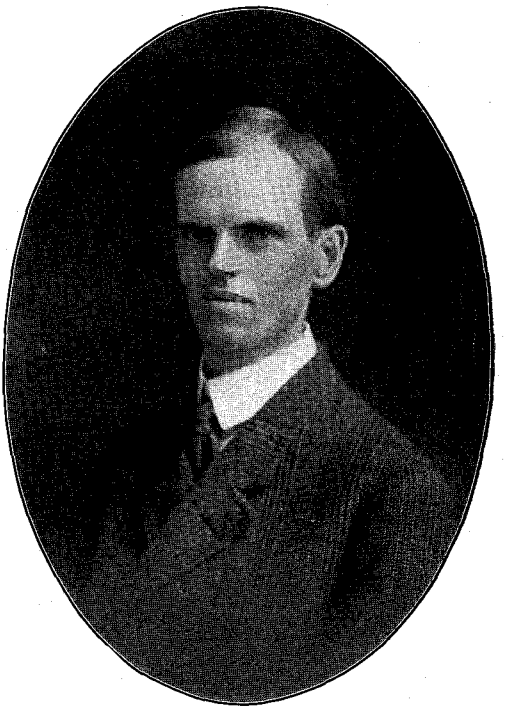
Influenced by the contents of the *Bugle,* there is an impression general at this ranch that you are president, secretary and committee, etc., of the various associations of fruit fairs, sewing societies, church fairs, Presbytery, general assembly, conference, medical conventions and baby shows that go to make up the glory and renown of North Carolina in general, and, while I heartily congratulate the aforesaid institutions on their having such a zealous and efficient officer, I tremble lest their requirements leave you not time to favour me with a letter in reply to this, and assure you that if you would so honour me I would highly appreciate the effort. I would rather have a good long letter from you than many *Bugles.* In your letter be certain to refer as much as possible to the advantages of civilised life over the barbarous; you might mention the theatres you see there, the nice things you eat, warm fires, niggers to cook and bring in wood; a special reference to a nice beefsteak would be advisable. You know our being reminded of these luxuries makes us contented and happy. When we hear of you people at home eating turkeys and mince pies and getting drunk Christmas and having a fine time generally we become more and more reconciled to this country and would not leave it for anything.

I must close now as I must go and dress for the opera. Write soon.

Yours very truly,
W. S. PORTER.

Rah! Rah! Siwash

In common with a great many other persons we have read, with varying degrees of interest, everything that Mr. George Fitch has written about Siwash College and its heroes. We are acquainted with Ole Skjarsen, Prince Hogboom, Allie Bangs, Keg Rearick, Petey Simmons, and the rest of them. Naturally we have harboured a certain amount of curiosity as to the exact Middle Western institution of learning Mr. Fitch had in mind as the background for his stories. The author takes up this point in the Preface to *At Good Old Siwash,* the recently published collection of these tales. He says: "Siwash isn't Michigan in disguise. It isn't Kansas. It isn't Knox. It isn't Minnesota. It isn't Tuskegee, Texas, or Tufts. It is just Siwash College. I built it myself with a typewriter out of memories, legends, and contributed tales



GEORGE FITCH

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from a score of colleges. I have tried to locate it myself a dozen times, but I can't. I have tried to place my thumb on it firmly and say, 'There, darn you, stay put.' But no halfback was ever so elusive as this infernal college. Just as I have it definitely located on the Knox College campus, which I myself once infested, I look up to find it on the Kansas prairies. I surround it with infinite caution and attempt to nail it down there. Instead, I find it in Minnesota with a strong Norwegian accent running through the course of study. Worse than that, I often find it in two or three places at once. It is harder to corner than a flea. I never saw such a peripatetic school."

"The Dangerous Age"

Probably the most talked-of book in Central Europe during the past year is *The Dangerous Age,* by Karin Michaëlis, which is reviewed elsewhere in this issue. Edition after edition has been issued and the fortune of the book has been increased by the quarrels it has provoked. It is not a

KARIN MICHAËLIS

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From a Photograph of a Painting by Schmalz

JOHN OLIVER HOBBES

book that we should care to recommend for indiscriminate reading. It is far from being *virginibus puerisque*. Marcel Prévost, the author of *Lettres des Femmes,* cannot possibly be regarded as likely to be a squeamish critic, yet in his introduction to the French edition he feels that it is necessary to write in a vein of apologetic explanation. But for the book as a bit of literary work he has an outspoken admiration:

It is difficult for one who knows no Danish to judge of its literary value; and that is my case. In the German version—and I hope also in the French—the reader will not fail to discern some of the novelist's finest gifts. In the first instance, there is that firmness and solidity of structure which is particularly difficult to keep up when a book takes the form of a journal, of jottings and meditations, as does *The Dangerous Age*. Then there are the depths of reflection, the ingenuity of the arguments, the muscular brevity of style, the expression being closely modelled upon the thought; nothing is vague, but nothing is superfluous. We must not seek in this volume for picturesque landscape painting, for the lyrical note, for the complacently woven "purple patch." The book is rigorously deprived of all these things; and, having regard to its subject, this is not its least merit.

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The Woman and Her Critics

In *The Life of John Oliver Hobbes*, edited by her father, John Morgan Richards, there is a slashing arraignment of the literary woman in her attitude toward those who criticise her work. It is from the pen of Moberly Bell, the famous editor of the London *Times*. Moberly Bell and Mrs. Craigie were personal friends, and the latter wrote protesting against the treatment that *The Flute of Pan* had received at the hands of the *Times* reviewers. In response the editor wrote in part: "There is one thing and only one thing that the Omnipotent has absolutely failed to create. He has made good women, bad women, clever women, silly women, selfish women, and heroines of self-sacrifice, but He had never yet made a woman who could stand—I will not say adverse criticism, but—one note of deviation from absolute and unqualified praise of any of her literary efforts. This is not in blame of any one—unless of the Creator—it is a law as certain as the law of gravitation, and there is and has never been any exception to it from Deborah to George Eliot, and even later (the assumption of a masculine name cannot alter the fact), there is a unanimity of proof."

Moberly Bell goes on to tell of one lady of whom the critic wrote: "But she can do and has done better work than this." That miserable line broke the friendship of years. It was "atrocious," "unjust," the critic "had not read the book." Another woman wrote to him "the *Times* seems to think that nobody of my sex can write books except Mrs. Humphry Ward and Mrs. Craigie." Moberly Bell followed this with some very plain talk. He informed Mrs. Craigie that the paper had been laughed at for the praise it had given her books. "Why, in this very review you are called a delicate artist, credited with 'a peculiar species of comedy, elaborate, rarefied, austere—full of a certain sharp humour and with a stamp of unmistakable nobility over it all.' Well, how many living or dead men or women are there of whom that can be said? Not two dozen! Say it of a man and he would probably be insufferable in his self-conceit forever after. Of the Poet Laureate and he would sprout six inches at a bound. But to a woman—'No! You said I lacked something—that is enough. I am outraged, insulted, hurt. You have denied my absolute perfection, therefore, you are only fit for the Coliseum!' It is no good—if we had said that *The Flute of Pan* was equal in parts to *Othello* you would still have resented the 'in parts.'"

Mrs. Craigie was far from being silenced by this letter. She replied, beginning "I swear this is not to 'sass back' (American idiom), or to have the last word," citing George Eliot to prove that the English treat artists (literary and otherwise) abominably. Moberly Bell's prompt retort was a demonstration that her letter was in reality a defence of the *Times* article. "Having conclusively established these points," he says, "1. That public opinion is always wrong; 2. That it always differs from the *Times*, you then very illogically go on to say that public opinion is very shrewd, shrewder than the able man and woman." He then takes her own case. "You will, I suppose, admit that you stand somewhere between George Meredith and Marie Corelli. Your books probably sell more than those of the former, less than those of the latter. The *Times* will probably praise you less than the former, certainly more than the latter. Public Opinion: 1. Marie Corelli. 2. Mrs. Craigie. 3. George Meredith. The *Times:* 1. George Meredith. 2. Mrs. Craigie. 3. Marie Corelli. Have you any doubt which is right?"

In 1896 Mrs. Craigie's father became the proprietor of the London *Academy*. At his daughter's suggestion Mr. Charles Lewis Hind became the editor of the journal in which she manifested a very lively interest. To Mr. Hind she wrote frequent letters of suggestion and appreciation. In reading the following one must bear in mind Mrs. Craigie's definition to the effect that "vulgarity, like beauty, is distributed by the gods without prejudice. It has nothing to do with one's birth. Besides, what is vulgarity but the unrestrained exhibition of too

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common human beings? When we call persons vulgar we mean that they are commonplace in an artless and energetic way." Writing under date of November 2, 1897, Mrs. Craigie says, "Of course, Thackeray is vulgar—atrociously so, often. As a satirist he is vulgar in the sense that Horace, Pope, Voltaire, and Dryden are not vulgar. As a novelist he is vulgar in the same degree that Fielding, Tolstoy, Eliot, and Balzac are not vulgar. Jane Austen writes about vulgar people, but she herself is never one of them. That is why she is more often praised than read. Browning was neither 'refined' nor 'vulgar.' He wrote as a poet—not as a candidate for popularity. Flaubert was a man of diseased genius. He was vicious—never vulgar. De Maupassant was also diseased, but he was not a genius and he was vulgar. Handel is vulgar. Bach and Palestrina are not. Wagner has desecrated every beautiful phrase in the great masters. Velasquez is not vulgar. Whistler was not vulgar. Dr. Arnold was not vulgar. Matthew Arnold was vulgar. Burns was not vulgar. Carlyle was a little vulgar. Froude was not vulgar. Motley was not vulgar. Macaulay was not vulgar. Johnson was not vulgar. Addison was vulgar. One's 'place' in literature is a possession—never a concession. And one knows one's place. I don't wish to be judged—one way or the other—till I am forty. In the meanwhile I am in no hurry." In a letter, written the next day, she adds: "Here are some more vulgars and not vulgars: "William Morris—vulgarity itself. Spenser—not vulgar. Dickens—not vulgar. Scott—not vulgar. Lord Lytton—rather vulgar. Stevenson—vulgar, very. Macdonald—not vulgar. Ibsen—diseased, not vulgar." A comprehensive review of *The Life of John Oliver Hobbes* will appear in a later issue.

The Invasion of Asia

A propos of the paragraphs on "The Anglo-Saxon Invasion of Africa," in the preceding issue of THE BOOKMAN, the comment has been made that a somewhat unfair partiality was shown in giving preference to the African over the Asian continent. The suggestion implied in the comment was a good one, and accordingly we publish the adjoining map showing the extent to which the English and American novelist has invaded the Near and the Far East. It must be admitted, however, that the subject does not lend itself to quite such complete and satisfactory treatment as was the case with Africa. It is much harder to draw a definite boundary line. Is Constantinople, for instance, to be regarded as Asiatic or European? Are Java, Sumatra and Borneo to be included, and if so, how about the Caroline Islands, New Guinea and the rest of Oceanica? Then, too, the novelist-invader of Asia has been far less thorough than on the Dark Continent. The uncharted areas are vaster and more numerous. The few spots that for one reason or another are landmarks in history are over-populated: Palestine, British India, Japan since her war with Russia, the Philippines, since our own with Spain, would be overcrowded if anything like a complete list of names were inscribed. And, on the other hand, the wide reaches of Central China, Tibet, Siberia, look as barren as the polar icefields.

Nevertheless, the chart is not without interest. As might have been foreseen, India offers the most ample reward. Few of the earlier masters of the English novel are represented, but of these few Scott was one. How many readers of *Ivanhoe* and *Kenilworth* know so much as the name of *The Surgeon's Daughter,* which relates how Richard Middlemas, soldier of fortune and lover of Menie Gray, inveigles the girl to India, and there plans to sell her to an Indian prince, in exchange for the governorship of a city? Thackeray, too, must be named among the novelists of India, not alone because the childhood of Clive Newcome was passed there, but also on the strength of the *Life of Major Gahagan,* that modern *Miles Gloriosus,* whose bombastic reminiscences are a triumph in braggadocio. But, aside from a few soldier-authors, like Colonel Philip Meadows Taylor (who took himself very seriously, and whose *Tara, Ralph Darnell* and *Seeta* give the history of three great Indian tragedies: the rebellion of the

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Mahrattas, in 1657; the Black Hole atrocity, in 1757; and the Sepoy Mutiny, in 1857, an even century apart), India in popular fiction really began with Marion Crawford's *Mr. Isaacs.*

The success of that book was due to the concurrence of a number of fortunate circumstances: Buddhism and theosophy were in the air; the local, home settings of other novelists had begun to pall; and here was a strange, vivid book, full of occult suggestion, and redolent of exotic colour and eastern passion. It was Crawford, far more than any British forerunner that paved the way for the man whose India stands for the India of fact as well as fiction to the great majority of English readers throughout the Five Nations and the Seven Seas—Rudyard Kipling. Yet it would be unfair to let the author of *Mine Own People,* of *Soldiers Three,* of *Kim,* quite overshadow the admirable work of Mrs. Flora Annie Steel, in such novels as *Voices of the Night, On the Face of the Waters,* and *The Hosts of the Lord.* Henry Seton Merriman belongs on the list, because of *Flotsam,* a story of the Mutiny. So does Sir Conan Doyle, on the strength of *The Sign of the Four.* And we must not forget that it was Mr. Hopkinson Smith who wrote that enjoyable and fantastic tale, "The Rajah of Bongpoor." It is not quite fair, perhaps, to class Wilkie Collins's *Moonstone* as a novel of India; yet the opening chapters are laid there, and the volume closes with the life-long banishment of the three Hindoo priests who have lost their caste for the sake of restoring the jewel which once again, after eight centuries, sheds its radiance from the head of the desecrated idol.

Borneo, Sumatra, China, the Celebes, India itself, and all the adjacent waters receive mention sooner or later in the pages of Joseph Conrad. *Tales of Unrest, Almayer's Folly, Lord Jim, Typhoon,* are probably the best pictures that we have in English fiction of the seaports and the waterways of the East Indies. Conrad has this field pretty nearly to himself; yet it is worth while to remember that more than a generation earlier, Charles Reade took the Straits of Gaspar, south of the Celebes, as the scene of the memorable fight in *Hard Cash,* in which Captain Dodd's good ship *Agra,* being attacked by a Malay pirate, has the satisfaction of out-fighting, out-manœuvring and out-sailing the enemy.

France was ahead of us in Japan, with Pierre Loti's *Madame Chrysanthême;* but America was a close second with John Luther Long's *Madam Butterfly.* In spite of his cosmopolitan origin and career, America may also claim Lafcadio Hearn, who has probably come nearer to a true interpretation of the Japanese spirit than any other of our writers of fiction. Among others who, with varying degrees of success, have made Japan their background are Archibald Clavering Gunter, in *A Japanese Princess,* Onoto Watanna, in a long series of volumes such as *The Wooing of Wisteria, The Love of Azalea,* and similar horticultural titles, Mrs. Hugh Fraser, in *Marna's Mutiny, The Custom of the Country,* and the like, and Frances Little, in her unpretending and widely popular *Lady of the Decoration.*

Space forbids a detailed survey of the whole Asian territory. Kipling's *Kim* takes us well up into Afghanistan, and so, too, does A. E. W. Mason's *The Broken Road.* Persia is represented mainly by historical novels of the vanished glories of ancient dynasties—books like Crawford's *Zoroaster,* William Stearn Davis's *Belshazzar,* Whyte-Melville's *Sarchedon,* and the somewhat later novel by Nathan Haskell Dole, based on the life of the author of the Rubaiyat, *Omar the Tentmaker.* Arabia and the Holy Land are richer in material. Wallace's *Ben Hur* and William Ware's *Julian,* Scott's *The Talisman* and *Count Robert of Paris,* both tales of the Crusades, and laid respectively at Constantinople and Palestine; Crawford's delicate phantasy, *Khaled,* MacGrath's recent extravaganza. *The Carpet from Bagdad,* are just a few of the titles that come to mind, pell-mell, good and bad alike, as belonging geographically, if in no other sense, together.

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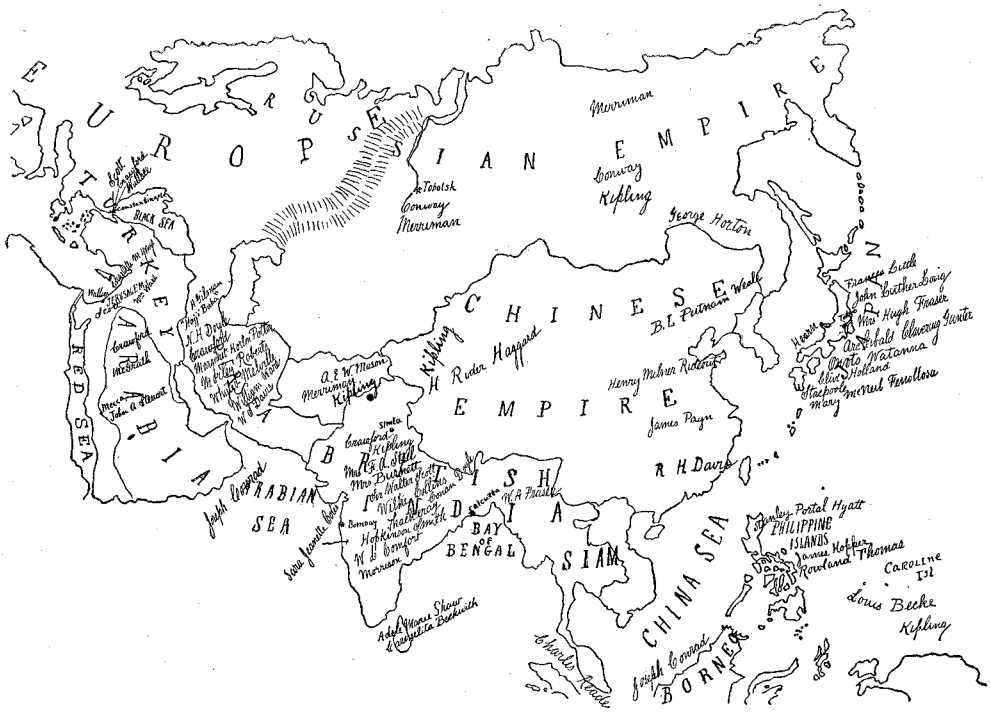

THE INVASION OF ASIA BY ANGLO-SAXON WRITERS

Finally, there is Siberia: that vast, lonely stretch, which might be studded over with Russian names of honour, and on which the Anglo-Saxon writer finds himself isolated and alone. Merriman has done something in a small way, in volumes like *Prisoners and Captives.* But for the moment, the one volume that stands out vividly in the memory is that English "Best Seller of Yesterday," *Called Back,* by Hugh Conway. In spite of a strong flavour of melodrama, there was something decidedly worth while in the idea of a young Briton daring the risky journey across the breadth of frozen Siberia, in order to interview a Russian convict and learn from him certain facts which will help to bring back sanity and happiness to the Englishman's wife, whom a great shock has robbed of her memory. It was one of those rare happy thoughts in fiction that the big public recognises and acclaims, even when handicapped by slipshod work—and because of it, *Called Back* deserved the popularity it enjoyed with the readers of a generation ago.

A Letter and a Reply

We have received from a gentleman residing in Minneapolis, Minnesota, a letter which deserves attention because it is typical of a good many letters that find their way to this office:

> The imprint of a notable firm of Publishers is Number 1. for a Magazine's success; the right Title is Number 2: these has THE BOOKMAN.
>
> Number 3. in advance is Table of Contents on front inside page, not having to wade through advertisements to see what is in the issue of the Periodical.
>
> But a Minus Mark—a big one, too—is made with very first paragraph—the July Number is before us—:
>
> "We have heard the name before. Was he not the gentleman who at the time of the Venezuelan controversy wrote" &c.?
>
> Then there follows provincialism grating and petty. What has Literature got to do with any outside political remark of an author? Morley Roberts is surely to be judged in THE BOOKMAN by his *Thorpe's Way,* not by any

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former statement, political, theological, or other -ological. Was not Latin happily, once, and for long, the Language of Literature? and in it all writers lost their private tongues and nationalities when they gained the high tableland of Cosmopolitanism. Literature is as free from local prejudices and geographical fencings-in as is Science.

This sharpened the look for a second time, ready now to find fault, and righteously, and behold, the expression used is Ungrammatical! It should be: "Was not he the gentleman that" &c.

Then, looking up to the sub-Title, which should be explanatory of the Magazine's aim, there is seen with astonishment the same Ungrammaticalness! It should be: "A Magazine of Literature and of Life."

There had come now the Fly in the Soup all through the splendid Table d'Hote of the rest of the July Number of the first-class THE BOOKMAN!

To the last two or three paragraphs of the above letter we are not going to make any reply. In view of the wording of the letter itself that would be too absurd. But in order to answer the suggestion that what our correspondent calls "provincialism grating and petty" was at the bottom of our reference to Mr. Morley Roberts let us quote the offending paragraph in full:

The Century Company in making an announcement of *Thorpe's Way*, speaks of Morley Roberts as an English writer better known in England than in this country. We think, however, that we have heard the name before. Was he not the gentleman who at the time of the Venezuelan controversy wrote, "No Englishman with Imperial instincts can look with anything but contempt on the Monroe Doctrine. The English, and not the inhabitants of the United States, are the greatest power in the two Americas; and no dog of a Republic can open its mouth to bark without our good leave"?

Now we wish to assure our Minneapolis correspondent and any one else who may be interested in the matter that the above paragraph was written in a spirit of perfect friendliness and good nature. We are not offering an explanation: we are stating a fact. Furthermore we maintain that it is a matter that has to do with literature in that it reflects an interesting phase of a man who is a citizen in the Republic of Letters. For example, suppose that it had been almost entirely forgotten that Thackeray had written a *Roundabout Paper* called "On Half a Loaf," and had incorporated in an early chapter of *The Newcomes* a paragraph that had grated on the nerves of a good many Americans in the late fifties of the last century. Would not the printing of these facts be in the nature of a literary discovery, or would it be exclusively an expression of "local prejudice and geographical fencings-in"? There are probably persons who think that if we speak of the days when young Mr. Kipling wrote a paragraph to the effect that the Chinese navy, properly manned, could blow the American navy into the blue, we do so in a spirit of sullen resentment; that figuratively we are shaking a fist across the Atlantic at perfidious Albion, dumping the tea into Boston Harbour, refighting the battles of Saratoga, Long Island and Princeton; shouting, in the words of the husband of a lady famous historically: "There are the Red Coats: we must beat them to-day, or Molly Stark's a widow!" As a matter of fact we think there is an English country gentleman living at Rottingdean, who, if he looks into the books containing those early impressions of travel, will grin as amiably as we grin in reading over that statement about American naval inefficiency. We can re-read Charles Dickens's *American Notes* and *Martin Chuzzlewit* not only without the slightest exasperation, but even with a certain feeling that the arraignment, though exaggerated, contained some very sound and wholesome truths. We think that Mr. Thackeray was quite right in that matter of "Half a Loaf." We wish Mr. Morley's *Thorpe's Way* all the success it deserves, and we beg to extend to the gentleman in Minneapolis the assurance of our most distinguished consideration.

Mr. Shorter and Professor Matthews

Another international tempest in a teapot, and one that shows real irritability on one side at least, seems to have been going on in England recently, with the English critic Clement K. Shorter and Professor Brander Matthews the persons involved. Mr.

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Shorter had his say in the London *Sphere,* to which paper he contributes a weekly literary page. He begins by paying compliments, alluding gracefully to the collected edition of the works of Mr. Howells, speaking pleasantly of Mary E. Wilkins, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, and Frank Stockton, expressing his appreciation of Eleanor Hallowell Abbott's *Molly-Make-Believe.* But, he continues, not all Americans fill him with such kindly emotions.

> There is a Mr. James Brander Matthews, for example, a professor of literature and the author of a variety of books, most of them I judge of little value. Was it not Mr. Matthews who discovered that envy is the keynote of Carlyle's character and who could not recognise the lovable traits that make Dr. Johnson so great to us? Only the other day Mr. Matthews rushed into print in *The Westminster Gazette* to inform the public that I had made two blunders with regard to Thackeray. The editor of *The Westminster* courteously permitted me to the extent of half-a-column of his journal to demonstrate that Mr. Brander Matthews was entirely in the wrong. I venture to say that there is no professor of an English university who would not have promptly apologised, but although Mr. Matthews's first letter was eminently gratuitous he did not do so, which shows that at least one American professor has something to learn with regard to manners.

Aspects of Thackeray

It may reasonably be taken for granted that, with some rare exceptions, the man or the woman who reads Lewis Melville's latest book will be one with a fairly good fundamental knowledge of the subject. Consequently the book must be judged by the odds and ends of new material that it contains, or by the skill or lack of skill that Mr. Melville shows in the attempt to present the old material in a new form. Some years ago Mr. Melville published a *Life of Thackeray* which was not exactly an unqualified success. *Some Aspects of Thackeray* has much the same kind of faults as that earlier book, a lack of the sense of proportion, a certain disingenuousness in its attitude toward Thackeray the man. It must be said in the favour of Mr. Melville that his knowledge of his subject is a very sound knowledge. His glib allusion to "Ned" Bayhan when he means "Fred" Bayham is a very trivial slip when we consider the utter incompetence of some other men who have written about Thackeray in recent years. For example, there was that extraordinary introduction to *Thackeray* in the "Masters of Literature" series written a year or two ago by the brilliant G. K. Chesterton, teeming with blunders, gravely informing the reader that there was a legend to the effect that Thackeray had once called upon Dickens with a proposition to illustrate the latter's books, whereas any Thackerayan in the least worthy of the name could have told him that Thackeray had related the whole story himself in very explicit English, and in his later years was in the habit of making frequent allusions to what he called "Mr. Pickwick's fortunate escape." No one can reasonably find fault with Mr. Melville's equipment for his task, but there are grounds upon which a reviewer may disagree with his conclusions.

The Old, Old Cant

The first chapter of *Some Aspects of Thackeray* bears the title "Thackeray and the Dignity of Literature." In it Mr. Melville endeavours to prove that Thackeray regarded his craft as the noblest of all crafts, and never wrote anything intentionally uncomplimentary about his fellow-authors. It is just the kind of specious explanation that has been going on for years, and has covered all that has been written about Thackeray with the gloss of an insincerity that is as unnecessary as it is exasperating. Why not try to approximate the truth? It would not in the least dim the splendour of Thackeray's achievement. Perhaps the blame is Thackeray's own, for he himself set the example. He was in the habit of making explanations that failed to carry conviction. Take that much discussed line in *The Newcomes* about "Mr. Washington leading the American rebels with a courage, it must be confessed, worthy of a better cause,"

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to which we alluded in a previous paragraph. We, who disagree absolutely with the sentiment, cannot think the less of him for harbouring it. Instead of offering the exceedingly lame excuse that he was merely expressing the political opinions held at the time when "pigtails still grew on the backs of the British gentry," would not the manlier course have been to retort to his transatlantic critics: "Yes, I wrote it and I meant it, and can you, as Americans, blame me, an Englishman, for upholding that my country was right"? There was one of the "Fitzboodle" stories, now seldom found in any of the editions of his works, which he tried to explain in a manner equally insincere and unconvincing. There was his allusion to the habits of the ladies of the stage, and his subsequent unworthy attempt to wriggle out of the responsibility for what he had written.

For literature as literature no man ever had greater respect than Thackeray. But neither Mr. Melville nor any other apologist can convince us of his abounding love and admiration for the fellow-authors of his day. He frequented Bohemia, but he preferred Belgravia. He admired *Vanity Fair,* and *Esmond,* and *Pendennis,* because he was a literary artist, and also because they were the means of bringing him invitations to dine at the tables of the great. But he knew, and the knowledge embittered him, that though he might write with the pen of men and angels, he would never be socially the equal of the eldest son of a Duke. Did not his whole life reflect his discontent with literature as a career? Did he not wish to enter the Diplomatic service, that being essentially a gentlemanly profession? Was he not willing, at the height of his fame, to give up the writing of books to dawdle with sealing wax as an underling in the British Embassy in Washington? In a thousand ways the man's life is an open book in which may be read so plainly his ambitions, his *ennuis,* his likes and dislikes, his pangs of pleasure and of pain. And yet the dreary cant goes on, and the specious insincerities, and the explanations that do not explain.

There is a pleasanter side of Mr. Melville's book to contemplate. There is anecdote, which if not exactly new, has a freshness of treatment which makes it acceptable to the sound Thackerayan. For instance the information that the original of Harry Foker, in *Pendennis,* was Andrew Arcedechne is in itself exceedingly trite. But there are bits here and there in the following account which we believe to be not matters of general knowledge:

> Foker differs from Thackeray's other characters because it was an accurate portrait of a member of the Garrick Club. It was most probably this breach of etiquette that was the cause of Thackeray being blackballed at the Traveller's Club, where the ballot is by members and not by the committee, the members fearing lest any one of them who had marked peculiarities of manner might be introduced in some later novel. The member of the Garrick who sat for Foker was Andrew Arcedechne, who, as says the Hon. Henry J. Coke in his *Tracks of a Rolling-stone,* was so like a seal that he was often called "Phoca" by his intimates. Arcedechne was small in stature and eccentric in his mode of dressing; he drove stage-coaches as an amateur, loved cock-fighting and the prize-ring and had a large estate in Norfolk. It is pleasant to record, that no quarrel between him and his lampooner was occasioned by the publication of *Pendennis.* Thackeray always declared his model to be "not half a bad fellow," and Arcedechne remarked: "Awfully good chap old Thack was. Lor' bless you, he did n' mind me a bit. But I did take it out of him now and again. Never gave him time for a repartee." The victim did, indeed, sometimes contrive to score off his persecutor and once or twice with marked success, and Thackeray became uncomfortable in his presence. When the great man was telling a story in the smoking-room at the Garrick, and Arcedechne entered, the narrator would hesitate, stammer, and break down; whereupon the other, with a bland smile would say, "Proceed, sweet warbler, thy story interesteth me!"—which remark invariably reduced Thackeray to silence, and often to flight. Or Arcedechne would be in the room and when the novelist entered would greet him affably, "Ha! Mr. Thackeray! literary cove! Glad to see you, sir. How's Major Dobbing?" and would summon a waiter

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and tell him to "Give this gent a glass of 'Foker's Own,' and score it up to yours truly."

Many of the journalists and men of letters in *Pendennis* had their prototypes. Bungay was a caricature of Colburn the publisher, and the proprietor of the *New Monthly Magazine,* to which Thackeray at one time contributed. Colburn was shown the earlier chapters of *Vanity Fair,* but he missed his opportunity, declining to commission Thackeray to finish the novel. W. H. Wills, the business manager of Dickens's *Household Words,* is said to have been the publisher's reader, who "from having broken out in the world as a poet of a tragic and suicidal cast, had now subsided into one of Mr. Bungay's back shops, as reader for that gentleman." Captain Sumph, a guest at one of Bungay's dinner parties, was drawn from Captain Medwin, author of *Conversations with Byron;* Wagg, Lord Steyne's henchman, was Theodore Hook; Archer, whose advice, according to his own account, was always wanted at the palace, was Tom Hill of the *Monthly Mirror;* and Wenham, Lord Steyne's sinister managing man, was John Wilson Croker. *The Book of Snobs* contained many allusions to Thackeray's contemporaries. Benjamin Disraeli was introduced as Ben de Minories, Theodore Hook as Theodore Crook, Mrs. Gore as Mrs. Cruor, Mrs. Trollope, the mother of Anthony Trollope, and the author of *Domestic Manners of the Americans,* as Mrs. Wallop, and Thomas Babington Macauley as Tom Macan. Several of the characters of *Vanity Fair* had real prototypes. It is supposed that Becky Sharp had an original, though her name is known to few.

Lady Ritchie saw her once. She drove to Young Street to see Thackeray, a most charming, dazzling little lady, dressed in black, who greeted the novelist with great affection and brilliancy, and on her departure presented him with a bunch of violets. Thackeray always parried with a laugh all questions concerning this prototype. However, a lady who knew him intimately was not so reticent. She said the character of Becky was an invention, but it had been suggested to him by a governess who lived in the neighbourhood of Kensington Square, and was the companion of a very rich and very selfish old woman. The governess, strange to say, followed in the footsteps of Becky. Some years after the publication of *Vanity Fair* she ran away with the nephew of the lady with whom she was living, and for a while made a sensation in society circles, quite in Mrs. Rawdon Crawley's style and entirely by Mrs. Rawdon Crawley's methods. This living handsomely on nothing a year resulted in the usual way; and in the end the ex-governess fled the country, and was to be seen on the Continent flitting from gambling-place to gambling-place.

Pendennis, according to a story to which Mr. Melville refers, grew out of an actual anecdote of Brighton life, told to Thackeray by the Misses Smith, daughters of Horace Smith, part author of *Rejected Addresses.* The novelist had told them that he had to produce the first number of a new story in a few days, and had no idea what to write about. As a mark of appreciation he named his heroine Laura after one of the younger sisters. When the book was finished the original Laura professed to be very angry. "I'll never speak to you again, Mr. Thackeray," she declared; "you know I meant to marry Bluebeard"—the name by which Lady Rockminster referred to George Warrington. It may, perhaps, be remarked, comments Mr. Melville, that it is rather curious that Thackeray should have christened his heroine Laura Bell, for that was the name of a *demi-mondaine* of the day, so notorious that it is inconceivable that such a man about town as the author should not have heard of her.

In Memoriam

When *David Harum* became overnight a name known from one end of the country to the other there was a universal throb of pity when it was learned that the author, Edward Noyes Westcott, had not lived long enough to realise his book's success. More fortunate, in this respect, was the late Vaughan Kester. At least, thought the thousands of readers who found delight in the whimsical pages of *The Prodigal Judge,* he was not denied the thrill of knowing that he had lived to the hour of fulfilled achievement. He en-

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THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF ELINOR GLYN

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THE LATE EDWIN ASA DIX

joyed a few brief months of success, months in which his book was for the time the most widely read book in the United States. But what these thousands did not know, what was known only to those who had come into personal contact with Vaughan Kester, was the splendid courage that had supported him for years. One of the most touching pictures of all literary history, we think, is that of Sir Walter Scott, racked by pain, and yet with indomitable zeal persevering to the end, dictating, between groans of suffering, the last of his novels. In the Valhalla of letters there are the shades of other heroes besides the Giant of the North. Though his name may not loom so large in history in the great battle, does not the younger officer face the same danger with the same intrepid valour as the general in command? And should this valour be denied its meed of recognition?

In the New York papers of Friday, August 25th, there appeared a brief paragraph to the effect that a man had suddenly dropped dead in front of one of the clubhouses that line the south side of Gramercy Park. The only marks of identification were the initials "E. A. D." It was one of those paragraphs with which readers are so familiar, but to which one seldom gives more than passing attention, forgetting Balzac's admonition that the simple line "Yesterday, a young man jumped off the Pont Neuf," may contain all the elements of human tragedy. In ninety and nine cases out of one hundred, "E. A. D." would have been quickly forgotten. But this time quick identification came, and a great many persons in the literary life of New York felt a very genuine pang, and in thinking of Edwin Asa Dix remembered a courteous, kindly, Christian gentleman, and a man who was an honour to his craft. Mr. Dix's published books included *Deacon Bradbury, Old Bowen's Legacy, A Midsummer Drive through the Pyrenees, Champlain, the Founder of New France,* and *Prophets Landing.* At one time he was the literary editor of *The Churchman.* For ten years he had been one of the leading spirits of the Authors Club of New York and no "Watch Night" would have seemed complete in which he did not have a share. It was in the rôle of "Signor Paderedixy" that he helped usher in the present year of grace, 1911. A Princeton man of the class of '81 he was one of the most loyal of Princeton alumni, and there was seldom a reunion of his class that did not bring from him some whimsical, delightful verses recalling the spirit of the old buoyant undergraduate days.

Kester's Unfinished Book

The recent republication of an early novel by Vaughan Kester, which some persons mistook for a posthumous work, recalls the fact, known to a few, that Mr. Kester left behind him at his death the manuscript of an unfinished story. Those who have seen this express their belief that it would have proved his most important, if not his most popular, work of fiction. Some time ago he submitted the manuscript to a certain publisher, who advised radical changes in the scheme of presen-

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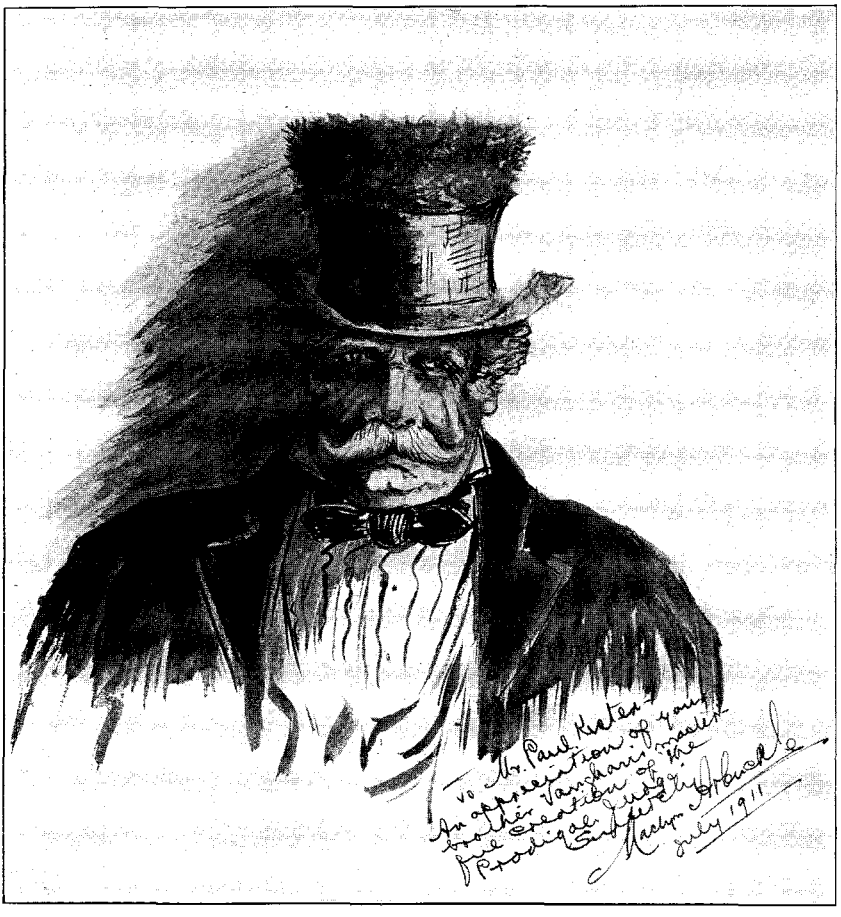
tation. He then put the book aside to write *The Prodigal Judge*. But that, on the completion of this successful story, he had taken it up once more with a view to recasting it in accordance with the suggestions of his critic which he recognised as just, is established by a letter written to the latter last November. This was just after he had placed *The Prodigal Judge,* referring to which he showed that he divined clearly the elements of popularity it possessed, though doubtless he was far from forecasting, even in his own mind, the extent of the success that these would secure him. Just how far he went with the revision of the earlier, unpublished novel, we do not know. But it is to be hoped that it is in a state which will make it possible for a conscientious publisher to present it to the public.

Dickens's Sales

In England they have been calling attention to the fact that in the course of a few months Dickens's last novel, *The Mystery of Edwin Drood,* will be out of copyright unless the New Copyright Bill is passed in the interval. This will throw the book open to all publishers in common with the other Dickens novels. It is not at all surprising, in view of the fact that it is an unfinished book, to learn that *The Mystery of Edwin Drood* sells far less than the author's other novels. C. K. Shorter is authority for the statement that in spite of the competition of other publishers the firm of Chapman and Hall sell more Dickens novels than they ever did before. Their sales of Charles Dickens's works in 1910 were twenty-five per cent. more than in 1909, and up to June



A SKETCH OF MACLYN ARBUCKLE IN THE TITLE RÔLE OF THE PLAY "THE PRODIGAL JUDGE"

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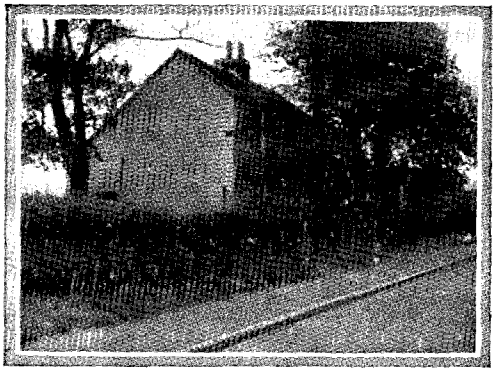


DICKENS'S LITTLE WOODEN HOUSE

About two miles out of Gravesend by the side of the famous Dover road is a small weather-boarded house. Here, according to a black marble tablet which has recently been placed over the front door, Charles Dickens spent his honeymoon in 1836 and also wrote some of the earlier chapters of "The Pickwick Papers."

30, 1911, they were forty per cent. better than in 1910.

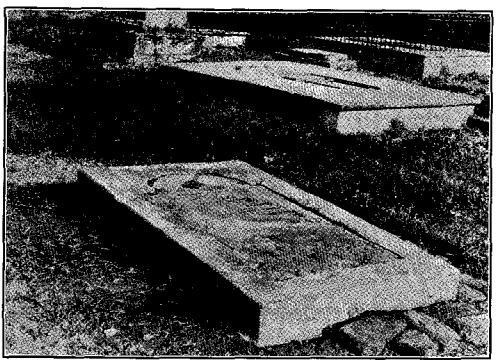
There are certain subjects which it seems absolutely impossible to down. For example, the old question as to whether Dickens ever described a gentleman was first brought up so many years ago, and has been so thoroughly discussed that we thought that we had heard positively the last word about it. But the London *Outlook* recently opened its columns to the topic with the result of a kind of literary Donnibrook Fair.

Flaubert's Opinions

Some striking literary opinions of Gustave Flaubert are recalled by the discussion of his letters which Mr. Frank Harris has been contributing to the London *Academy*. Of style he wrote when he was thirty-two years of age "Boileau and Hugo have it, whereas Voltaire and Chateaubriand are only mediocrities and Lamartine worthless. It is the very heart's blood of thought; none of the schools know anything about it. Professors are only imbecile pedants who parrot what they have learned—for they have no love in them, and love is the secret of the soul, without which one can understand nothing." Flaubert saw Victor Hugo and Georges Sand fairly from the beginning; he admired Hugo's *La Légende des Siècles* enthusiastically; but could not pretend to like *Les Miserables*. Georges Sand, on the other hand, he praised continually. Renan, Gautier, Tourguénief, Daudet, Zola, Guy de Maupassant, Jules Lemaître, the Goncourts—all the masters he recognised at once and hailed as stars.

He advised all his friends to read Tourguénief's *Virgin Soil* and called the *Abandonnée* a masterpiece. Zola, too, he championed again and again; "parts of *L'Assommoir*," he declared, "are magnificent; a great, broad river of narration full of fine things: Zola is a lusty fellow, who will go far." In 1880 he read *Nana* and wrote to Zola praising it; the end of the book, he considered grandiose, worthy of Michelangelo. A woman friend wrote to him that *Nana* was dirty. "Read the *Divorce* of Dumas," he answered. "That is common if you like and ignoble. *Nana* has marvellous things in it and the end is a great epic. Zola's work is colossal. The giant may have dirty feet; but who cares?" Flaubert praised Daudet's *Jack*, and Maupassant's *Boule de Suif*. Of Balzac he made the curious criticism:

I have just been reading the correspondence of Balzac (he writes). He was a fine fellow, and one could have loved him, but how obsessed he was with the thought of money, and



THE GRAVE OF CHARLES DICKENS'S SON IN INDIA

This grave, which is situated near the main entrance of the Alipore Cemetery, Calcutta, shows the last resting place of the second son of Charles Dickens, the great novelist, whose name was Lieutenant Walter Landor Dickens, after his godfather, Walter Savage Landor. The soldier son of the novelist died at the Officers' Hospital, Calcutta, on the way home on sick leave, December 31, 1863, aged twenty-three years. He arrived in India after the Indian Mutiny and was attached to the 42d Highlanders (Black Watch). The grave bears the inscription: "In memory of Lieutenant Walter Landor Dickens, the second son of Charles Dickens, who died at the Officers' Hospital, Calcutta, on his way home on sick leave, December 31st, 1863. Aged twenty-three years."

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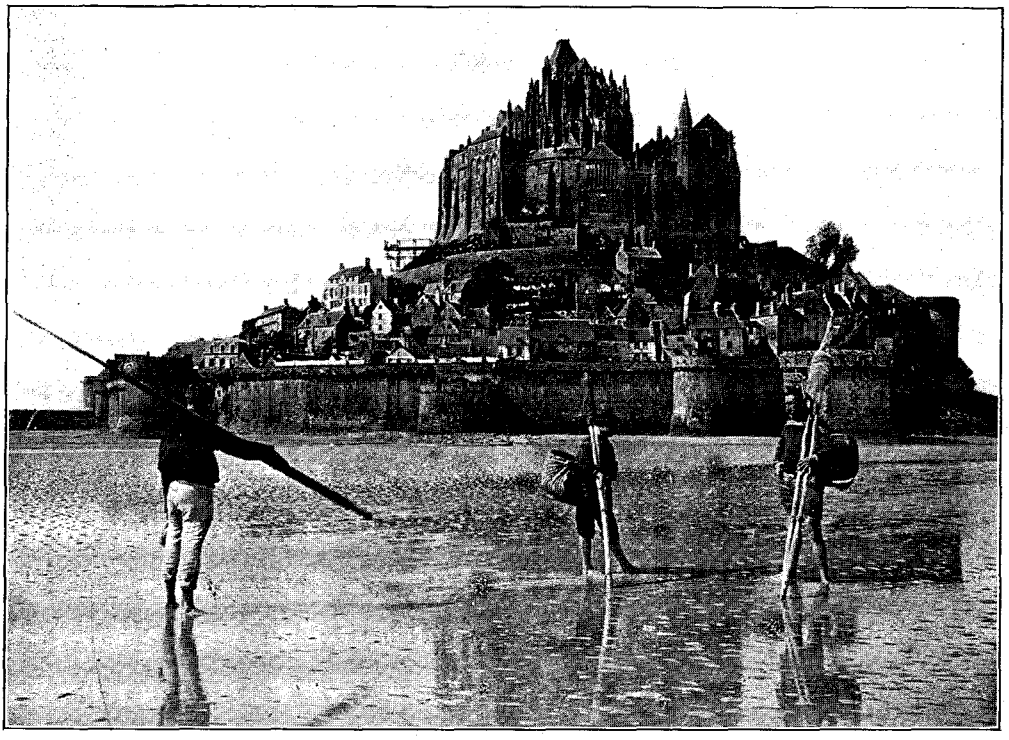

THE TRAIL OF GUY DE MAUPASSANT. MONT ST. MICHEL FROM THE MAINLAND

The old monastery of Mont St. Michel, on the Norman Coast, which played a conspicuous part in the wars of the sons of William the Conqueror, was used by De Maupassant as the background for several of the chapters of "Notre Cœur."

how small was his love of art! He never speaks of art, never once. He longs for fame, but not for the beautiful. Then he was a Catholic, a legitimist, a landed proprietor, and he would like to have been a Member of the Chamber and of the Academy: it is his ignorance which appalls me; he was *provincial* to the marrow of his bones; he even admires riches and luxury and Walter Scott. He was assuredly a big man, a prodigious fellow, but not in the first class, I think.

D'Annunzio's French

Evidently D'Annunzio has not been wholly successful in his attempt to enter the lists of French literature with his poetic mystery play, *Le Martyre de St. Sebastien.* Even the name of Claude Debussy, linked with his own as composer of the musical accompaniment, seems to have availed him little or nothing. For it is judged that the composer is by no means at his best in this particular score and that, according to the critic of the *Mercure de France,* "nothing is more distant from the flamboyant and high-sounding *panache* proper to the *verve* of our guest than the delicate and profound sensibility of a Debussy." Less kindly to the efforts of the Italian author than to those of Oscar Wilde in a similar experiment, the *Salome,* the Parisians are inclined to disparage D'Annunzio's literary command of this language. The writer quoted above asserts sarcastically that the poet "believed he was writing in French because he employed words out of our dictionary, and from this illusion resulted a formless, inane verbiage incomprehensible even to the reader." Still, the production on the Paris stage has been an event second only to that of *Chantecler,* last year, for the *réclame* by which it has been accompanied and by the gossip it has caused in the press. Of course, as in all that pertains to D'Annunzio, a woman plays an important part in the present instant. She is Mlle. Ida Rubenstein, a Russian dancer, who sustains the principal rôle in the *St. Sebastien* and who, it has been rumoured, the author is to

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marry. *Le Cri de Paris* gives the following anecdote of what happened between them at the rehearsals. "Mlle. Rubenstein never succeeded in pronouncing correctly the words: '. . . *en mangeant le doux fruit de vie.*' She strove in vain without coming closer than:

HARRY A. FRANCK AND HIS MOTHER.

Mr. Franck's "Four Months Afoot in Spain" is to be published early this month.

'. . . *en manchant le du frit de fie.*' Whereupon M. D'Annunzio corrected her: 'But no, it is not that, Mademoiselle, you should say: *en manzant lé doux frroint dé vie.*'"

Balzac's Lawyers

The September issue of *The Green Bag*, a magazine of the law, reports a paper on "The Law and Lawyers of Honoré de Balzac" which was read before the Pennsylvania Bar Association last June by the Honourable John Marshall Gest. Judge Gest had previously written about "The Law and Lawyers of Scott," "The Law and Lawyers of Dickens," and "The Law and Lawyers of Pickwick." Of Balzac's legal training and traditions he says:

His father was a lawyer, and obedient to the paternal wishes, he studied law, first for eighteen months with M. de Guillonet-Merville, an ardent Royalist, and for an equal period with a notary named Passez. Though duly qualified, he never practised, either as lawyer or notary. The dry details of the profession were revolting to him. You cannot harness Pegasus to a plough. He said to his sister, "I should become like the horse of a treadmill which does his thirty or forty rounds an hour, eats, drinks and sleeps by rule, and they call that living!" But his time was not wasted, for it is doubtful if any writer, not even excepting Scott, found his legal knowledge more useful. His accurate perception and marvellous memory enabled him to reproduce in imperishable words the men whom he had met and the Code which he had studied. I have counted the number of characters in Cerfberr and Christophe's Compendium of the Human Comedy who are connected with the law. There are twenty-nine judges and magistrates, twenty-three barristers, fourteen attorneys, twenty-four notaries and twenty-eight office clerks, in all one hundred and eighteen. Not all prominent, to be sure, some have only a passing mention, but many of them carry on the main action of the story. There are altogether some fifteen hundred and forty men in the Human Comedy, so that approximately eight per cent. of his male characters have something to do with the law. His books are crammed with legal terms and references. The Code was at his finger ends; and as modesty can hardly be called the besetting sin of us common lawyers, it will do us no harm to read these novels as a study in comparative law as well as comparative morals. . . .

That Rodin has a very firm hold upon the theoretic considerations of his art, that he is a shrewd and sagacious critic,

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Rodin

and that he can upon occasion shape an epigram of surprising penetration and depth, will surprise no one who remembers his response to Arthur Symons, when the latter, on showing him some of Blake's visionary drawings, remarked that Blake had actually seen what he represented. "Ah," said Rodin, "he saw them once, he should have seen them many times." It was, therefore, a happy idea for M. Paul Gsell systematically to draw out the sculptor on the subject of art, and to reunite the substance of these talks in a single volume bountifully supplied with examples of Rodin's own work and that of others to which he referred in the development of his arguments. These cover a wide field of practice and speculation, touching upon realism in art, the question of what constitutes beauty for the artist, design and colour, feminine beauty, thought and mystery in art, the utility of artists, etc. Throughout, in spite of the didactic nature of the dialogues, the conversational tone is well maintained, and the personal element is never absent. Indeed, M. Gsell succeeds, as not the least part of his work, in painting a very lively portrait of the great sculptor who is also a great dreamer and lyric poet, a true successor

SARA BEAUMONT KENNEDY

Mrs. Kennedy, the author of "Cicely," which is to be published this autumn, is an editorial writer on the "Commercial Appeal" of Memphis, Tennessee.

JOHN HASLETTE, AUTHOR OF "DESMOND ROURKE, IRISHMAN"

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to Victor Hugo. With a touch of malicious good humour he succeeds at the very beginning in exposing the fallacy of Rodin's pretensions to work directly and exclusively from nature. Though, naturally, he does not press this point or seek to summarise his conclusions, he makes it clear that Rodin, like every other great artist, is an idealist, who uses nature merely to keep at a certain level his imaginative vision. In his studies he pays troops of models, men and women, to move freely about him, when he can observe them as he works. When any one of them executes a movement or a gesture that pleases him, he gives the

From a Sketch by James Montgomery Flagg

MR. J. A. MITCHELL OF "LIFE"

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order to hold the pose, and then makes a rapid sketch or note in clay or on paper. One of these studios is situated in the Hôtel de Biron, which was formerly the convent of the Sacred Heart. Here, "in this monastic retreat," he has only female models, and, of course, the piquant antithesis between present and past here suggested, does not escape the Gaelic M. Gsell, who writes: "There where virgins were once educated under the tutelage of holy maidens, the puissant sculptor honours physical beauty by his fervour, and his passion for art is assuredly not less devout than the piety wherein were instructed the students of the Sacré-Cœur." There is an abundance of excellent anecdote in the volume. For example, Rodin, in discussing the question whether a portrait should resemble the subject, relates Henner's response to a lady who complained that he had failed to get her likeness. "He! Matame"—Henner's Alsatian accent adds largely to the humour of the story—"when you are dead, your heirs will think themselves fortunate to possess a fine portrait painted by Henner, and will care very little whether or not it looked like you." Rodin gives this anecdote to express his disapproval of the point of view represented, but, as usual, he shifts his ground somewhat when pinned down closely to precisely what constitutes a "likeness." There is always a door of escape from mere fact left open for him in his theory that the object of art is to represent not so much the body, as the soul. If he sees differently from others, he reserves the right to say that his vision is profounder and truer than theirs. So the matter is left very much where it was before, as far as the feelings and demands of the sitter are concerned. The only difference is that the entire freedom of the artist is thus established upon a transcendental basis. Certainly no sculptor of our time has suffered more than Rodin from having his portraits criticised or rejected on the score of failing to get a likeness or of caricaturing his sitters. Even his fellow-artists who have sat for him have voiced their complaints. Jean-Paul Laurens "reproached me in a friendly fashion with having represented him with his mouth open. I replied to him that, judging from the shape of his skull, he very probably descended from the ancient Visigoths of Spain, and that this type was characterised by the projection of the lower jaw. But I do not know whether he admitted the justice of this ethnographical observation." Puvis de Chavannes did not like the bust Rodin made of him. "This was one of the bitternesses of my career. He judged that I had caricatured him. And yet I am certain that I expressed in my sculpture all the enthusiasm and reverence I felt for him."

An Episode of the Commune

Molly Elliott Seawell's *The Jugglers*, which is to be published early this month, had its origin in a story which the author once read about the Paris Commune. A young man with a wife and children was condemned to death by the Communards. In the next cell to him was a priest, who told him that no effort was made to identify the condemned, and if he, the priest, allowed his beard to grow he could easily pass for his neighbour. He offered to do this and to die that the young man might be saved to his family. The sublime offer was refused and in the end both escape. But to Mrs. Seawell it seemed as if it would be more dramatic if the sacrifice were to be made unknown to the one meant to be saved by it.

Via Tarkington

The following stories reach us by way of Mr. Booth Tarkington, who under date of August 24th writes from the Austrian Tyrol. The first concerns a charming old French gentleman who was very religious; his family even more so. One day he said: "My daughters, they are Angels! My wife, she! She is a Saint! And me, I am a Martyr." The second tale concerns an Italian peddler of enamels whom Mr. Tarkington encountered in Lugano. The peddler kept insisting: "My God! you buy! All is cheap and a half! Cheap and a half! You buy! My God! Speak English! Cheap and a half!"

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Edmond L. Pearson, B.L.S.

Mr. Edmond L. Pearson, the author of *The Believing Years,* is a Harvard man of the class of 1902. After his graduation he studied library work for two years at Albany, thereby acquiring what he called "the fearsome degree of Bachelor of Library Science." For four or five years thereafter he worked in various libraries, public, governmental, in Washington, and in Asheville, North Carolina. In the copyright office of the Library of Congress he had charge of all the circus posters deposited for copyright. To this fact he attributes his taste in art. The circus posters had to be measured, spread out on the floor and measured with a yard stick. It was the only library position that ever gave him any real exercise. Since 1906 Mr. Pearson has written a weekly department in the Wednesday edition of the Boston *Evening Transcript,* called "The Librarian." Some of these articles were published in 1910 as *The Library and the Librarian.* Others are to be issued this autumn as *The Librarian at Play.* Mr. Pearson believes himself to be regarded as a kind of a pest by most of the women in library work because he has publicly advocated the inclusion of *Huckleberry Finn* in juvenile departments of public libraries. "Most of the ladies in charge of these departments," he says, "consider the book horrid."

The Bard's Anathema

The *British Weekly* is edited by Sir William Robertson Nicoll, one of whose pen names is "Claudius Clear." The paper prints every week a notice to the effect that "contributors are particularly requested not to send verses. They are not wanted in any circumstances, and cannot be printed, acknowledged, or returned." This announcement has aroused the wrath of a writer for the Manchester *Guardian* with the following result:

Because, when luckless bards attack,
You spurn their screeds, and even lack
The decency to send 'em back;,

Because you neither print nor read
(And advertise the fact, indeed!)
This solemn commination heed.

May you, in some post-mortem sphere,
Be born, O churlish Claudius Clear,
A very minor sonneteer!

May you toil late and rise betimes,
Committing in your graceless rhymes
All sorts of most atrocious crimes.

May you incur the critic's scorn
By rhymes most horrid and forlorn:
"Abroad" with "lord", and "dawn"
with "morn."

May every poem have in store
Unheard of accents by the score
And split infinitives galore.

May they come back from every place
You send 'em, till you lack the grace
To look a postman in the face.

And when at last Fate drops a hint
Of something of a rosier tint,
And one small ewe lamb reaches print,

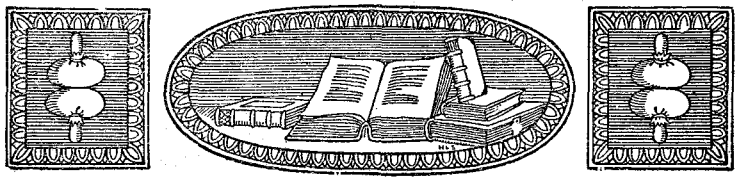
May some sub-editorial wit
Have slashed and hacked away at it
His views on poesy to fit.

And even then your chance of Fame
Be lost because—O burning shame!—
They haven't let you sign your name. . .

O Claudius, in some future state,
May this be your appalling fate,
For you may all these horrors wait.

Because, when luckless bards attack,
You spurn their screeds, and even lack
The decency to send 'em back!

LUCIO.



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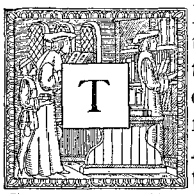
THE BOOKS OF OUR YOUTH

I—The Swiss Family Robinson

BY RICHARD BUTLER GLAENZER



HE story of the family that built a house in a tree: such is the memory which most people retain of *The Swiss Family Robinson,* while to the same, *Robinson Crusoe* recalls a desert island, Friday, and a footprint on the sand. There is nothing extraordinary about a house or a footprint on the sand; but a house built in a tree is as fascinating in its suggestion as a Spanish castle, and a footprint on the sand of a desert island is as terrible as a voice in an empty tomb. The one spells Romance, the other Realism. Therefore is it futile to discuss the comparative merits of the two books. The first was narrated to the young; the second was written for the old: the former, at an epoch when many of the young were becoming sceptical; the latter, at a period when some of the old were still credulous.

Robinson Crusoe has suffered the fate of Horace, a fate even less dignified, since it is held unworthy of the schoolroom. It is termed a classic by lexicographers and authoritative critics. It is much sought after in its earliest editions by bibliophiles and by them guarded like a treasure. But, as reading matter, it is reserved for children of a tender age—that age for which everything is debased to words of one syllable. *The Swiss Family Robinson,* on the other hand, still holds the audience for which it was written, but without realising the author's purpose; for the "benefits of intelligence, industry and a well-ordered mind" are uninteresting if indisputable facts to the average boy of to-day, so that his possible appreciation of noble precepts and the beneficence of Providence palls before a lively enjoyment of the spirited adventures in which the book abounds.

Here rises the inevitable question. Why is it that *Robinson Crusoe,* a piece of fiction written primarily for adults, appeals so strongly to young children. to younger children, in fact, than its successor? That this appeal is at least a century old is evidenced by Sir Walter Scott in his edition of Defoe:

> There is hardly an elf so devoid of imagination as not to have supposed for himself a solitary island in which he could act "Robinson Crusoe," were it but in a corner of the nursery.

But this does not answer the question. "It happened one day, going toward my boat," says Crusoe, "I was exceedingly surprised with the print of a man's naked foot on the shore. . . . I stood like one thunderstruck, or as if I had seen an apparition. . . . I slept none that night."

In the religion of childhood there are two great realities, fear and the mother; and it depends largely on the mother which shall be the greater. But no mother in the world can save her little one from fear. She can save him from the thing feared, but from fear itself nothing can save him. To him, tiny egoist, blended of sublime self-satisfaction and blind dependence on others, the world of his narrow vision is an island—a desert island by night, when its shore discloses many a dreadful footprint and apparitions that not even a mother can explain away. May not this be the secret of childhood's sympathy with the lonely mariner?

The day arrives when a child outgrows fear or rather makes a great show of having done so; when he not only parades his disbelief of Santa Claus but pities or despises the faithful. To him, Jack of the Beanstalk becomes silly because his beanstalk is incredible and Prince Charming, an effeminate milksop because he is forever making love to some Princess. In short, legendary heroes, giants and fairies and their marvellous deeds appear too improbable to invite imitation, while the symbolism behind them—tops and marbles are the symbols of these first days of adolescence! It is at this point that *Robinson Crusoe* begins to lose its hold on the imagination, not in

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this case because Crusoe is unreal or because his adventures are impossible, but because he is too cheerless a figure to serve as a model. Boys are only happy when they can identify themselves with their heroes or envy them, and very rare are the boys that lead an isolated life and fewer are they that wish to do so. But that is not all. The small child battles with his own fears. The big boy must inspire awe in others. He must be one of a company of boys, the leader or potential leader of it, for it is the joy of wresting victory from his peers or the hope of doing so that is the breath in his nostrils. If at this stage he craves any kind of reading, *The Swiss Family Robinson* satisfies the want; for it celebrates conspicuously the good-natured rivalry of four healthy boys.

That this is the side of the book which attracts more especially the youthful mind cannot be doubted, and though its author intended it to be the means to an end rather than the end itself, all credit is due him for his excellent choice of means. Since his object was the instruction of his four sons, it may be argued that it was to give each a rôle to play that he introduced the same number of boys in his story. This is as self-evident as the identity of the father of the boys with the narrator himself, but the following will show that it was not his only reason. When Ernest, the more reticent of the lads, appeared to wish to be left alone on a newly discovered islet "like a real Robinson Crusoe," his father reproved him thus: "Thank God, my boy, that He has not gratified your wish. . . . God created man for society, and although the entertaining story of Robinson Crusoe is embellished with poetic fancies, quite delightful to read, yet his lonely position must have been full of sadness. We can look upon ourselves as a whole family of real Robinsons, but far better off, because we have each other for companions." The beginning of which sounds solemn enough, but allowance should be made for the fact that the speaker was a Swiss pastor who in spite of his frequent genuflections and thanksgivings—embarrassing, no doubt, to a public which indulges itself but one day in seven—was own cousin to common sense, a friend of Canary sack, and as much comrade as father to his children.

II

And who was this admirable man whose understanding could convert the serious business of life into a kind of game and its hardships into the knocks and bruises common to all boyish sports? Until recently he was more or less generally assumed to be Professor Johann Rudolf Wyss of Zurich; for such was the name which appeared on the title page of *The Swiss Family Robinson,* when it was first published in 1812. But in a later edition, tucked away in a preface, came this admission: "All that is original, instructive and best in this book is due to my father." This was the Rev. Johann David Wyss of Berne. Whether one of his sons was less scrupulous in life than in fiction is a matter for latter-day schoolmen to decide. If the Zurich professor set matters aright in a whisper, so to speak, let him not be judged too harshly, not at least if he was the original of Ernest, whose services received less praise than they deserved. On the other hand, the pastor's proneness to self-effacement or his paternal pride may account for the original suppression of his name. Information regarding him is very meagre. It is known that he was born in 1743 and became a military chaplain in 1766. That he was a fair linguist with some knowledge of science is apparent in his story. The date of his death is less certain; if in 1818, as some authorities have it, it is difficult to see why any confusion regarding the authorship of his work should have occurred except through his intention or assent. There is no question that the MS. was of his own writing, or that it was revised by Professor Wyss before its publication by Orell, Füszli and Company, of Zurich. A second volume was issued by the same firm in 1813.

The above is only one of a number of popular errors regarding *The Swiss Family Robinson.* To this day the general impression of the English-speaking world is that it was written in French. A sidelong glance at the following will correct this misconception: *Der Schweizerische Robinson, Oder der*

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Schiffbruchige Schweizerprediger und Seine Familie. Ein Lehrreiches Buch für Kinder und Kinderfreunde zu Stadt und Land.

But now comes another phase in the career of this story, which may excuse the common belief. Undaunted by the German title, the Baroness de Montolieu boldly plunged into the book, yielded herself to its spell and in 1813 presented to the French, *Le Robinson Suisse* in two volumes. So enchanted was she by the story or its success that she advised its continuation. Finding that Professor Wyss was unwilling to do the work himself, but willing to entrust it to her discretion, she brought out the new adventures in 1824. Two years later the Swiss publishers issued a four-volume edition in German, incorporating the additions of Madame de Montolieu. There were other French versions, notably the one in 1837 by Mme. Elise Voïart, with an eulogistic preface by Charles Nodier. The earlier edition, however, has remained the more popular and is of greater interest to the English reader, since it was the German edition which included its supplementary chapters that Mrs. H. B. Paull used for her translation of 1868—the version best known to the Anglo-American public of to-day.

Had not Captain Woodes Rogers chronicled the story of Alexander Selkirk, Daniel Defoe could not have written *Robinson Crusoe,* and but for *Robinson Crusoe* there would have been no *Swiss Family Robinson.* But it is equally true that the immediate inspiration of the latter was the account of a Russian sea-captain who found—mark the coincidence—a Swiss pastor and his family stranded on an island near New Guinea. Here we have a striking example of the domination of the mystic three in their full triform potency: Scott, Englishman and Russian each contributing his share to a story compiled by a Swiss, his son, and a Frenchwoman, and reduced perforce through two languages to a third that it may be enjoyed in its fulness by the children of the first tools of the arch-conspirators. All of which is expected to prove nothing more than the fact that *The Swiss Family Robinson* has had quite as adventurous a career as the Swiss family, Robinson.

III

But while this may be interesting to the lover of literary byways, it is of little moment to the boy of to-day, who takes no heed of title pages but jumps gaily into the tub-boat to accompany his friends from their shipwreck to the land of the unknown. Nor is it of much consequence to the boy of yesterday, who, grown to man's estate, is curious to revisit the house in the tree. As for him, if, on returning not long ago to the lake and mountains of his childhood, he found in their place a duckpond and a few hills no higher than the office-building in which he toils; if, upon this tragic discovery, he was unable to smile, let him remain on the wreck and hug his illusions. And yet the house has stood the test of time supremely well, and for some strange reason the tree that holds it seems for a mangrove more colossal than ever, higher if anything than the redwoods of California.

If, however, the man is of average courage or no sentiment, he too may follow the adventurers ashore, and will find to his astonishment that his memory has tricked him in countless ways; that the memorable house, for example, is not all-important, being but one of a series of homes built by these good people who are as indefatigable as ants and quite as willing to measure their strength with the Titans. He will wonder that he could ever have forgotten the name Falkonhurst (Falcon's Nest) and the earlier Zeltheim (Tent Home). He will find himself wandering inland to the farm at Wood Grange; and upon returning to the shore, will experience anew the thrill of discovering the great salt cavern and the pride of converting it into Rock Castle, a comfortable haven in the rainy season. He will long for a lariat that he too many capture a monkey or a jackal as companions for Nip and Hunter. He will laugh good-naturedly at Ernest, whose invaluable book-knoweldge is only surpassed by his willingness to leave its application to others. He will live over again the days when he envied Fritz breaking Lightfoot, the captive onager;

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or little Frank putting Grumbler, the tame buffalo, through its paces; or Jack coursing upon his ostrich, Whirlwind. He will hope to find some new pond or river that he may have the honour of determining its name, and if he be a good American with a proper respect for the sacred cause of natural history, he will agree with the pastor's wife that the bay at which the first landing was made should be called Deliverance Bay, and not, as the impetuous Fritz suggested, Oyster Bay. For he will have smiled already—sometimes three times to the page—over the flora and fauna of this incomparable isle. In truth by diligence and valour its waters, woods and plains can be made to yield up whatever may be lacking to the needs of man in the hold of the doomed ship.

If he is a cynic he will sneer at the providential foresight of the ship-owners and at the courtesy of Neptune who seems bent on making amends for his recent roughness. And yet the manners of Neptune are hardly as exemplary as the contents of the craft which is a floating farmyard, department store, and arsenal combined. Cows and musical boxes, pinnaces and console tables, are to be found for the seeking. The powder magazine established from its store is as inexhaustible as the purse of Fortunatus. The salvos of ten years are as a pinch of snuff.

But if the vessel is an emporium of the sea, surely the island is a stationary ark; but not the ark of Noah, for it contains creatures undreamed of in the patriarch's time. Buffon alone could have conceived so heterogeneous an assemblage. Here the grizzly bear drives the duck-billed platypus from the succulent sugar-cane; the boa seeks the bird-of-paradise in the wild-potato patch, and the lion shakes the ruffed grouse from its perch on the cocoanut palm, while the elephant, munching truffles, watches the Greenland whale as it pursues landward shoals of herring that must fall a victim to salmon or flamingo or the net of the watchful Swiss pastor.

The pastor's net or his gun, it must be confessed, seal as a rule the fate of all edible creatures, but with good reason, for his eyes are as keen as those of Fritz's trained eagle, and his patience is infinite. But whether it is herring, wild boar or cassava that he brings home, the mother of the family welcomes it to her larder, though sometimes with the raised brows of a conservative housewife. There is no question, however, about the enthusiasm with which she greets her resourceful husband and industrious sons, nor about the cheerfulness and skill with which she can prepare a meal and serve it up hot, bountiful and delicious in less time than it takes to tell it. Not even Dickens has given us so many glimpses of the savoury board, nor has he tempted the palate with so varied an assortment of victuals.

Page after page of such incidents in which the impossible seems to merge into the commonplace may point to dry reading, but such is not the case. Each day in the lives of these kindly folk has its vexed problems as well as its innocent pastimes; but it is always as a family, a truly sympathetic little group, that they accept both. Their courageous, almost joyous way of grappling with difficulties, their perseverance in the face of disaster and disappointment, and their gentle unquestioning faith are full of tender inspiration. Situations which should prove ridiculous are charming through their very ingenuousness, and details which should weary by repetition form in reality a background of substantial and satisfying homeliness. There is no sham about these simple people, however absurd may be the scene of their adventures. But whether for this reason or for that—real reasons being so imperceptible—*The Swiss Family Robinson* appeals, as it must, to every manly boy and every man who has been a real boy, both will agree that none could have expressed their feelings better than Mr. Howells when he remarked in that quiet little way of his: "This is one of the dearest old books in the world."

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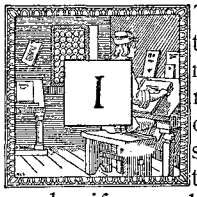
WHY MANUSCRIPTS ARE REJECTED

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN



IT does seem curious that the ever-present and much-discussed question relating to the rejection of short fiction manuscripts on the part of the magazine editors is rarely, if ever, looked into calmly, judiciously, constructively and honestly by the great regiment of writers that is directly (and disappointedly) concerned. In recent months, argument over the subject has waxed warm in the prints, but with small result. It seems timely, therefore, that the issue be approached from the inside, that the situation be reported with dispassionate control and that the allegedly elusive facts of the case be seized and chronicled as they have presented themselves to the present writer during a close, active association with metropolitan monthly journalism.

In approaching the subject it is only fitting, fair and proper that the strongest representative arguments offered by what has been termed the Army of the Rejected be quoted first. A champion of the cause of the latter, writing in a Western publication devoted largely to the interests of the magazine contributing coterie, lays down this case for the prosecution:

No editor outside of three, possibly four, American magazines will contest this statement: The following stories would not be accepted if both author and manuscripts were new: "La Pucelle," "The Wolf," "The Head Hunter," "Murders of the Rue Morgue," "Lygeia," "King's Pest," "The Fall of the House of Usher," "The Damned Thing," "Salammbo," "White Fang," "They," "The Man That Was," "Mrs. Knollys," about a score of Henry James's, Mark Twain's picaresques in *Huckleberry Finn* or two hundred or more of Sidney Porter's. And the reason is: Nearly all editors are either non-original or they are circumscribed by publishing policies. The policies are of such a nature that they shut out new, real literature. Their acceptance conditions of manuscript inevitably render the writer insincere and dilute his product. Altogether commercialism precludes the recognition of strong, original writers of fiction. It has been shown that some prospective contributors offer manuscripts written on both sides of the paper in a mean chirography or offer manuscripts of one kind or another which a first glance would show were unacceptable to anybody anywhere. But that is not the case with the great body of rejected writers. I am not talking about cheap fiction weeklies, nor of writers of the chambermaid or hostler sort. The question is: Why is manuscript fiction rejected by editors when from educated, practical men, perhaps able journalists and original writers? I am arguing about college graduates or of those widely experienced in life, of great writers who were continuously rejected, for years, like Kipling, Porter, Conan Doyle, Jack London, Mark Twain and a dozen other immortals. I am arguing for, I believe, thousands of real, virile, original authors dead and living who had to beat down the prohibitive requirements of modern fiction editors. I am arguing against commercialism in fiction affairs and the capacity and efficiency of American fiction editors. I am railing at the anæmic restrictions of the periodical story publishers. I am writing against the general worthlessness of most of the short-story fiction used by publishers.

Here we have a typical indictment, a bit more bitter than usual, perhaps, but still typical in its general countenance. Another charge, recently revealed in the prints, is not less representative. In order that the other side may have its unobstructed hearing, quotation of this second indictment is essential:

The short story editor lays down his rules as to length, price, subject, plot endings and kind of theme, and quality and quantity. The manuscript is predestined before it is written and sometimes before it is read. Some of the restrictions are so artificial, so unliterary and even foolish, that no successful original writer will bend to them. Dialect, though it may be entirely necessary and representative, for instance, excludes almost anybody's manuscript nowadays. It has got to that pass where many critics will not review novels that have it.

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But where would George Eliot's Warwickshire characters be, or Thomas Hardy's people of Wessex stand without their vernacular? And Barrie and Dr. Watson and Mark Twain's? All American editors have the most positive opinions about dialect, and once in a while two or three agree. Magazine length is another serious restriction. A premeditated length muzzles sincerity and is a matter of mutilation by excision rather than unity by concision.

A pessimistic short story has extremely little chance. Religious stories are nearly impossible, and hobbies, polemic themes, controversial, explanatory and descriptive stories are damned at once. War fiction, aviation tales, automobile romances in short stories are *passé* and predestined with most editors. But few still linger. Character stories are in a hard way with many editors. Like dialect, they have almost had their day with the fifteen centres. The five to six thousand word stories of "the rejected" stick like a brother to return postage.

In these two arguments there is to be found an adequately comprehensive summing up of the case as the Rejected view it. And the fact that there is no little truth in some of the charges made, together with the further fact that the editors themselves, the accused, have chosen usually to remain silent and stand criminal, so to speak, in the matter of alleged indiscriminate rejection make a relatively capacious consideration of the issue not without its seasonableness.

II

Why, then, are short fiction manuscripts rejected?

The easiest and readiest answer to the question would be: "Because manuscripts thus rejected have been found devoid of sufficient merit by the examining editors or readers." A second reply that might be, and frequently is, offered with an insurgent air would be: "Because the rejecting editors or readers are not possessed of a reasonable faculty of discrimination." And a third (and favourite) retort might be: "Because the editors or readers have prostrated themselves before the wooden idol of Big Names and have refused to listen to littler gods." While, to be perfectly equitable, it is not to be gainsaid that once in a while each of the three answers is valid in certain local applications of the question, a correlative justice emphasises the fact that these answers are by no means sufficient unto themselves, are by no means sufficiently concrete, and are by no means deserving of the candid listening ear without the amplification of proofs. In making an analysis of the general situation, the present writer has supplemented his own observations with the explanations of a round half dozen magazine editors—and the general deductions are offered to the more disgruntled of the Rejected.

In the first place, no impartial editor will deny that every now and then—the period of time being variable—a short story revealing undoubted worth will be rejected by him. Rejection of this sort has always been a beloved weapon of attack in the hands of the champions of the rejected writer. In explanation of this phase of rejections, the magazine editorial guides submit the following reasons:

I. It may so chance that when the meritorious story in point is submitted, the particular publication to which it has been offered may happen to have on hand several already purchased manuscripts of a similar intrinsic character. Let us suppose, for example, that the rejected story is a narrative of life on the Nebraska plains. If the magazine has two or three stories of a like nature on hand at the moment, it would be unwise from an editorial standpoint to accept the latest story submitted. Obviously, it is not sound editing policy to print stories of the same character at too frequent intervals. Variety—consistent variety—is the spice of the magazine. And as magazines are intended primarily for sale and consequent financial return, the editor must look to the face of his tables of contents to achieve the necessary end. Worth is one side of the question—but variety is certainly (and fairly) another.

II. The meritorious story in point may be submitted at a time when the magazine is overstocked with short fiction manuscripts. By way of illustration, there is one representative magazine in New York City that at present has about fifty thousand dollars' worth of purchased and unpublished fiction manu-

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scripts in its safe. Inasmuch as the business side of a publication is of quite as much importance as the literary side (despite the cries of "Treason, treason!") it manifestly would be poor business policy for such an overstocked magazine to purchase further manuscripts at the present time. And, of course, the good manuscripts must be rejected with the bad—at least temporarily.

III. The rejected story may be full of commendable fiction qualities, but, as a story, it may be unsuited to the "policy" of the particular magazine to which it has been sent and from which, in turn, it has been re-sent. This fact has long been a sore spot in the mental make-up of the Irritated Rejected—but there is a greater justice in the fact than the latter are wont sometimes to grant. A magazine is usually a business proposition. Publishing is a trade quite as much as is the manufacture and sale of holeproof hose or the making and selling of safety razors. A firm that devotes itself to the exploitation of a certain kind of holeproof hosiery would scarcely consider for simultaneous exploitation the damageable species of hosiery offered by other and rival tradesmen; a firm that made a specialty of safety razors would assuredly not undertake to offer for sale at the same time the old-fashioned kind of shaving instrument. Down in the core of things, a magazine bears an appreciable relation to such enterprises. To illustrate: If a magazine has made a pioneering financial success of itself by printing only the "happy ending" species of fiction (however much you, individually, may rail at such fiction), and if its group of readers have indicated by their constant purchase of the publication that they desire such tales, it would be childish business policy for said magazine to change its tested order of things and purchase and print stories with sombre endings. This is expressed in terms of extreme artlessness, to be sure, but it is none the less direct. Accordingly, the so-called "happy ending" magazine will, by virtue of its reason-to-be, reject all "unhappy ending" tales whatsoever merit the latter may reveal.

To inveigh against the alleged commercialism in literature is unjust. A magazine, like a theatre, say you what you will, must be "commercial" to live. The finest literary publication in the world must be "commercial," in the pure, decent sense of the word. Clean commercialism is no sin. To say that the "policies" of the magazines, engendered by this commercialism (a vague term at best), are ruinous to new and original fiction is also unjust. There are magazines of all sorts. The rejected manuscript may have been sent to the wrong magazine. If the editorial policy of X.'s Magazine is in favour of stories of adventure, do not send your story of conservatory life thither, however worthy your tale may actually be. Send it to Z.'s Magazine. Z.'s policy may tend toward your species of fiction.

III

Let us now look at the citation by the Rejected of the specific sorts of stories that "stand little chance." Dialect stories are named first. It is true that dialect tales are viewed with disfavour by the editors of to-day. Why? Because (and this is the best reason in the world) it has been found that American magazine readers do not care for dialect stories. There is no space here to go into the manner in which editors are able to determine the literary likes and dislikes of their readers, but it is a fact that they *are* able. A story of which readers disapprove will bring letter after letter into the magazine office and a story of which they approve will elicit relative praise. This is but a single straw-illustration to indicate which way the proof-wind blows. It is not given to the editors of to-day to mould the tastes of their readers. To a preponderant degree, "What Our Particular Public Wants" is the unwritten sub-title of every magazine published, every breathing, living, successful magazine, that is. We are reporting conditions as they exist, remember. There are no magazines published in Utopia. Furthermore, to revert to the dialect tale, it must be remembered that it is not the dialect that makes the story, but the *story* that makes the dialect. Editors say that contributors of this species of fiction never pause to consider this fact.

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It is not true that a pessimistic story has "extremely little chance." The fault with most so-called "pessimistic" stories is that they are artificially and mechanically pessimistic (pessimistic for effect) rather than naturally pessimistic (pessimistic by force of the conditions and characters revealed therein). In this connection, it is interesting to note the following sentences printed several months ago in a public editorial announcement by one of the most discriminating magazine short story editors in this country:

> Maybe you know that there is a perpetual conflict between a certain school of writers and most editors over the ending of stories. This school, priding itself upon being "true to life," which is about the most elastic phrase possible in its significance, maintains that the happy ending is inartistic and silly.

The "school" to which the editor makes reference is composed most largely of young writers. "A young writer," said a large magazine publisher and editor once upon a time, "who wishes to write a 'strong' story always ends it with a suicide." This "school," which includes in its numbers a large proportion of the Army of the Rejected, charge the happy ending tale with being "conventional" and "commercial." And, accordingly, in its own submitted manuscripts it gives evidence of what it is pleased to call its revolutionary literary tendency in giving to a tale that logically demands a happy ending a grim, "powerful" ending instead. Of course, the result is neither one of the three f's nor good red herring—and the final result is rejection. With aviation, automobile and several of the other classes of short fiction, to which reference is made in the case for the prosecution, it is not the intrinsic subject-matter of the story that brings about rejection in the majority of instances, but rather the imitativeness of the manuscript. One aviation story brought about by the current interest in flying will give birth to a thousand weak brother and sister manuscripts—and the same thing has held true and still holds true with the automobile tale. "Psychological" stories are often found upon reading to be such in title only. And descriptive and character stories are often discovered to be nothing of the kind. It is frequently forgotten by the Rejected that it is not the *species* of story that is frowned upon by the various editors, but the *manner* in which that species of tale has been executed. It does not suffice for practical magazine editorial purposes that, say, the "psychological" story just submitted is as good as the story of similar trend published the month previous. The story just submitted must be newer, better. Otherwise, it would be merely repetition to publish the second manuscript. Improvement is the order of the table of contents, as far as divers specific classes of tales are concerned. And the capable editor of the general magazine will reject and turn to another field of fiction until the manuscript with the desired novelty in its particular stratum of theme comes to his desk.

Style in fiction taste changes, often rapidly, and the magazine editors must give heed. The question of books and the question of magazines are frequently quite different. Each issue of a magazine must meet a timely demand. The month passes quickly. A book may bide its time, at least it may do so amply in comparison with the magazine. But this is for another—and longer debate.

There are undeniably certain kinds of short story that, be their quality of the best, will yet meet with rejection at the hands of many magazines. Just as certain of the truly wonderful dramas of Eugene Brieux, hailed as the greatest writer France has produced since Molière, will be rejected by the American theatre, so will certain short fiction of unquestioned merit be rejected by the American magazines. Why? Because they are rejected by the taste (equivocal, deplorable, maybe!) of the American public. *Magazine literature, in America, reflects the current taste of the people.* It does not, cannot lead that taste. Deny, then think it over! The editors have done so. Adventure fiction, so prevalent at the moment, came as the result of the reading public's call for adventure fiction. It did not come from the editors' wish or predilection. An editor may wish at present for the popularity of complex sex question tales—but his public

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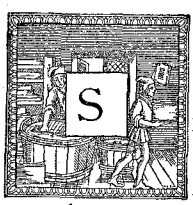
does not. Hence, rejection! And so it goes.

By way of valedictory comment, by way of insinuating to the Army of the Rejected still another little reason for the plight in which it finds itself and because of which its wails are loud, let there be repeated the recent words of the weekly magazine editor who, in reply to the question "Did many writers enter your prize short-story contest?" answered: "Yes—but inspiration, alas! did not."

SOME INCOMES IN FICTION

BY EDNA KENTON



SAID Micawber — this has been quoted before: "Annual income twenty pounds; annual expenditure nineteen pounds sixpence, result happiness. Annual income twenty pounds; annual expenditure twenty pounds ought and sixpence, result misery." An epitome of living on one's income, done in a paragraph. Thackeray, too, has a bit to say about it, but he takes another angle and two chapters on "How to Live Well on Nothing a Year," and makes it seem but a simple art—with Becky to cozen the tradesmen.

It is the realists, of course, who scent the importance and the necessity of household budgets as background to the lives of their people, though the comfortable budget means nothing compared to the atmospheric value of the pinched pocketbooks of the poor. The bare living scale of wage has a psychic as well as a material effect, and the novelist who writes of the lower middle class has lost an opportunity if he does not paint in the family expense book.

O. Henry never wrote a novel. But he wrote a three thousand word tale once called "An Unfinished Story," whose whole unforgettable effect he obtained by taking, penny for penny, Dulcie's weekly wage and her week's expenses. She had six dollars a week for clerking in a department store. She spent two dollars for her room. Her breakfasts that she cooked herself cost her ten cents. Her luncheons at the department store cost her ten cents. Her dinners cost her fifteen cents—thirty-five cents a day for food, except on Sunday, when she rioted in pineapple fritters for breakfast at twenty-five cents, and tipped the waiter ten cents. She saved ten cents a week, and spent five cents for candy and a penny a day for an evening paper. This totals, according to O. Henry, four dollars and seventy-six cents. Others make it four dollars and eighty-one cents. At all events the balance is appallingly small, with Dulcie's clothes, carfare, laundrying, and pleasures yet to be provided. Against this background of Dulcie's pennies he has written the story of Dulcie's first temptation, and against what other background could the inevitable end of the finished story shine out so starkly!

II

Sister Carrie, Theodore Dreiser's realistic novel, teems with figures, but as a whole its budget is not complete, particularly in the earlier pages. However, what there is of it is interesting. Carrie went to Chicago and began to work for four dollars and fifty cents a week, paying her sister and brother-in-law four dollars a week for her board and room, which, considering the scale of living at the Hansen flat and the period, 1889, was more than her merciless share of the living expenses. The Hansens lived on the third floor of a five-story flat building in West Van Buren Street—they paid at that period perhaps fifteen dollars a month for it. We are told that Minnie had eighty cents with which to buy the Sunday dinner. Since this means ordinarily the Sunday night supper and perhaps a Monday left over for three adults and a baby, we may fairly construct a weekly table expenditure of between five and six dollars. Yes, it was cruel to

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Carrie to take all but fifty cents from her every week. To-day she could board and room in "Working Girls' Homes" for two dollars and fifty cents a week up.

Carrie walked to her work, thereby saving sixty cents a week carfare, which, spent, must have cast her, the first week, into Micawber's pit of sorrow, and studied over the problem of finding clothes and amusement on her fifty cents. With the first wintry day the problem of clothes became a serious one, and the purchase of a hat and an umbrella took all her little store that she had brought to the city. Then, jacketless, she caught a cruel cold, and because of her three days' illness, lost her place. She went out again to look for work, borrowing one day ten cents from Minnie, her sister, for luncheon. It was on this day that she met Drouet again, and cold, and shivering, went with him to luncheon. They had sirloin steak with mushrooms at one dollar and twenty-five cents—this was in 1889—and when they left the restaurant Carrie was holding two of Drouet's ten dollar bills—the beginning of the end.

Her life with Drouet reads interestingly enough, but it lacks monetary statistics. Not until her life with Hurstwood begins is there anything but the usual comfortable, indistinct slurring of the expense account. Hurstwood, after his return of most of the ten thousand dollars he had stolen from his employers, was left with about thirteen hundred dollars with which to begin life with Carrie in New York. They took a flat in Seventy-eighth Street, near Amsterdam Avenue, on the third floor of a five-story building, six rooms and bath for thirty-five dollars. The apartments were "very new ones, with steam heat, stationary range, hot and cold water, dumb waiter, speaking tubes and call bell for the janitor." Then Hurstwood, with his thirteen hundred dollars, took a third interest in a saloon, out of which he was sure of one hundred dollars a month and hoped dubiously for the one hundred and fifty that he felt he must have to live decently. Hurstwood, it will be remembered, had been the prosperous manager of a saloon in Chicago with a salary of about eight thousand dollars a year.

The flat was furnished complete at one of the instalment houses by paying fifty dollars down and ten dollars a month—for how long is not stated. Also Carrie had a maid. Their stated fixed expenses, including a maid at twelve dollars a month (estimated), gas five dollars (estimated), and Hurstwood's carfare two dollars and fifty cents, amounts to sixty-four dollars and fifty cents, leaving thirty-five dollars and fifty cents to buy food for three adults, and to meet incidental expenses and personal expenses and clothing for two.

After the first year Hurstwood had one hundred and fifty dollars a month. But at the end of the third year he was frozen out and had to accept but seven hundred dollars from the business venture. So they went down to Thirteenth Street, and took a flat of four rooms at twenty-eight dollars. It is stated that it took eighty dollars now for them to live, without a maid. If this was the case when they were living on a palpably reduced scale one wonders how they lived within one hundred dollars, with a maid at at least twelve dollars a month, and seven dollars more rent to pay. This comes to ninety-nine dollars without the additional tableboard of the maid.

On this allowance of eighty dollars per month Carrie received twelve dollars a week for current expenses—which in the terms of household economics includes table expenses, laundry and cleaning, and perhaps gas. It must have included all this and her personal expenditures as well, for it came to something over fifty dollars a month, which, added to twenty-eight dollars for rent, left Hurstwood a bare two dollars a month for personal expenses. In both cases Mr. Dreiser's estimates in the bulk are shaved too close.

Carrie's allowance, as the seven hundred dollars dwindled, was cut to five dollars a week; then it stopped altogether and Hurstwood did the buying, three and a half pounds of flour for thirteen cents, and half a pound of liver and bacon for fifteen cents. They ran a weekly bill, owing the grocer at one week's end five dollars and forty cents, and the milkman sixty cents.

After Carrie left him for the stage Hurstwood faced the world with ninety dollars. At first he lived in fifty-cent a

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day hotels, but as he saw uneasily his money going, he took a cheaper room at thirty-five cents. When all but twenty dollars was gone he moved to a fifteen-cent lodging house, where he saw his last ten dollars dwindle to fifty cents. "He had saved and counted until his health was affected. His stoutness had gone. Now he decided that something must be done, and, walking about, he saw another day go by, bringing him to his last twenty cents." Then he became porter in a hotel with food, room, and a few dollars a week, accepting what the cook gave him. And then, after a weakening illness, came beggary and the bread line, and finally death by gas in a ten-cent lodging house.

III

Some years ago George Horton wrote a rather remarkable novel of American life called *The Long Straight Road,* which was realistic to a degree and deserved a better fate than it received at the hands of readers in American homes. It dealt with the fortunes of a real estate clerk who married, on thirty dollars a week, a cloak model in one of Chicago's department stores. They took a flat of six rooms on George Avenue, near the lake, at thirty-five dollars a month. Harry's expenses were limited to fifty cents a day, ten cents for carfare, thirty cents for luncheon, and ten cents for cigars. The gas bill came to five dollars. There was a servant, cheap and very incompetent. "Every cent of his salary was accounted for, and to take five dollars out of it any week would be impossible." No more Camembert cheese, English chops, spaghetti at Galli's, or beer at the Bismarck Gardens. If Nellie were detained at her club, she would leave twenty-five cents for Harry in a vase on the mantel for dinner at a nearby eating house. They had furnished their flat cheaply, "six high back chairs in the dining-room, a willow set in the parlour, four wooden chairs and a table in the kitchen (too many chairs here by three), an imitation oak bureau, a white iron bed with brass knobs, and two cane-seated chairs in the bedroom." One Christmas eve the Roths, their German neighbours, set up a Christmas tree, and Harry, in the absence of his wife, practised the severest economy for two weeks, denying himself even cigars that he might buy toys for the children. But he managed to scrape together three dollars for Christmas gifts. Harry had but twenty cents in his pocket when his wife's lover treated him to two cocktails, and, regaining his poise, fled from the woman Harry's sodden, drunken maunderings revealed as the real Nellie.

In *McTeague* Frank Norris just fails to complete the background of household economics that would have added tremendously to the strength of that impressive book. McTeague, the big San Francisco dentist, and Trina marry on the income from Trina's five thousand dollars, just won in a lottery, which brings her twenty-five dollars a month, her earnings at toy-making, which amount to thirty dollars a month, and McTeague's own income from his dental work, which is, unhappily for McTeague, not given. It must be assumed to be something more than the sum total of Trina's income, since they were engaged before the winning of the five thousand dollars. But considering that Trina, with her gift of hoarding, saved but one hundred and sixty-five dollars in the three years after their marriage, it could not have amounted to much over Trina's fifty-five dollars a month.

For they lived very simply. McTeague kept his dental parlours as before; then they rented three rooms back, a sitting room, a bedroom, and a tiny kitchen. Whatever the rent was for these three rooms they shared it. Trina did the work, and their various breakfast and luncheon and dinner menus prove that they lived well. Trina had a maid for the supper getting in the afternoon—the one crude, false note; "for even Trina," says Norris, "was not equal to the task of preparing three meals a day." One wonders why not. She was a German hausfrau and a born miser, as well as the healthiest of her kind. It is impossible to imagine Trina surrendering her immaculate kitchen to such a creature as Augustine, who evidently created more havoc than she saved steps, and one wonders why Norris felt it necessary to introduce this palpably false bit of detail.

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After three years they talked of renting a house they much desired for thirty-five dollars, and, since Trina spoke eagerly of the possibility of getting it for thirty dollars, one infers that the rent for the three rooms on Polk Street was considerably less than this. But in the end they stayed where they were, and during that fourth year Trina saved another eighty-five dollars.

It was at this point that McTeague felt the power of the law, and, diplomaless, was put out of business by the city authorities. And it was now that Trina, terrified by the knowledge that she could not save as much as she had done, insisted on giving up all their rooms and moving into a tiny whitewashed room at the top of the house. The rent of this is again unspecified, but here, on Trina's fifty-five dollars a month, they began to live, McTeague being in and out of positions.

Just here come again a few false notes. They rented the photographer's rooms furnished with only the kitchen and dining-room utensils to be bought at the time of their marriage. They must have bought up the furniture at some time during the four years, because at the auction sale all the furniture goes, Trina not even reserving enough to furnish the one room they were taking. Bad economy this, since for the price of this furnished room she might have taken two unfurnished ones in which she could have done all their cooking, thereby saving more than half the price of their dinners out—a problem that Trina would have figured on more closely than Norris did.

IV

Mary E. Wilkins Freeman's tales are full of the sordid economies of the poor. Martha Patch, in *An Honest Soul,* gets a dollar apiece for patchwork quilts, and is happily making two. "I've got a dollar an' sixty-three cents on hand now," she muses contentedly, "an' thar's plenty of meal an' merlasses an' some salt fish an' pertaters. Thar aint no call for me to worry." She had her two-room house free from mortgage, but no income except by the grace of her hands and her friends. It is true, however unbelievable, that in a retired village where native greens and wild fruits thrive, one might face the world with one dollar and sixty-three cents unafraid.

Gissing revels in incomes—expenses rather. Most of his people have no incomes. *New Grub Street* is full of living accounts. At nineteen years of age Reardon came into possession of two hundred pounds, which lasted him four years. He had a room for three and sixpence a week, and spent a shilling a day for food. On clothing and other unavoidable expenses he laid out five pounds a year. Then he bought books priced from twopence to two shillings. More expensive ones were beyond him.

Then he lived more poorly—that is, he had to cut off his books. Finally he took the secretaryship of a hospital in the north of London at a pound a week; "a large sum if you have lived on ten shillings," and he held it for three years. Here he wrote his first book and published it under the "half profits" scheme, on which he made nothing at all. His second book brought him twenty-five pounds down, with a share in later profits, of which there were none. Then his grandfather died and left him four hundred pounds, which at the rate of eighty pounds a year, gave him five years of freedom. So he gave up the secretaryship, and wrote his third book, for which he had fifty pounds. His fourth book, *Neutral Ground,* brought him one hundred pounds, on which he travelled six months in the south of Europe.

Finally, on one hundred pounds left from his inheritance, and one hundred pounds from *The Optimist* he married. Amy was not content to go into rooms, so they took a three-room flat for fifty pounds a year, paid quarterly. One room was a bedroom, another kitchen and dining-room, and the third the living room and Reardon's study. It was up eight flights. Amy had a maid from 7:30 to 2.

One March, two years after their marriage—there was a baby by now—Reardon needed two hundred pounds at least, and could not write. But on Amy's insistence he began a three-volume novel—this was in the early '80's—and by October he had one volume done, and the

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quarter's rent paid left them just fifteen pounds. Reardon suggested subletting the flat and taking three unfurnished rooms at eight and sixpence a week, but Amy refused to consider it, and insisted on his finishing the novel. At the end of November the second volume was done, and they had enough money for another week's expenses. He needed three weeks more on his third volume, and Amy said three or four pounds would tide them over. So he sold some books for two pounds ten, and two weeks later borrowed five pounds of a friend. After weeks of delay, during which Amy borrowed six pounds of her mother, *Margaret Home* brought him seventy-five pounds down, with twenty-five more to come when the sales reached a certain figure.

After their debts were deducted there was not much of the seventy-five pounds left, and Reardon finally accepted another clerkship at twenty-five shillings a week, with the hope of making fifty pounds additional a year by writing. This clerkship was too seriously degrading for Amy to tolerate, and she left him.

Then Reardon rented "an ideal garret in a narrow little byway running out of Upper Street," at half a crown a week. He sent his wife twenty pounds, the proceeds of the furniture sales, and half of his twenty-five shillings every week. This left him ten shillings, and he had by him three pounds for casualities. Later, but too late, he was offered the secretaryship of a boy's home at one hundred and fifty pounds per year with rooms, and Amy inherited ten thousand pounds, and was ready for reconciliation. But Reardon died.

V

There is a chapter in Mrs. Burnett's *The Shuttle* that discusses in detail the needs of the village poor in England. Old Mrs. Welden, aged eighty-three, was fighting against the poorhouse, with her shilling a week from the parish fund cut off in return for her contumacy, but getting up like a cheerful old bird every morning, totally unprovided for, yet picking up a pinch of tea here, the heel of a loaf there. She paid one and threepence a week for her cottage, and this was a serious drain on her resources. Betty Vanderpoel began to ask questions: How much tea, sugar, soap, candles, bread, butter, bacon, could Mrs. Welden use in a week? It was not easy to find out, because Mrs. Welden's estimate of such things during her entire existence had been based upon calculations as to how little, not how much she could use. A quarter of a pound of tea at sixpence, half a pound of sugar at twopence a pound, half a pound of butter at tenpence three farthings the pound —the rest plus coal and the rent might amount to the dizzying sum of eight or ten shillings a week.

"With careful extravagance," Betty summed up, "I might spend almost two dollars a week in surrounding her with a riot of luxury."

There is a great deal of income in *The Shuttle*, but except for this particular chapter, its details are as vague as are most of those in our novels dealing with millions. Betty Vanderpoel made over the house and gardens and park by means of plenty of workmen and plenty of money. Under the same easy conditions she bought clothes and little homes and annuities for the various poor, her notion of the solution of social economics being action, however superficial.

VI

Mrs. Wharton, in dealing with the rich, comparatively seldom resorts to figures to prove her points, and the domestic budget, from a scientific standpoint, is sadly incomplete. However:

Lily Bart of *The House of Mirth* went up to Bellomont with three hundred and twenty dollars, of which she promptly lost three hundred dollars at cards the first night. This three hundred dollars had been set aside as a mere sop to her dressmaker or jeweller, for Lily's income was very small. She lived with her aunt and spent all her scanty income on dress, this supplemented occasionally by a "handsome present" from Mrs. Penniston. Lily had her mind made up to become betrothed to Percy Gryce, who had an income of eight hundred thousand dollars a year and spent almost none of it except on "Americana," reinvesting most maddeningly his income year after year.

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But Mr. Gryce disappeared, and Lily allowed Gus Trenor to invest "a modest sum" for her, from which she received a cheque of one thousand dollars, and then one of four thousand dollars, and finally became indebted to Trenor to the extent of ten thousand dollars. It came to her suddenly that she must return this sum to Trenor, and she went to her aunt in a panic. Mrs. Penniston inquired if she owed Celeste another thousand, and when Lily admitted that she owed a great deal more, said:

"Put aside your monthly income till your bills are paid. If you stay quietly here, surely in four or five months you can settle the rest of your bills if I pay the dressmaker now." Then, dying some months later, after the cloud of scandal has begun to break about Lily's head, she leaves her, out of a possible four hundred thousand dollars, only ten thousand dollars.

"Poor Gerty Farish," her "dinginess," her poor little flat, are consistently pitied all through the book. Gerty's income is not disclosed, but she rents a small apartment, has a maid, and is interested in charity work. It may be suggested that a small flat, even a cheap flat, need not necessarily have wall paper that is discordant and garish.

In *The Fruit of the Tree* there is the same effect of vagueness in the incomes of the rich, and the same impression of "dinginess" in the quarters of the poor. John Amherst, the assistant manager of Westmore mills, who lived in a dingy cottage with a shabby sitting-room and cheap furniture, had a mother who was Lucy Warne before she married a mechanical genius, and who was generously remembered of her former friends in the depths of her faded gentility. He also had a salary, by virtue of his position in the mills, that would have enabled his mother to rend away all of the shabbiness, dinginess and cheapness, had Mrs. Wharton so desired.

For a breathless survey of incomes, Robert Grant's *The Orchid* may be given the palm. It is a brief little book. Lydia marries Herbert Maxwell, who is worth five million dollars. She herself has three thousand dollars, and she falls in love with Harry Spencer, who has a great deal less than three thousand dollars. Therefore, pooling their incomes means nothing less than sheer, staring, unbearable beggary. "If one has millions and good manners one can do anything in America," she says. "Unless Harry had a stable, steam yacht, and two establishments, he would be unhappy. One million dollars is the very least we could marry on and be perfectly happy. And if we had it, we might be very happy."

Whereupon she sells her rights in her two-year-old baby to her husband for two million dollars and a divorce.

Upon the whole, a rather careful survey of the American and English novelists' field shows a great and as yet undeveloped opportunity to draw a careful background of domestic economics that will really aid in the interpretation of the human comedy. The Continental novelists have snatched more quickly at this part of life, perhaps because over there it is so terribly a part of life. Here, with what we have like to call boundless resources, and our wicked wasting of them, we not only lack the Frenchman's sous, but fail to count our pennies. It is only within the last few years that the cost of living has become a menacing question in America. If our novels are to represent our life, the matter of daily living will have to receive graver attention than it has heretofore. A great deal of cursory treatment has been accorded it; but dealing with generalities is not only easy, it is also a most transparent trick. Incidentally it requires the touch of a very high talent to invest such depressing figures with life and light. But an untold wealth of material lies ready to the novelist's hand in the simple account books of the people.

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MRS. WARD AND HER COUNTRY

MRS. WARD AND HER GRANDCHILDREN. THEY ARE SITTING ON THE GARDEN WALL OF THE COTTAGE AMONG THE MOUNTAINS, WHERE PHOEBE IS DESCRIBED AS LIVING IN "FENWICK'S CAREER"

MRS. WARD, HER DAUGHTER, MRS. GEORGE TREVELYN, AND HER LITTLE GRANDSON IN THE HAY-FIELD AT STOCKS HOUSE, TRING, HERTFORDSHIRE, JULY, 1911

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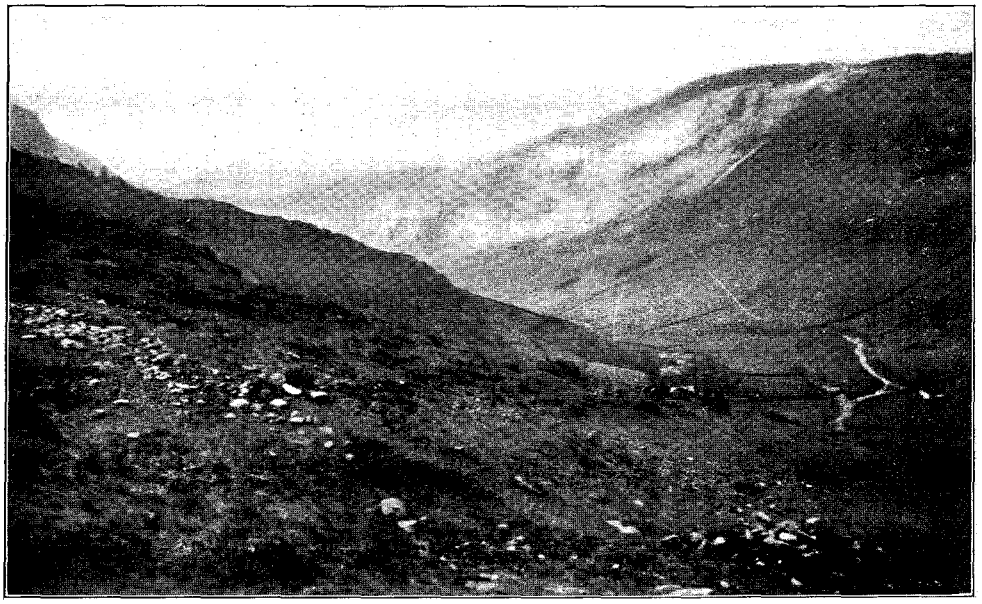
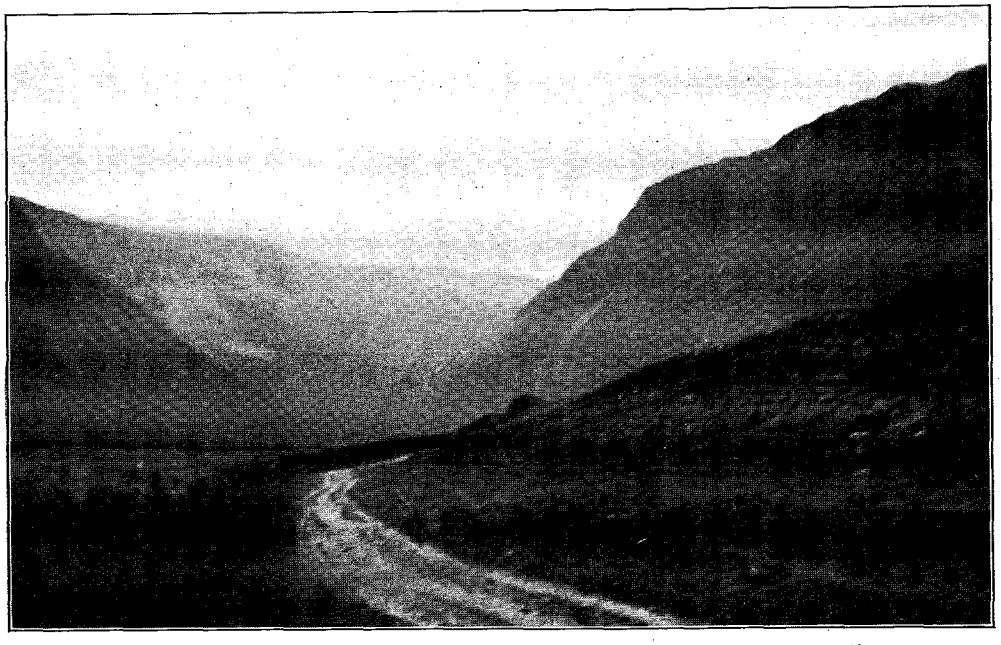


THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN FACE OVER WHICH A GLEAM OF WINTER SUNSHINE IS PASSING, IS THE SCENE OF HESTER'S FATAL FALL IN "THE CASE OF RICHARD MEYNELL"



THE SCENE OF HESTER'S DEATH, IN "THE CASE OF RICHARD MEYNELL"

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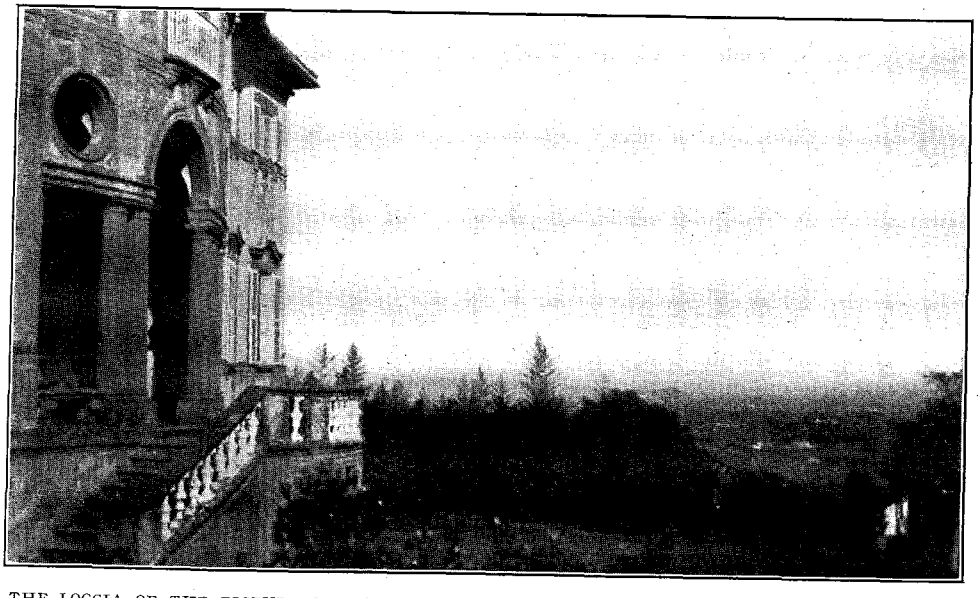
THE GARDEN AT MRS. WARD'S HOME, STOCKS HOUSE, TRING, HERTFORDSHIRE



THE LOGGIA OF THE PICTURESQUE OLD VILLA ON THE HILLS ABOVE LUCCA, ITALY, WHERE MRS. WARD SPENT SEVERAL WEEKS THIS LAST SPRING AT WORK UPON "THE CASE OF RICHARD MEYNELL"

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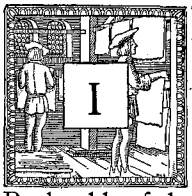
LIGHTS ON MRS. GASKELL*

BY ELLERY KELVIN



T was near the middle of the nineteenth century, when women had almost ceased to apologise for taking up the unwomanly profession of writing—Hannah More and Mrs. Barbauld of boring memory had done enough of that; years after Mary Wollstonecraft, in six weeks of sullen brooding, had dashed off her *Vindication of the Rights of Woman,* and years before Mills had penned his famous brief on woman's subjection, that there lived and wrote in England three women whose colourless lives might be tritely metaphored as chameleons chained to the dun, drab breast of the mid-Victorian era, had not science destroyed that colourful myth of reptilian habit. However, stealing from science a phrase to make up for that which science has stolen away, call the quiet lives of Mrs. Gaskell and the Brontë sisters merely instinctive adaptation to environment. Like a number of Victorian women, they thought much; like a few, they dared a little—how much they dared we cannot realise without putting ourselves into the spirit of that tainted era that preferred whitewash to sunlight and an undiscovered hypocrite to an honest man or woman.

It is over half a century since Mrs. Gaskell published her *Life of Charlotte Brontë,* a biography that ranks in genuine interest with Boswell's *Johnson,* and, because of the various vials of wrath it uncorked, as well as for other points of flattering similarity, with Lockhardt's *Scott* and Froude's *Carlyle.* But it cured Mrs. Gaskell of any secret yearnings after similar posthumous fame, and by mandate and solemn promises extracted she laid the axe to the roots of her own possible biography. Only recently, in tribute to the centenary of Mrs. Gaskell's birth, has her life received anything like adequate treatment—this in a book by Mrs. Ellis H. Chadwick, done almost entirely by the inductive method, entitled *Mrs. Gaskell, Home, Haunts and Stories.*

A quaint, past century story it is, with curious flashes of what we of the new century like to call modernity glinting through it. Through Mrs. Gaskell's novels her own story is told, from the incident in *Mary Barton,* where the two grandfathers brought the motherless grand-daughter from London to Manchester by stage coach—herself, the motherless Elizabeth Stevenson—through the incident of the sleep-dispelling green tea on which Charlotte Brontë innocently drank herself to dreamless sleep, which episode is embalmed in *Cranford,* down to the garret room at Sandlebridge Farm, a storeroom for late apples, which readers of *Cousin Phillis* will probably identify as "the apple room into which Cousin Phillis went to cover fruit as a protection against frost." Never was a quiet life wrung so dry of detail, a brain so searched for memories to be transmuted into page-filling incidents and phrases, as this remarkable woman's! And equally remarkable and painstaking has been Mrs. Chadwick's search after the written word of that mid-Victorian pen that will illumine the bare, known incidents of Mrs. Gaskell's life.

Mrs. Gaskell was thirty-eight years of age when, after a few thinly scattered tales in odd periodicals, she swept into the world of Victorian writers with *Mary Barton,* a story of the cotton operatives in Lancashire during the "hungry forties," which, in addition to an astonishing sale in England and America, was translated into French, German, Spanish, Hungarian, and Finnish. From the shy girl who had spent her motherless childhood in Knutsford village and at the Misses Byerleys' school at Stratford-on-Avon to the woman who, like Byron, "woke one morning to find herself famous," was a leap indeed. From that time she began to number among her personal friends practically all of the great men and women of the Victorian age, with the known exception of Tennyson, whose "In Memoriam" held her favourite verses, and whom she never met. Ruskin, Kingsley, the Carlyles, the Brownings, the Brontës, Landor, Thackeray, Douglas Jerrold, Samuel Rogers, Wordsworth and his sister, Arnold of Rugby, Froude, Harriet Martineau, Florence Nightingale,

*Mrs. Gaskell, Home, Haunts and Stories. By Mrs. Ellis H. Chadwick. New York: F. A. Stokes Company.

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and, above all, Dickens, for whose *Household Words* she wrote for so many years—Dean Stanley, Jowett, Southey, William Storey—all these are honourable names, and there is no doubt that Mrs. Gaskell enjoyed them all with as sincere a pleasure as she was wont to feel over the fact that after all, though she had lived in Knutsford and Manchester all her life, she had been born in London.

She was born in a most romantic part of London, historic and literary Chelsea! For men who have lived there, Sir Thomas More, Carlyle, Rossetti, Turner, Whistler Leigh Hunt! For women—George Eliot, Mary Mitford, Jane Carlyle, Mary Somerville and Mary Astell—gifted beings who have made Chelsea a shrine! And here, in 1810, in the house that is now 93, Cheyne Walk, but that was, in 1810, 12, Lindsey Row, Elizabeth Cleghorn Stevenson was born, close to the beginning of a century that ushered in so many eminent men and women.

From a drawing by George Richmond.
MRS. GASKELL

Yet in a region of tablets and memorial inscriptions and famous rosters, there is here no recognition of Mrs. Gaskell's right to be enshrined here, and two years ago, when the centenary of Richmond, the great portrait painter of the Victorian age, was celebrated, no mention was made in any list of his fine portrait of her, now in the drawing-room of the house at Plymouth Grove.

Except for the Gaskell enthusiast, who will linger over every turn of the halls at Avonbank, for instance, to match them, angle for angle in *My Lady Ludlow*, the story of Mrs. Gaskell's early life may be passed over with a rush. She lived with her aunt, she learned housewifely duties; she went to school, and when she was seventeen, returned for two years to her father's home; she saw him die, and by his wish went to Newcastle, where she lived for a while in the family of her father's old tutor, pursuing, with an eye on an

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eventual governessship, the languages. Like Charlotte Brontë, she saw no other end for the independent young woman of her era but a meek foothold in some gentlewoman's school-room. And then, at twenty-two, she married. Even after this her life for years is the life of the usual English clergyman's wife —except that her husband was a Unitarian minister, a sect at that time synonymous with emancipation of mind and soul, and more tolerant than most husbands, then or now, of a career other than the nominated one of wife and mother. She kept his house and kept it well; she bore him six children, and she went about with him among the poor and suffering of Manchester, perhaps unconscious during those months and years of quiet living that she was collecting material that she was to use to her life's end.

Some of Mrs. Gaskell's admirers try to prove that all her characters and scenes are imaginary, as if such delineation as hers of the life and scenes most familiar to her were not a part of her art; as if the suggestion that Knutsford and Cranford, and Knutsford and Duncombe, and Knutsford and Eltham, and Knutsford and Hollingford are all synonymous were shame to her. As a matter of fact, nothing worth noting in the little village escaped her eye or ear, and the home of her girlhood appears to be known under six different names in her various books. With Charlotte Brontë she agreed that: "Details, situations that I do not understand, cannot personally respect, I would not for the world meddle with." And with Southey who wrote: "How good and well it would be, if every parish priest would write down what he hears and learns about his own parish, as traits of custom and manners and characters might then be preserved as memoirs."

It is this extreme faithfulness and sincerity, plus the charm of the telling, that has made *Cranford* the classic it is. We are so sure of the intimate manner in which we are taken behind the scenes, viewing with the Cranford ladies their "elegant economies," and, after the sight sitting in Mrs. Forester's small house "in state, pretending not to know what cakes were sent up, although she knew, and we knew, and she knew we knew, and we knew that she knew we knew, she had been busy all morning, making tea bread and sponge cakes." And *My Lady Ludlow,* who with the Hon. Mrs. Jamieson, is modelled directly from life, can one ever forget her exquisite perception of odours, her saying that "nothing showed birth like a keen susceptibility of smell. We never named musk in her presence, her antipathy to it was so well understood throughout the household—" She did not care for some of the sweeter perfumes, neither attar of roses nor lilies of the valley. "But the great hereditary faculty on which my lady piqued herself, and with reason, for I never met with any person who possessed it, was the power she had of perceiving the delicious odour arising from a bed of strawberries in the late autumn, when the leaves were all fading and dying."

A faint bit of Mrs. Gaskell's attempt at modern sympathy shows itself in this brief sentence from *Cranford:* "Miss Jenkyns would have despised the modern idea of women being equal to men. Equal indeed! She knew they were superior." This was not so many years after Lady Norton's solemn asseveration, in the face of her brave fight for her share in her children, that above all things she shrank from so blasphemous a claim as that of equality with man, nature and God having settled that question forever.

Unlike the Brontë sisters, Mrs. Gaskell's schooldays were happy ones, and it is probable, says Mrs. Chadwick, that it was while she was at school she acquired the independence of thought and action that she kept all through her life. Miss Boucheret, who was one of the early supporters of the Woman's Suffrage Movement, was a schoolmate, says Mrs. Chadwick, and Mrs. Gaskell, later in life, was, with Harriet Martineau and Mary Howitt, one of the first to sign and to champion the Married Women's Property Bill. And in *Mary Barton* she did not omit a chapter on the woman question which was stirring timidly in England then.

But Mrs. Gaskell's bravery is shown with the publication, in 1853, of *Ruth.*

This is a simple story that in this day, with our Tesses and Joan de Groots and

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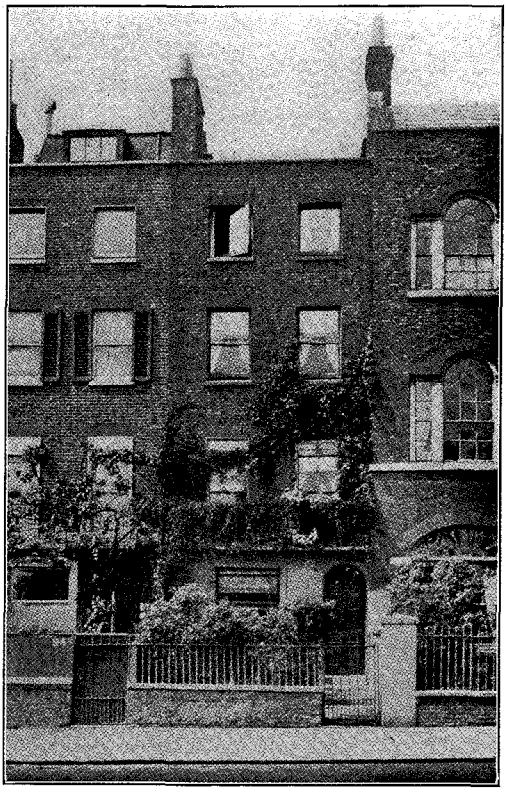
our Magdas and Ann Veronicas, would not rouse a ripple even in a Sunday-school library. Ruth falls in love with a rich young man who has a managing mother. There is no love-making beyond one discovered hand-clasp, but the lover flees, and Ruth, disgraced, bears her illegitimate child. The kindly Bensons take her in, covering her story with the false veil of distant relationship and widowhood, and fit her for a governess. Discovery comes in the Bradshaw home where she is teaching, and in a scene of real power she is pronounced anathema, her faint plea "I was so young!" counting for nothing in the face of Pharisaical scorn, and she is cast out. She refuses the late marriage offered her by her lover—this was straight flying in the face of the spirit of the time—admits the situation to her son, and in the end dies.

Mrs. Gaskell managed the story adroitly. There is no trace of Ruth's joy in her love—of all things joy in love was not permitted to women of the '50's—there is only the agony of it, and the distilled bitterness of its consequences. But the story caused Mrs. Gaskell great anxiety. She gave the proof to Charlotte Brontë to read, who wrote her as follows:

"The sketch you give me of your work seems to me very noble. Such a book may restore hope and energy to many who thought they had forfeited their right to both, and open a clear course for honourable effort to some who deemed that they and all honour had parted company in the world. Yet—hear my protest! Why should she die? Why are we to shut up the book weeping?"

Ruth died—her only fate for the public weal then. But Mrs. Gaskell's plea for pity met the coldest of responses, and she suffered keenly through her friends and the press for her daring. Mrs. Josephine Butler in her *Memoirs* quotes the current drawing-room comment on the book. A pure woman, it was held, should be absolutely ignorant of a certain sort of evil. A young man declared he should not think of allowing his mother to read the book. And as late as 1874, a reviewer of a new edition of her works says, à propos of *Ruth*, "We may say here, once for all, that in the rigours of the social law against wantonness the world is right—We are touched with so much pity at the last that we are almost moved to erase our previous strictures. But let them stand."

In November, 1849, Mrs. Gaskell wrote to Charlotte Brontë to congratulate her on *Shirley*. Of this letter Miss Brontë wrote to her publishers: ". . . The letter you forwarded this morning was from Mrs. Gaskell: she said I was not to answer it, but I cannot help doing so; the



MRS. GASKELL'S BIRTHPLACE

note brought tears to my eyes." The following August they met as house guests at the home of Sir James Kay-Shuttleworth, and there are descriptions extant of the impressions each lady conceived of the other. This was the beginning of the friendship that resulted, after Miss Brontë's death, in Mrs. Gaskell's being chosen as her biographer, and the story of the troubles of the first edition as it passed from hostile eye to hostile eye is an important bit of literary history. It is by this book, however, and *Cranford* that Mrs. Gaskell has lived and will live.

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Writing was not the only outside interest of Mrs. Gaskell's life. She was a woman of strong executive gifts. During the "cotton panic" of 1862 she was Guide of the Manchester Ladies' Committee. Another time she organised a cheap but pure milk supply for the poor. She was always interested in sewing classes, and the finding of employment for the worthy poor. She managed her home, and raised some of the lighter products of a farm, and was rather a clever amateur doctor and nurse. This sounds almost too normal and well-balanced: here is the antidote. To the end of her life, as from the beginning, she was a firm believer in signs and superstitions, and here are her own words for it:

"There are many superstitions kept up about Cheshire and Lancashire. The servant maids wear a bag containing a druggist's powder called dragon's blood upon their hearts, which will make them beloved by the person they love. A pretty servant told me, 'It always had the desired effect with her.' They make a courtesy to the new moon when first they see it, and turn the money in their pockets, which ought to be doubled before the moon is out.

"Many poetical beliefs are vanishing with the passing generation. A shooting star is unlucky to see. I have so far a belief in this, that I always have a chill in my heart when I see one, for I have always noticed them when watching over a sick bed and very, very anxious."

This strongly indicated bias is confirmed by the fact that as a school girl strange customs and uncanny tales always had a strong fascination for her. And in her later life a number of her briefer stories, as well as several of her novels, were written about family curses and inexplicable disappearances. But in the end, as she had begun with them, so she came back to her own people. Aside from these brief excursions into some supernal world, *Sylvia's Lovers,* an historical tale placed in 1796, and the *Life of Charlotte Brontë* may be said to be the only books that are not based on her own personal experiences. And it is mainly through an intent process of literary patchwork that Mrs. Chadwick has evolved the characterisation she presents in *Mrs. Gaskell.*

KNUTSFORD, THE CRANFORD OF MRS. GASKELL'S STORIES

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ORGANISING AN AUDIENCE

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON

I

RT thrives upon appreciation; and the most vital and human art has been produced in those periods when the love of art has been widespread throughout a great community. The general public of Periclean Athens loved architecture, sculpture, and the drama with a love like that for food and drink; and Phidias and Sophocles were hailed as heroes by adoring boys. If you had cast a casual stone in fourteenth-century Florence, you would have hit some lover of Madonnas. When Cimabue had completed his Virgin Enthroned, the entire town turned out for a holiday, and bore the picture—*their* picture—triumphantly along the Street of the Beautiful Ladies, to set it up in the south transept of Santa Maria Novella. And if in Elisabethan London you had mingled with the jostling throng that swarmed over London Bridge, you might have been sure that any one who trod upon your toes had applauded the acting of Burbadge and hearkened to the hallowed line, "The rest is silence." So, in the great age of Gothic architecture, the entire populace of Amiens, from the highest noble to the lowest peasant, toiled and saved and sacrificed, and poured their life's substance and their heart's desire into that supreme cathedral, which stands not as the monument of a single architect, nor even of a group of architects, but as a monument of civic aspiration and communistic joy.

Art is misconceived by those *dilettanti* who regard it merely as the personal expression of some select and lonely soul. Art, at its highest, is neither lonely nor select, but public and general in its appeal and its importance; and a great work of art, once fashioned, ceases to belong personally to the man who made it, but belongs instead to his nation and his age. The fact that great artists appear not singly but in groups, and always at such times and places when the general public recognises their utterance as the expression of its own unuttered ecstasy of life, indicates that art should be regarded not as a function of the individual, but as a function of the populace. It follows that the best way to evoke great art is to educate the public to a great appreciation. Give the plant the proper soil, and it will thrive and flower. What the people really want they assuredly shall have; and when they want great art, great artists will emerge to give it to them. If we want great statues for our city, our primary concern is not to educate a sculptor to fashion them, for the sculptor can educate himself; our concern is, rather, to educate our citizens to desire them. It is not our painters that we need to send to Rome and Paris; but if—in a spiritual sense—we could send our whole community to the capitals of art, we should surely have our painting. For history teaches us that great men miraculously arise to fulfil a great and public need: there has rarely been a revolution without its Washington, there has seldom been a civil war without its Lincoln. Gather a great community all eager for listening, and Art shall speak to it with a great voice. When all Italy wants a Michel Angelo, all Italy shall surely have him; and when all Elisabethan London loves the drama, some Shakespeare shall certainly arise.

But if all of this applies to art in general, it applies with a particular emphasis to that most democratic of the arts—the drama. In a special and immediate sense, the drama is a function of the populace. The reality of an acted play is evoked by a collaboration between those whose minds are active behind the footlights and those whose minds are active in the auditorium; and the phenomenon will fail unless the minds of the artists and the minds of the auditors answer each to each with sympathy and appreciation. It is no longer necessary, in these pages, to insist that the dramatist is dependent on his audience—that his themes, his

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thoughts, and his emotions, must fall within the mental range of the multitude that he is writing for. Without an appreciative audience a play cannot endure: empty your auditorium, and your work of art ceases to exist: and in the theatre the general and democratic public tells emphatically, by its patronage, what it is the public wants. The power to save or damn a play is vested neither in the author nor the actor nor the critic nor the manager; it is vested solely in the audience. It follows, with irrefutable logic, that to support a worthy drama you must have a worthy public, and that a noble dramatist can arise and do his work only when he is assured of the appreciation of a noble audience.

Here, then, we strike at the heart of the fallacy of most of those dreamers who endeavour to uplift the stage. They begin upon the wrong side of the footlights. They try to uplift the author or the actor or the manager; whereas, to attain any real result, they ought first to uplift the audience. They complain because the managers are commercial; but there is no solid ground for this complaint. Every art must be fostered by a business; the dramatic art must be exploited by the theatre business; and the manager must be a business man. A business man would be a fool unless he regulated his business in accordance with the primary economic principle of supply and demand. Shakespeare and Molière, who were managers, as well as actors and dramatists, conducted their business upon this economic principle and were just as commercial as Mr. Shubert or Mr. Brady. Also, when a dramatist has written one sort of play that the public likes, it is futile to berate him and demand that he shall write another sort of play that his public does not like; and it is silly to ask an actress who plays a chorus-lady well to play Lady Macbeth badly, in the fancied interests of art. The only movement for uplifting the stage which can have any practical and good result must be a movement for uplifting the audience. The way to improve the author, the actor, and the manager leads through the box-office. Pay them better to produce and exploit the best dramatic art, and they will not fob you off with art that is inferior; they will not be able to afford to do so.

These considerations are immediate and practical; but, in a larger and more idealistic outlook, it is clear that we cannot expect great art in our theatre until our audience is ready for it. So long as the public remains contented with inferiority, our drama will remain inferior. So long as a masterpiece of dramaturgic craftsmanship like *The Thunderbolt* is allowed to pass unappreciated by our public, so long must managers prefer to set forth a tawdry monstrosity like *Everywoman*. So long as the public applauds Miss Adams's performance in *Chantecler* and refuses to appreciate Mr. Frank Reicher's performance in *The Scarecrow*, so long will false acting hold its own against true acting on our stage. What the American theatre of to-day stands most in need of is a sane, persistent movement to educate the public taste in drama and improve the mental tenor of the average audience.

II

But, in present-day America, the problem of educating the theatre-going public, and the further problem of holding it together after it is educated, are both extremely difficult. In reviewing the history of the theatre, we perceive that in every great age of dramatic art the audience has heretofore been concentrated in a single city. Sophocles in Athens, Shakespeare in London, Molière in Paris, could look their auditors in the eyes. The entire state was centred in a city; and the whole theatre-going population of that city was under the immediate observation of the great theatric artists. They were not troubled by any doubt as to where their public was to be found or who the people were who made it up. The theatre-going population of Athens, London, or Paris was not, according to our modern notions, very large; but it was so concentrated that it could easily and eagerly support a whole great group of dramatists. In America, at the present day, there must actually be more people who are able to appreciate the best dramatic art than there ever were in the Athens of Sophocles, the London of Shakespeare, or the Paris of Molière;

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there must, indeed, be many times the number, for our population is enormous and the standards of our public education are higher than those of Elisabethan London or the Paris of the *Grand Monarque*. But our problem is to find out who these people are and where they are. They are not concentrated in a single city. They are scattered over a widespread continent; and they are intermingled with eighty million other people who do not care about dramatic art at all. No dramatist can look them in the eyes; and when a play is produced that makes a special appeal to the best minds, the manager does not know where to send it.

Our problem, therefore, is not only to improve our audience but also to organise it. We need to discover what people constitute already our best theatre-going public; we want their names and their addresses; we need to estimate their numerical strength and to study their geographic distribution. If they will come forward publicly, in a solid organisation, and will demand good drama, the managers will have to find it for them, and will be forced, by that same principle of supply and demand, to cry out to the creators for good art until they get it.

III

These two problems—the problem of educating the theatre-going public, and the problem of discovering and organising the educated public that already exists in scattered units throughout the country—are being coped with courageously by a noteworthy society that is known as the Drama League of America. This society began with an idea; and consequently much more may be hoped from it than from the New Theatre foundation in New York, which began merely with a building. It began, also, without money, and this is another hopeful sign; for it is an error to suppose that the theatre may be uplifted by the unadvised munificence of millionaires. Art, indeed, is ever in need of money; but it is always more in need of thought: and thus far the Drama League has multiplied itself amazingly, without endowment, by the sheer strength of the idea behind it.

This idea occurred, in the first instance, to certain women in Evanston, Illinois, who had formed themselves into a Drama Club for the purpose of studying the best dramatic literature and observing the best plays presented during the season in the neighbouring city of Chicago. They appointed a study committee to make out a syllabus of plays and criticisms to be read, and a play-going committee to attend all productions of legitimate drama in Chicago and subsequently tell their fellow-members which of the plays they had attended were the best to see. It then occurred to these women that if their system could be expanded till it covered the continent it would result both in the education and in the organisation of a better theatre-going public than the heterogeneous and scattered public that exists to-day. Consequently, on April 25, 1910, they called a meeting at the Art Institute in Chicago, which was attended by delegates from sixty-three clubs, aggregating ten thousand members. At this meeting they expounded their idea; it was accepted with enthusiasm by the affiliated clubs; and the Drama League of America was launched. In one year and a half it has expanded to a membership of over twenty thousand, federally organised in thirty different States; and the National Federation of Women's Clubs has placed its department of drama study under the direction of the League and advised every woman's club in the country to join the organisation.

It is entirely fitting that this great movement should, at the outset, be fostered mainly by women and by women's clubs; for every student of the contemporary theatre knows that the destiny of our drama has lain for a long time in the hands of women. Shakespeare wrote for an audience made up mainly of men and boys, and gave them Rosalind and Falstaff: Ibsen and Pinero have written for an audience made up mainly of women, and have given them Nora Helmer and Zoe Blundell. Our matinee audiences are composed almost entirely of women; and our evening audiences are composed of women also, and the men that they have brought with them. Every contemporary playwright knows that it is by the suffrages of women that his work must stand or fall; in fact, the theatre is to-day the one great public institution

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in which "votes for women" is the rule, and men are overwhelmingly outvoted. Any movement to improve the theatre-going public, any movement to uplift the audience, must therefore be directed toward the women of America; and it is logical and fitting that the campaign of education and the campaign of organisation should be conducted by women and by women's clubs.

In conducting both of these campaigns the Drama League of America has proceeded with a reassuring sanity. Believing firmly that any endeavour toward the amelioration of dramatic art must be conducted democratically, the League has opened its membership to every one and has fixed its annual dues at the low sum of one dollar. Anybody who is interested in the movement may at once become a member of the League by sending one dollar to the secretary, Mrs. Harry P. Jones, 5529 Cornell Avenue, Chicago, Illinois. In return he will receive, as they are issued, all the publications of the League. These publications consist of outlines for study prepared by the Educational Committee and bulletins concerning current plays prepared by the Play-going Committee.

The head of the Drama Study Department is Professor George Pierce Baker of Harvard University. This department has already prepared four courses in the study of the drama. Each of these courses has been outlined in a syllabus, giving lists of plays and books of reference and criticism, so that any one, by following the syllabus, can read his way easily through the course in any public library. Besides Professor Baker, such eminent educators as Professor Robert Morss Lovett, Professor S. H. Clark, and Professor Curtis Hidden Page have given their time to the preparation of these outlines. Under the leadership of Mr. W. N. C. Carlton, librarian of the Newberry Library in Chicago, a movement has been instituted for the segregation, in public libraries throughout the country, of the books included in these courses, so that they may be set immediately accessible to every one. By this means any theatre-goer in any city of America may, without any expenditure of money, educate himself toward an appreciation of the best that has been thought and said in the theatre of the world, and may thus improve the standards of his own taste regarding the contemporary drama.

But the work of the Play-going Committee is even more interesting in its possibilities. This committee is made up of two sections—a local, non-professional group who attend all the legitimate productions in a given centre, and an advisory, professional board, consisting of such eminent critics of the drama as Mr. Walter Prichard Eaton, Mr. Charles H. Caffin, Professor Richard Burton, and others of similar standing. The members of the local board pay for their seats and establish no professional relation with the managers. After seeing a certain play, they talk it over: if they deem it unworthy of recommendation, they make no announcement whatsoever to the members of the League: but if they deem it worthy of support, they at once issue a bulletin advising the members of the League to see it and stating succinctly the reasons why it should be seen. They condemn nothing; but, upon the appearance of a good play, they urge their many thousand members to support it with a paying attendance early in its run.

Last year the local committee in Chicago attended fifty-three performances, and issued fourteen bulletins recommending twenty-three plays. The range of their appreciation was catholic. They not only recommended *Little Eyolf;* but it is reassuring to note that they also recommended *The Aviator*, on the ground [to quote their bulletin] that, "like good farce in general, the play is diverting and refreshing." This touch of human nature relieves them of any possible imputation of being "high-brow" in their tastes; for it takes a pretty sane committee to enjoy both the merry breeze of farce and the miasma of the later Ibsen. In the opinion of the present writer, they recommended only two plays which were unworthy of support; and, on the other hand, they committeed no sins of omission. In New York the work of issuing bulletins in support of worthy plays has been undertaken by a committee of that sterling organisation, the MacDowell Club. By an exchange of bulletins from one producing centre to an-

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other it will become possible so to co-ordinate this campaign that any recommended play will be greeted by an adequate audience when it moves to a new city on its route.

Mr. Frederick Donaghey, of Liebler and Company, has stated that the successful run, for ninety-five performances in Chicago, of Mr. George Arliss in *Disraeli,* by Mr. Louis N. Parker, was due very largely to the indorsement and support of the Drama League. By its indorsement, operating on an active local membership of eight thousand, the League insured a paying attendance early in the run; and since, in the theatre, attendance always begets attendance, the piece could subsequently take care of itself. This is a striking illustration of the power that may be exercised by an organised audience. If such an organisation had been available last spring in New York for the support of Mr. Percy Mackaye's best play, *The Scarecrow,* Mr. Henry B. Harris would not have been forced to vacate the Garrick Theatre and sacrifice the production.

The president of the Drama League, Mrs. A. Starr Best, of Evanston, Illinois, has written to the critic of this magazine, "We have no definite pledge from any of our members: they are merely expected to support League plays whenever possible, and when attending the theatre to choose a League play." It seems to me that the power of the League would be greatly increased if those of its members who can easily afford to attend at least twenty plays a year would definitely pledge themselves to give their financial support to all the plays which are recommended to them by their Play-going Committee. A pledged attendance of ten thousand in any important producing centre would absolutely insure the success of a production; and such an organised audience would be able to demand from the commercial-minded managers a first-class presentation of any play they wished to see. Such productions, for example, as Mr. Laurence Irving's very interesting presentations of those two masterpieces by M. Eugène Brieux, *The Affinity* (*Les Hannetons*) and *The Three Daughters of M. Dupont,* could have been kept alive for an entire season and sent from city to city if they had been called for by an organised audience pledged to pay its money for good art. And when the League increases to a hundred thousand members, it can, by tabulating geographically its constituents, exert an influence over the bookings of the managers which neither of the two big booking syndicates will be willing to resist. Thus, in time, any play which should be approved by the best scholars and critics of the drama in America would be insured against financial failure. From this it would be but a step to a condition under which a bad play would not be able, financially, to hold its own: *Everywoman* would go under and *The Thunderbolt* survive.

The Drama League of America is also instituting a movement to encourage the publication of such contemporary plays as are approved by its advisory committee. This, again, is an excellent idea. Our publishers have hitherto been chary of printing plays because they have considered it impossible to sell them. But if only two thousand members of the League would pledge themselves to buy such plays as their committee recommends, there is not a first-class publishing house in America that would not be eager to place these plays upon the market. There must surely be two thousand readers in this country who would be glad to read, for instance, such a delicate and exquisite comedy as *The Mollusc,* by Mr. Hubert Henry Davies. If, by organising and announcing themselves, they will tell the publishers who and where they are, the publication of such pieces will henceforth be assured.

IV

There is yet another labour which, in the opinion of the present writer, it is the duty of the Drama League to undertake, in pursuance of its purpose to improve the quality and the constitution of the theatre-going public. This is the labour of discouraging dramatic criticism that is bad by encouraging dramatic criticism that is good. The League should swing the full power of its organised constituency to the support of the very few newspapers and magazines throughout the country that treat the drama seriously.

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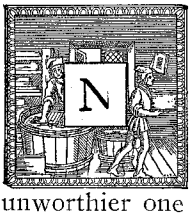
The reason why most newspapers, and even many magazines, report plays as they report base-ball games is that their publishers and editors honestly believe that the reading public does not care for scholarly and dignified and earnest criticism. These gentlemen should be taught the falsity of their underestimate of the intelligence and interest of the theatre-going public.

The true critic is a mediator between the artist and the public. He prepares the soil for the growth and burgeoning of worthy art by cultivating in the public an appreciation of what is true and beautiful and good. It is a disgrace to our theatre and an insult to our public that, instead of employing men like Mr. A. B. Walkley, Mr. William Archer, and Mr. Bernard Shaw, to teach us what is admirable in the best labours of our dramatists, many of our newspapers of largest circulation and widest influence employ reporters to comment on the colour of an actor's waistcoat or a leading lady's eyes. To cultivate a noble audience in America we shall need the service of true criticism and the honourable labours of true critics. But though good criticism, like good art, may be had for the asking, the public must arise and ask for it.

THE DEGENERATION OF HEROES AND SOME RECENT BOOKS

BY FREDERIC TABER COOPER



O thoughtful person can read much of our current fiction without having the fact borne in upon him that the old order of heroes is passing away and a new and unworthier one is taking its place. According to the traditional and time-honoured standard, the hero is the man who bears the brunt of the struggle. It matters little what that struggle is: he may be leading all Greece against Troy, or he may be tilting at windmills: he may be defying Zeus, or Mrs. Grundy, or his next-door neighbour; he may be trying to conquer the world, or only to master the Mr. Hyde within himself—the one indispensable condition is that he shall do the fighting himself, he must stand or fall alone. The struggle is in the nature of a duel, and it is the author's duty to play the part of a faithful second, and see that no unfair advantage is taken on either side. Fate, in the form of lightning, earthquate or a tidal wave, must not be allowed to stab him in the back and thus rob him of a well-earned victory; nor must any third party be allowed to reach under his sword-arm and, at a crucial moment, disarm his adversary. Victor or vanquished, he must owe his gain or his loss to himself.

This is the first great rule as to heroes, a rule so self-evident, so axiomatic that it would seem superfluous to speak of it at all, if it had not begun to be rather flagrantly disregarded. No such mistake is made in the stories that endure. It was the wrath of Achilles, not of Agamemnon, or of Ulysses, or of Menelaus, that brought countless woes upon the Greeks; it was the wrath of Achilles that indirectly led to the death of his best friend, Patroclus; Achilles, and no one else, must even up the score by dragging Hector's body in the dust. If there were no other reason why the *Iliad* should end right here, and not with the Fall of Troy, this one reason would be conclusive: Ulysses, and not Achilles, is the source of the device that won the final victory for the Greeks. The Trojan Horse would have wrested the honours from Achilles and bestowed them elsewhere; it belongs logically to Another Story.

And the same rule applies in all worthy fiction, of whatever creed or magnitude. The hero must work out his problem for himself, or else abdicate in favour of a better man. In *Monte Cristo*, Edmond Dantes, ignorant and unaided, could never have made even a feeble beginning

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of the long and tortuous tunnel which the Abbé Faria plans to lead them to freedom. Had the plan succeeded, Faria and not Dantes would have won the laurels. But Faria dies; his years of work result in nothingness; and Dantes owes to himself and to no one else the daring thought that wrests victory and freedom out of disaster itself. In *Mr. Isaacs,* Ram Lal, the grey old Buddhist priest, unconsciously voices the golden rule for hero-making, when he says to Isaac's friend Paul Griggs, that he might have saved the English girl whom Isaacs loves, he might have prevented Isaacs from taking her on the fatal tiger hunt, but that it was not his business to interfere with a man's destiny. There you have it in one sentence: it is not the business of any other character in a story to intervene unfairly and rob the hero of the just consequences of his deeds and misdeeds.

Take one more case, a typical one, and this, too, from Dumas—there are no heroes quite in the same class with the Dumas hero, when it comes to turning a *débâcle* into victory. The Cardinal has signed an order which is practically a death-warrant to D'Artagnan. The latter, however, instead of letting himself be taken, unites with Athos, Porthos and Aramis in the daring capture of Milady de Winter, the bearer of the Cardinal's order, the murderess of the woman he loves; and in that grim, unforgettable midnight hearing, tries, condemns, and puts her to death. A hundred agencies from the outside might have been invoked to save D'Artagnan from the Cardinal's vengeance; but Dumas knew that according to rule, the hero's rescue must come through himself, his own cleverness must find escape through the source of danger itself. It is his own death-warrant, taken from the dead Lady de Winter, that disarms the Cardinal: "It is by my order and for the good of the State, that the bearer of this paper has done what he has done."

The new order of hero is an ultra-modern invention, dating back certainly not further than the rise of the Gibson Girl and the Davis Man. It is only fair to Mr. Davis to admit that his own heroes are, in the main, free from the modern taint. Yet even in them one sees the beginnings of certain qualities that in later writers have attained to an undue importance. Physically, they are built upon the lines of the so-called Matinee Idol; they must have the straight nose, the strong, determined chin, the whole stereotyped build of lean, muscular Americanism, with which our popular illustrators have made us wearily familiar. Yet no one ever has seemed especially concerned to know whether Achilles had a "determined chin," or what was the shape of D'Artagnan's nose: it was deeds, and not looks, that counted with the old-time hero. To-day it is more important for him to look the part than to act it, more important that he should be sought by women than feared by men. He need not have the old-time mastery of the sword, but he must have neat and well-kept hands; he may not be always quick-witted in danger, but he must be clean-shaven even in the midst of battle. When he blunders, if some one comes to his rescue and saves the day, does he cease to be the hero? Not at all; he has been cast for that part, and he must continue to play it, however inadequately. Let the other men in the story, older, plainer men, with whose physical details nature has not gone to any special trouble, do the hard thinking, the dirty work—the modern hero's chief end is to be picturesque, and to live up to the Gibson Girl's ideal of true manhood.

The odd thing about it is that the modern reader seems quite untroubled when whimsical chance saves the hero, at the eleventh hour, from the consequences of his own inadequacy. It does not seem to occur to any one that this sort of plot structure is permissible only in farce comedy and in *opéra-bouffes.* In *Pinafore,* Ralph Rackstraw, audacious tar though he is, would never have won his Josephine through his own exertions; his happiness comes only through the belated confession of Little Buttercup anent her methods of baby-farming. In the *Pirates of Penzance,* Frederic, the pirates' apprentice, is not the master of his own fate; he is controlled by the absurd fact that he was born in leap-year, February 29th. And similarly, in comic opera as

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a whole, the fun very largely turns upon the incongruity of a hero who is hero in name only, whose valour leads him nowhere, and whose final triumph is not achieved but thrust upon him by sheer whimsicality and illogic. This may be the stuff that dreams—of the Midsummer Night variety—are made of; but it is not an ingredient of serious fiction.

If any one questions the justice of the foregoing arraignment of the modern hero, it is a very simple matter to satisfy himself of its truth. The whole matter is one of fact and not of personal opinion. Let us take, for instance, a group of current novels of the month—those which now happen to lie before me were chosen quite without regard to the present topic—and examine in each what the hero succeeds in accomplishing, and what somebody else accomplishes for him. Rex Beach's latest volume, *The Ne'er-do-well*, offers a convenient point of departure. The title, to be sure, in a measure disarms criticism: it warns us in advance that here is a hero from whom not much is to be expected. But one does not have to read many pages before discovering that the author meant this hero to be of the type that, contrary to all expectation, lives down his earlier unfortunate reputation and accomplishes prodigies of industry and valour. Now let us see what Kirk Anthony, the "Ne'er-do-well" of the title, actually does achieve. The story opens at the point where old Darwin K. Anthony, the railroad magnate, despairs of ever making anything worth while out of his son and, temporarily at least, washes his hands of him. Young Anthony crowns a long series of misdeeds with an all-night orgy wilder than any before it—an orgy that starts harmlessly enough on Broadway, in celebration of a foot-ball victory, passes on to one all-night resort after another, each progressively lower in the scale of decency, with the net result that Kirk very nearly kills a "plain-clothes" man, is himself drugged and put aboard a steamer bound for a Latin-American republic, penniless and with another man's ticket in his pocket. Of course, what is supposed to result from this rather harsh practical joke, is somewhat as follows: young Anthony, stranded in a strange land, without money, without friends and under suspicion of being an impostor, is forced for the first time to exert himself and do some honest work. He develops an inborn genius for railroad management, works his way up to a position of considerable authority and incidentally acquires a wife from one of the best and proudest families in the country. Such, at least, would serve as a fairly honest analysis of the book for advertising purposes. What actually happens is this: purely by chance the passenger list of the steamer where the sadly bewildered Kirk finds himself happens to include Stephen Cortland, who is the big financial and political power in the land whither Kirk is being conveyed against his will. What is more to the purpose, there is also Cortland's beautiful and unscrupulous wife, Edith, who promptly succumbs to Kirk's good looks—for we must not forget that he is the Davis type of hero. It is Edith who vouches for Kirk's honesty, it is Edith whose influence releases him from prison after he has festively played a fire-hose upon a pompous local official; it is Edith whose feminine magnetism reaches out in so many subtle undercurrents that she is able, by a beck here and a nod there, to force this untried and unreliable young man, rung by rung, up the ladder of railroad promotion. And all the while that she is risking her prestige and her good name for the sake of his six feet of clean-cut, clean-shaven young Americanism, Kirk—instead of playing the game fairly, even if it was an unsavoury sort of game, and living up to his obligations—does not scruple to absent himself from his railroad duties in order to keep clandestine appointments with a certain very pretty but quite unsophisticated señorita, Gertrudes Garavel. When Edith Cortland awakes to the fact that a raw girl of seventeen has robbed her of her perquisites, she is not unnaturally a bit resentful. And when her husband makes the mistake of thinking that he has cause to be jealous of Kirk, publicly brands his wife with dishonour, and then, upon learning his mistake, commits suicide, Edith withdraws her protection from Kirk when the local

"The Ne'er-do-well"

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authorities blunderingly arrest him as Cortland's murderer. Up to this time Kirk has accomplished just two things: he has learned to be a fairly efficient transportation agent on a two-penny railroad, and he has clandestinely married Gertrudes Garavel in an interval between two dances, and under the clever management of four sympathetic friends But his bride would have remained to this day a wife in name only, if not a widow, had it not been for the volcanic intervention of old Darwin K. Anthony, who suddenly decided that a ne'er-do-well son was better than no son at all and who proceeded to make things unpleasantly lively for that Latin-American republic. To sum the book up in one sentence, it is the story of a young man who is not ashamed to accept the making of his career from a woman to whom he makes no return. Personally, the reviewer is inclined to think that the best line in the book was uttered by old Darwin K.: "My son was a damn fool not to have married you."

"The Road"

Gervase Agnew, in *The Road,* by Frank Savile, starts off with less of a handicap. We are assured, in the opening chapter, that he is an efficient young man, at least so far as muscular activity is concerned—because, when he meets for the first time his employer's daughter and finds her helplessly seated behind a balky little horse that has halted squarely across the railway tracks, with a through express visible not a thousand feet away, he simply puts his brawny shoulder to the task, pushes the dead weight of horse and vehicle backward and lands the stubborn little steed not ungently on his back in a ditch. Incidentally he breaks one of the shafts, for which carelessness he has the presence of mind to apologise, while the through express fans them as it whizzes by. Thereupon he introduces himself, explains that he is her father's expert engineer, wrenches a strand of wire with his bare hands, either from a fence or from the telegraph pole—it doesn't matter which; the author merely wanted to show muscular development—mends the broken shaft, deftly picks the steed out of the ditch, and gallantly drives the lady home. Oh, but his muscle, assures the author, is as nothing to his other gifts. As a railroad engineer he is without an equal. Now in the office of Thorpe Graham, the father of Katrine, whom he has rescued, Agnew had not really a fair chance to show practically what he can do. It is therefore an unintentional kidness on the part of Graham's partner, Gordon Gleisher, who is semi-officially betrothed to Katrine, when he becomes jealous of Agnew and rather nastily insists that the young man be sent forthwith to Bir, an Eastern principality situated somewhere, let us say, between Ruritania and Graustark, to take the place of a superintendent who has just been murdered, and push through to completion a railroad for which Graham and Gleisher have the contract. When Agnew reaches the scene of activities at the temporary terminus of the Bir line, he learns a few facts that make him rather uncomfortable. There is, and there has been, from the beginning, a formidable coalition against the road. All the foreign competitors for the contract have joined forces with the local government and the Sultan of Turkey—who are opposed to any railway at all—and every humble ditch digger in the whole working force is open to suspicion as a hired spy of the enemy. Agnew's predecessor has confessedly been murdered through government connivance; his revised plans and specifications have been stolen; and a certain young Italian woman, Lucia Jessi, daughter of a section boss whom they dare not discharge, is known to have been the decoy who brought about the former superintendent's destruction. It would not be fair to neglect to state that the story itself is sufficiently thrilling. All sorts of unexpected and startling things happen, thanks to a topography which makes landslides, avalanches, floods and the unexpected draining of big lakes casual and everyday occurrences. But for our present purpose the hero is in the central focus. We have the author's word for it that Agnew is rather phenomenal in his chosen profession. Yet he puzzles day after day, week after week, to find out why, at a certain point on that railroad, down at the bottom of a deep canyon and above a

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turbulent river, three successive bridges, of the best possible American steel construction, have been crumpled up like so much paper and swept away. A day comes when old Thorpe Graham, being naturally somewhat nervous regarding an enterprise in which he has sunk the bulk of his fortune, arrives upon the scene; and Katrine, who has meantime given her fiancee with the Hebrew name his dismissal, arrives also—because, you see, Agnew is another of those matinée idol heroes whom young women of the Gibson type cannot forget. It does not take Katrine five minutes to size up the little Italian vixen, Lucia Jessi, who has until now been making several different kinds of fool of Agnew—while as for that canyon and bridge problem which has been keeping him sleepless, well, old Thorpe Graham, who doesn't pretend to be an expert, just takes one look upward at the overhanging crags, shrugs his shoulders, and casually says to the young man to whom he has been paying a preposterous salary, "My boy, look up there!" and Agnew looks, and is enlightened. And, perhaps you won't believe it, but Graham goes right on paying Agnew his salary. Just one more point: from the moment that he arrived on the scene of action, Agnew was aware that the big task cut out for him was to recover the stolen specifications and from them discover how to solve his biggest problem, namely, to connect the extremities of two tunnels whose black mouths faced each other across an expanse of boiling waters that no human power could bridge. There is no purpose here in rehearsing in detail the melodrama that leads up to Lucia Jessi's death and Agnew's discovery on her body of the missing papers. The one pertinent fact is that he doesn't know what the papers are, but proceeds to hand them over to the dead girl's father, who is the head and front of the opposition. And when some one else who doesn't remotely pretend to be a hero rescues the papers, it turns out that the all-important secret consists simply in using dynamite and blowing off a big enough section of the overhanging mountains to fill up the gap and make a good solid roadbed from tunnel to tunnel—and really, an expert engineer on a big salary might have been expected to hit on that happy idea unaided.

"The Ship of Coral"

It is like taking a breath of clean fresh air to turn to *The Ship of Coral,* by H. de Vere Stacpoole. Yet even here the hero is one of those who do not so much achieve greatness as have it thrust upon them. Gaspard Cadillac, ex-stoker of the French steamship *Rhone,* and his friend Yves, are the sole survivors of that luckless vessel. They have been cast ashore on an uncharted coral island somewhere in West Indian waters; and the time comes when the isolation, the loneliness, and above all, the memories of an old-time jealousy madden them—and a knife, flung at random by Gaspard, leaves him, to his horror, the sole survivor. So far the workmanship is exceedingly good: those two stranded men, their growing moodiness, their final quarrel, are all exceedingly real. So, too, is Gaspard's discovery of an ancient wreck in one of the enclosed pools of the coral reef, a strangely built vessel of a bygone age, lying just below the surface of the translucent waters and long since crusted over with a coral growth. So also, his discovery at no great distance inland, of some strangely misshapen human bones, lying beside a mound shaped like a grave. What happens from this point on is a bit disappointing. A sailing vessel happens along in the nick of time to rescue Gaspard; and to the master of that craft, whose name is Sagesse and whose wisdom is that of the devil, the hero proceeds to confess himself a murderer, thus neatly putting himself in the other's power. A few days later Sagesse lands the ex-stoker safely on the island of Martinique; and here Gaspard proceeds to accomplish a number of things which would be to his credit if they were not due mainly to accident. For instance, he saves the life of an elderly and very rich man in the public market place, simply by reaching out his long, deft fingers, seizing by the throat a deadly Fer-de-lance, and breaking its neck. As a matter of fact, never having seen one before, he did not know that it was poisonous; but he became the hero of the hour, especially after he coolly announced that

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snake bites never hurt him. And almost simultaneously, with this adventure, he encounters, woos, and wins the beautiful Marie of Marne Rouge, a *porteuse,* or itinerant vendor, whom he very much regrets to leave behind him when Sagesse insists that he shall accompany him back to the coral island where the sunken vessel lies—possibly rich in buried treasure. Now, during his stay in Martinique, our ex-stoker Gaspard heard much about a certain almost legendary pirate of bygone years, one Simon Serpente; and he saw his picture; and from the misshapen jaw and limbs he surmised that the bones now bleaching on the coral island were once those of the dead pirate. Now from a man clever enough to hit upon a secret like this from no stronger evidence than a jawbone and a crumbling femur, one really has a right to look for something better than to have him go around casually confessing himself a murderer to the first comer. Well, the way Mr. Stacpoole's tale continues is after this fashion: Sagesse and the reluctant Gaspard, with an amiable crew of cut-throats, go treasure-hunting on the coral reef; and Sagesse, living up to the symbolism of his name, sees at one glance what had altogether escaped our friend Gaspard, namely, that the neat-looking grave beside the bleaching bones contains the wished-for treasure. Accordingly he drugs his companion's drink, digs up the strong-box, and sets sail during the night. Our hero really didn't have any show against him, the handicap was too heavy. Even nature herself seems to have felt the vital injustice of it, because she promptly becomes very busy, sets Mont Pélée in active eruption, and stirs up a cyclone and a tidal wave, incidentally blotting out St. Pierre—all for Gaspard's personal benefit. Our hero awakes, his mind a trifle foggy from the knock-out drops, and his senses a little bewildered by the noise of the sky and the sea—for things are temporarily rather tempestuous; and almost before he is aware what is happening all that is left of his former companion, Sagesse, is landed by an accommodating wave high and dry at his feet, and he has his pick of the jewels scattered on the sand. For the sake of completeness it may be added that Marie of Marne Rouge was among the lucky number of those whom the lava floods of Mont Pélée did not overwhelm; and the reader closes the book wondering what on earth Gaspard had ever done to deserve his luck.

"The Carpet from Bagdad"

The hero of Harold MacGrath's latest narrative melodrama, *The Carpet from Bagdad,* although handicapped by the impossible name of George Percival Algernon Jones, comes the nearest of any of our present list of heroes to playing up to his part. G. P. A. J.—the initials save space—is the younger partner of a millionaire firm of Oriental rug importers; furthermore, he makes an annual trip to the East as buyer for the firm—and what he doesn't know about Eastern rugs, Khiva, Bokhara, Anatolian, Persian, is not to be learned from the native experts themselves. Well, on one of his annual trips George-and-the-rest-of-his-name has arrived as far as Cairo. On a certain December afternoon he is killing time on the tea-veranda of the Hotel Semiramis when his adventures begin. Mr. MacGrath deserves credit for one thing: he has a gift for making the impossible seem plausible; in a clumsy retelling, the plausibility vanishes like smoke. He comes into contact with a number of other Americans, not realising that their apparently casual meeting is the result of a carefully planned campaign. He does not even grasp the fact that a certain individual calling himself Ryanne (and while spelling the name with two n's and a superfluous e, pronounces it "as they do in Cork") has any connection with the somewhat over-ripe Mrs. Chedsoye, her punctilious brother, the Major, and her unsophisticated but curiously alluring daughter, Fortune. Had our friend George been less venturous and more discreet, he would not have purchased for the sum of five thousand dollars the Holy Yhordes carpet, a world-famous bit of weaving upon which a long line of Sultans had devoutly said their prayers, and which Ryanne brazenly admitted that he had stolen from the Pasha's palace in Bagdad, at the price of a human life. And, if he had not bought

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this carpet, and had not rashly told of the purchase to Mrs. Chedsoye's pretty daughter, he, and she, and Ryanne the thief—to the latter's vast discomfiture—would not have found themselves, one starlit night, lying like so many bales of merchandise across the backs of camels, part and parcel of a private caravan, wending its way across the Arabian desert, headed for Bagdad. It happened that there was a certain Arab of considerable wealth and consequence, who was responsible with his life for the safe-keeping of that holy carpet—and of this fact Ryanne was fully aware when he sold the rug to Percival Algernon. Indeed, it was an important part of his plan that his purchaser should be kidnapped and taken across the Arabian desert—the farther and more permanently the better. But his own capture and that of Fortune did not enter into his scheme, because he intended to marry the girl and then to make his way back to New York, where, with the aid of the Major, Mrs. Chedsoye and the rest of his gang, he expected to make away with Percival Algernon's famous collection of Oriental jewels, and—using the latter's house as a means of approach—to tunnel under the vaults of the National Bank, abutting in the rear, the president of which happened to be Mr. Ryanne's unappreciative brother. Now a Dumas hero, even in the middle of the Arabian desert, would have done something. Mr. MacGrath's hero, George, simply waits. Between fright and privation and the burning heat the girl comes pretty near dying; but luckily she has a good constitution. And then, one fine day, they chance to fall in with another caravan in which there are some Englishmen; and these Englishmen, being real men, and not matinee idols, make a few effective remarks to the Mohammedan abductor and escort the three captives back to civilisation. And once again Mr. Jones's good luck continues to serve him when it brings him back to New York and permits him to peer into the parlour window of his own house just in time to frustrate the carefully planned wholesale robbery. Here again we have a modern hero who, through his own efforts, accomplishes nothing excepting to marry the young woman of his choice. That is the one thing on which the modern hero never slips up.

"The Silent Barrier"

The Silent Barrier, by Louis Tracy, begins in a rather promising way. It certainly does not often happen that a man, seated in a hotel balcony and overhearing the conversation of a couple of young women just beneath him, conceives a sudden desire to befriend one of the two who, he learns, is not sufficiently prosperous to afford a much needed vacation. The young woman in question, Helen Wynton by name, is an occasional contributor to an obscure London magazine. So her would-be benefactor, a certain Charles K. Spencer, visits the editor of the magazine and makes it well worth his while to offer Miss Wynton a surprisingly generous sum for a series of articles on summer travel in Switzerland. Spencer means well, but he does not foresee that he is to have a rival who will make both him and the girl serious trouble, nor that the fact that he is paying the girl's expenses will, when discovered, seriously compromise her. Furthermore, he is naturally unaware that his middle-aged rival has an unsavoury record in Switzerland, and that there is at least one old and half-crazed guide who will not halt at murder, in order to avenge the wrongs of his dead daughter. The story lacks construction, but there are good situations in it; and a pervading sense of imminent death from a single mis-step on ice-coated crags, overhanging unmeasured chasms, keeps up a fairly constant tingle of interest.

"Children of To-morrow"

Children of To-morrow, by Clara E. Laughlin, is a book which would be most unfairly dealt with, if considered solely from the standpoint of the present article. Its hero, so far as it can be said to have any one hero more than another, achieves practically nothing beyond marrying the daughter of his father's murderer. But, in a volume containing so much shrewd observation of life, so many vivid and unmistakable vignettes of New York scenes and landmarks, certain idiosyncrasies of plot become of subordinate importance. Considered as a novel, *Chil-*

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dren of To-morrow is undeniably a rather loose-jointed piece of work. The opening chapters, serving as a prologue to the rest, are so detached, so self-sufficient, that one would not be surprised to learn that it had originally been written as a short story, and used as an afterthought as the point of departure for a longer work. Lyman Innes, Governor of the State, is handicapped with a shallow, foolish, exacting wife, who can give him neither help nor understanding. At the time of his greatest need, he finds all the qualities which his wife lacks abundantly present in his new secretary, Olivia Bardeen. His relations with her coincide in point of time with a serious labour crisis, a widespread strike which threatens to necessitate the calling out of the state troops. Mrs. Bardeen's husband has, because of the strike, been thrown out of employment; and, in order to increase the shrinking bank account, she has, without his knowledge, given the Governor certain morning hours of her time. The husband, a weak, excitable fool, learns of her secret employment, and in a rage of jealousy kills both the Governor and himself. Hereupon the scene shifts to New York, nearly a generation later. The dead governor's orphaned children, two sons and a daughter, are of age and in their several ways are striving to win their way in the Bohemian circles of the big city. The city room of the big dailies, the theatres and music halls, the moving-picture places, the queer, East Side exhibitions, Italian Marionettes, and the like, the restaurants in the "Red-ink Belt"—these and many other features of New York's cosmopolitan life are portrayed with an assured and graphic touch that makes the volume more valuable as a sort of verbal sketch-book of certain haunts which the author remembers with pleasure, than it is considered strictly as a piece of fiction.

"The Common Law"

As above stated, the one thing in which the new order of heroes seems to be uniformly successful is in getting themselves married. Louis Neville, however, in Robert Chambers's latest volume, *The Common Law*, forms an exception to the rule. There is a certain degree of unfairness in reviewing this particular book from the special angle of the present article, because in a measure it shifts the main emphasis away from the rather big questions which Mr. Chambers evidently intended to propound quite seriously. To remedy this unfairness, then, the first thing to do is to arrive at a clear understanding of just what Mr. Chambers was trying to say, and keep the shortcomings of his hero for later consideration. Stripped of non-essentials, the story is as follows: Valerie West, a young woman quite alone in the world and facing the necessity of self-support, having tried the stage with indifferent success, decides to be an artist's model. Her first experience, when she applies for work at the studio of Louis Neville; her agony of self-consciousness when for the first time she realises what is expected of a model; her final acceptance of it, and her amazing natural aptitude for taking and retaining an effective pose—all this is handled with a tact, an understanding and a pervading touch of actuality that make these opening pages conspicuous among Mr. Chambers's riper efforts. He has succeded in saying, quite without offence, what Zola in his far bigger and blunter way said in the opening chapters of *L'Œuvre*. Now, Valerie West not only has an aptitude for posing, but she also has what is equally essential, an almost faultless figure. And since the task on which the painter is engaged is a series of large frescoes for some public building, in which dozens of young females appear, floating on rosy clouds; and since each and every one of these young females is modeled from Valerie, her fame as a model soon spreads beyond the atelier to the general public. This is obstacle number one to Neville's rapidly forming intention to make Valerie his wife. Obstacle number two is the fact that at the beginning of their acquaintance, and before his affection had awakened, he secured for her sittings with a number of other artists. Half a dozen men at least had transferred her form to their canvases, and made her flawless figure familiar to the world at large. Neville's family belong to that older and more conservative circle of New York

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society, very proud of their birth, rigidly opposed to any intermarriage with any woman of questionable antecedents. And when Neville approaches them with the mad proposition of marrying his model, a notorious professional model besides, their horror and indignation are unbounded. Neville himself would gladly defy friends, relations and public opinion. But Valerie refuses to let him sacrifice himself. She will live with him, if he wants her, but she will not become his legal wife. Or, at least she thinks that she is willing to defy convention and dispense with the ceremony; but there is something in the girl that is stronger than her professed philosophy of life, something that always at the eleventh hour holds her back and makes her break faith with her lover. To do him justice, Neville is a well-meaning young man, who wants to do the decent, honest thing. But at the same time he desperately wants Valerie, and if he cannot have her on his conditions, he will take her on her own. It would seem as though a thoroughly determined man ought not to have serious difficulty in persuading a young woman who loves him into accepting honourable marriage—but that is precisely what Neville, with all his pleadings, all his persuasiveness, cannot accomplish. And they would probably still be arguing the question, still at a deadlock, if Neville's family had not meanwhile discovered that Valerie was a pretty decent sort of girl, after all, and personally begged her to come into the family. So, in spite of much in the book that is quite worth while, the fact remains that here is one more hero to swell the list of those who, in last analysis, have to be helped out of their difficulties by some one else.

EIGHT BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I

Charles W. Collins's "Great Love Stories of the Theatre"*

This book contains the romances of twenty-four famous men and famous actresses. Their stories are told pleasantly and unpretentiously, and often from records not conveniently accessible or not of interest to the general public. It is a good thing to have them thus collected in so attractive a shape.

Naturally Nell Gwyn heads the list, although hers was hardly a love story in spite of the fact that she was—according to Colley Cibber—as visibly distinguished by her personal particular inclination for the king as her rivals were by their titles and their grandeur. For "poor, witty Nelly" was always more of companion than lover, and as for Charles, he had—as Mr. Collins racily remarks—the propensities of the barnyard and was the chantecler of kings. Nell, however, was not only the flower of his flock, but has succeeded in attaching more glamour to her affair than has any other actress in the long gallery. She has captured the admiration of posterity just as she held that of her own time even after she publicly became a king's mistress—"His Protestant one, good people," as she told a mob which once stormed her carriage to jeer and remained to cheer. Partly it is because of her roguish audacity, as when she told Charles II that he needn't put on airs, for he was only her Charles III; and partly it is because of her inherent kind-heartedness and good sense, as when she made him found a hospital for old soldiers and advised him to send his women packing and attend to the proper business of a king. Her chief rival was a lady sent over by Louis XIV to seduce Charles to the interests of France, and Nell made no bones of insulting both her and her mission. Nell's last appearance on the stage was made a little more than a year after she had attracted the king's somewhat overcrowded attention, and thenceforward as mother of a prince of the blood royal she lived in a palace of her own. Arrangements

*Great Love Stories of the Theatre. By Charles W. Collins. New York: Duffield and Company.

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were in progress to make her a countess when Charles went to his reckoning. However graceless the Stuarts might be in certain respects, they always contrived to make gracious exits; and Charles II was no exception. Having apologised to his courtiers for being such an unconscionable time in dying, he whispered, "Let not poor Nelly starve" and departed. But the extravagant Nell came very near doing so, for she was outlawed for debt and threatened with imprisonment when James II conveniently remembered he had a bequest to fulfil. She had only two years to enjoy her new lease of prosperity before—still strong in the Protestant faith in spite of King James—she died, asking her son, the Duke of St. Albans, "please to lay out twenty pounds yearly for the releasing of poor debtors out of prison every Christmas Day." Poor witty Nelly, since Pepys smacked his lips over kissing you (while his wife was following suit), how many pages have been made sprightly and lovable with your name!

One breathes a pleasant sigh even for Charles also, when—skipping several generations—one sees how the Hanoverians managed their affairs. The romance of Perdita Robinson and the First Gentleman of Europe is not inspiring to contemplate. In its mixture of sentimentality and calculation—as Mr. Collins remarks in one of his rare Gribble-esque thrusts—it was typically Hanoverian. But though the prince left her in the most brutal of fashions, she does not particularly command one's sympathy. She scribbled high-flown sentences and posed in print as an injured heroine, and she was cool-headed enough to get five thousand pounds for his letters from the close-fisted though scandal-fearing George III, together with an annuity. A very different lady was she than the one the Duke of Clarence, afterward William IV, had to reckon with, though he is almost as shabby a figure. Of all actresses who had illicit unions with the titled—says Mr. Collins—Dora Jordan is most worthy of respect. She bore the Duke ten children, ordered her household with dignity, and so amply proved herself the good as well as the great lady that their numerous visitors all came away declaring they had seen the finest family in England. When she was bluntly told to clear out, she did so with her customary sweet dignity and without writing a memoir or publishing a letter. The Duke's sudden abandonment of her has never been satisfactorily explained, although it is known that he had been canvassing England for an eligible heiress before he married Adelaide of Saxe-Meiningen. She heroically defended him to her friends and said that if he had left her to starve she would never have uttered a word to his disadvantage. There was no question of her starving, however, for her earnings were enormous during her twenty-four years of uninterrupted popularity. Indeed, it was so well known that she had supported the establishment that the newspapers boldly satirised his dependence upon her salary and even called her banker to his highness. She announced that he had made her and their numerous brood a generous provision, but it is significant that although disliking her profession she still remained on the stage. The children had always been greedy, and after their mother's death they preyed upon their royal father, and finally got handsome annuities out of Victoria. For this she was much applauded by the nation, which had been loud in its censure of William IV. It is pleasant to remember that the British public, which has done so many outrageous things in the name of morality, can occasionally act laudably in the face of it. Neither Charles nor Clarence was worthy of his mistress; but if Nell was the most captivating of all the clan, Dora Jordan was the only one who was thoroughly admirable.

Napoleon, who generally appears so sordid and brutal in his amours, comes off rather well in his affair with Mademoiselle Georges. He conducted it with a slight vein of sentiment; and she on her part proved unlike his other women, for she repaid him with a lasting veneration which approached idolatry and asked to be allowed to accompany him to St. Helena. Nor was she by any means a simple little thing, since Théophile Gautier called her the last representative of the epic type, and said that her con-

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struction had something Cyclopean and Pelasgian. Until she met the first consul she had lived like a bourgeoise with her parents and denied herself to all admirers. She had even remained adamant to one who gained admission to the house by declaring himself a hair-dresser and then did up her hair in twenty curl-papers of five hundred franc notes. Though her lofty connection with Napoleon was known (in spite of the discretion with which it was managed on both sides) she continued to live simply, and she scorned for him the jewelled overtures of the Prince of Wales. In her company (which was modest and girlish even if Cyclopean) Napoleon forgot the cares of state and became almost boyishly merry. For two years their idyllic association continued, and then he began to be less attentive. When he crowned himself Emperor she realised that the end had come, and carried out her threat to desert Paris when he should tire of her. She went to St. Petersburg, where her success as actress was equally great, and where she showed splendid audacity—in refusing to illuminate her windows to celebrate the French withdrawal from Moscow. Upon his meeting her some years afterward, Napoleon ordered her restoration to the Comédie Française, and after his exile she resumed her career there, interrupted by a five years' dismissal for daring to appear with the Bonapartist violets. Her simple story perfumes the sordid history of Napoleon's love affairs.

The grand passion of Adrienne Lecouvreur was for that fascinating blackguard Maurice de Saxe, but he was the hero of her final chapter only. Abandoned in obscurity by two men—the first of whom at least she had tenderly loved and each of whom she had expected to marry—she was suddenly, on her arrival in Paris, hailed as the greatest tragedienne of the Fench stage. For several years, until the advent of Maurice, she remained unyielding; and she was the first French actress to be admitted into regular high society. The only real happiness she ever had was in her friendships, and Voltaire records that he found her an ideal intellectual companion. She tried to develop the good qualities she thought she discerned in Maurice, but the devotion of her high and ardent soul to that interesting beast is hard to account for, even if time proved that her influence had brought out the best in him. Certainly he did not lift a hand to secure the honour of decent burial to the woman who had sold her jewelry to gain him political preferment even though it involved marriage and was likely to separate them forever; it was left to Voltaire to protest passionately against her mysterious taking-off and the brutal behaviour of the Church.

Marie de Champmeslé, the first great tragedienne of the French theatre and the first leading-woman of the Comédie, was all of Racine's heroines after he had once heard her declaim his verse. During the seven years of their alliance he produced a new tragedy for her almost every year. La Fontaine was her staunch admirer, and wrote her many letters, which are still preserved. "Everything will shortly belong to the King or you," he wrote, "for you accumulate hearts upon hearts." This evidence is supported by Boileau, who cynically observed that she had six contented unjealous lovers. One of these being the spoiled son of Madame de Sevigné, who feared her less than her rival, Ninon de Lenclos (still dangerous at fifty-six!), that lady made many sprightly though generous references to her in her letters, saying she had never seen a better actress, and that Racine had written his plays for her rather than for posterity. But, disgusted with her open infidelities, Racine refused to remain any longer one of the six, and his disgust with her reacted on the whole professional stage.

Marie was, however, by no means the calculating and heartless lady that Elizabeth Barry was with her author, the gifted and tender Otway. Although she scorned him and bestowed her preference successively upon Rochester and Etherege, she took good care to encourage him just enough to utilise his passion for her professional advancement. To his idealisation of her, we owe the only lovable heroines of Restoration tragedy. What little earnings his two superb plays produced for himself—for Otway let others reap the profits of his work—he squan-

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dered in order to live in the riotous circle of her admirers. Once, sickened of servility, he tried to subdue his passion by soldiering in Flanders, but he returned more ragged and penniless than when he set out, to be lampooned even more mercilessly by the successful Rochester. He died the most forlornly of the poignant little procession of England's starveling poets, worn out with hunger and passion and madness—while Mrs. Barry kept on basking in increasing popularity until the end. Mrs. Bracegirdle, her successor as London's idol, was a woman of very different stamp and behaved far better with the author who helped her fame. Congreve was suspected of a secret marriage with "the Diana of the stage," but the precise nature of their association is matter of conjecture. She was distinguished as much for her good conduct as for her talent (despite the ardent campaigns of many accomplished seducers) and it was with the greatest discretion that she submitted to Congreve's literary wooing in the eyes of the town. She is supposed to have been his "pious Celinda," of whom he sang, "Would she could make of me a saint or I of her a sinner!" Yet in his forty-three surviving letters he mentions her only twice and in the most casual way, and he left her a legacy of only two hundred pounds, while the rest went to the Duchess of Marlborough—of the precise nature of whose association with him nobody had the slightest doubt, least of all the militant Sarah, who said that she did not know what happiness Henrietta had received in his company, but she was sure there was precious little honour in it. Mrs. Bracegirdle was a woman of such talent, attractiveness, and good sense that one is delighted to remember that her charms were even longer in withering than those of Ninon herself, for she proved as enchanting to Horace Walpole at the ripe age of eighty-one as she had to all the town in her youthful career.

The loves of Peg Woffington and David Garrick attracted little attention, says the author, in an age which had better material for gossip than the amours of two actors might afford. "As majestic as Juno, as lovely as Venus, as fresh and charming as Hebe"—Manager Rich told Sir Joshua Reynolds—Peg had become the toast of London before David deserted commerce for the boards; but his success on his first appearance secured him an engagement almost immediately and threw them together. They and Macklin set up housekeeping, but, discovering Macklin unnecessary to their domestic arrangements, they crowded him out. Both of them looked forward to marriage at some indefinite future period and—as the event showed—Peg was the more honestly devoted of the two. They maintained their establishment turn and turn about each month, and David soon began to exhibit his well-known parsimony during the month when he was paymaster. He soundly berated her in their guest's presence for brewing Doctor Johnson's tea extravagantly strong (no small matter when one remembers his capacity!). "Last month," he blustered, "your tea would have hurt no one's stomach!" One can readily understand that their joint housekeeping lasted only two or three seasons, especially as he resented her apparently harmless love of admiration. Still they held to their engagement to wed, and even set a date for it. But he was so moody when he brought her the wedding ring that she taxed him with repenting of his bargain. Garrick pounced upon the opportunity for frankness and she dismissed him in high dudgeon. When later he attacked her in print, he showed that he could be as mean in spirit as in purse. It is pleasant to know that in spite of him she remained till her last appearance the idol of the public.

These and other love stories of the theatre Mr. Collins narrates with much anecdote and wisely devotes little space to histrionic chronicling. The book is readably done, but the lively material is worthy of better arrangement and a better style. One regrets that he has not written oftener at his best.

Algernon Tassin.

II

Mrs. Blake's "An Irish Beauty"*

The Irish beauty, whose intimate jour-

*An Irish Beauty of the Regency. Compiled from *Mes Souvenirs*, the Unpublished Journals of the Hon. Mrs. Calvert, 1789-1822. By Mrs. Warrenne Blake. New York: John Lane Company.

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nal is now, more than half a century after her death, presented to a world for which it never was intended, was the younger daughter of Viscount Pery, and the wife of Nicolson Calvert, for many years parliamentary representative of a Hertfordshire borough. She says, "I know I should be delighted if some of my ancestors had written a journal," and, therefore, she made a careful record of the outward facts of her life, not only for her children, but with the idea that, "a hundred years hence (if they are preserved so long) when I have long been mouldering in the silent grave, they will be far from uninteresting to my descendants." Now that more than a term has passed, her family has judged this account to have a wider interest, and to Mrs. Warrenne Blake has been entrusted the task of preparing a compilation of the journal, as written between 1789 and 1822.

We are not without other family chronicles for this same period—others, indeed, of more historic value, and showing a deeper insight into the weighty affairs of that time. Those were the days when the "monster" Bonaparte was an ever-present terror to the British nation, when the flower of its manhood was employed at sea and on land in the Napoleonic wars; followed by the peace which left England under the burden of eight hundred millions of debt, in agricultural distress, and facing serious economic disturbances resulting from the sudden transmutation of her great military force into industrial energy.

This gloomy story has been narrated many times, but Mrs. Calvert's journal shows in another light the last dark years of George III. If we feel that she was on visiting terms only with most of the noblemen and great ladies whose names fill her pages, and whose characters she delineates with delightful irresponsibility, we shall have to admit that her acquaintance was a wide one, headed by the Queen, the Regent, and the rest of the royal family. In a London circle at a time when Grosvenor Place marked its farthest perimeter, at the Brighton Pavilion, on her husband's Hertfordshire estate, Mrs. Calvert lived the life of the woman of fashion, entertaining and being entertained, for her own pleasure in his younger days—she calls herself "a fine old lady at forty"—and later for the sake of her marriageable daughters.

The reader wonders where she found the time to bear twelve children and rear nine to maturity. At all events, after the record of their birth, they never appear in the pages until they have left the nursery. The journal furnishes no details of the upper-class home; we see the diarist perpetually under the lights of the ball-or the card-room, or present at assemblies and dinners, listening to all the gossip of London, and the scandals, great and small.

This, of course, is what the worldly lady believed would interest her descendants, and outside of them it must in fairness be said she never dreamed her words would be read. Otherwise she would undoubtedly have judged her contemporaries with better discretion, more charity, and in less haste. Her description of the "best bred woman I have ever seen"—who happened to be Caroline, Fourth Duchess of Marlborough—is tempered as follows: "They say the duchess has always been a most disagreeable mother, indeed, some go as far as to say an unnatural one, but a common acquaintance, as I am, can see nothing of it . . . but there cannot have been so much smoke without fire, and she is proverbial for unkindness to her family."

Mrs. Calvert does not hesitate to exercise the feminine privilege of changing her mind. Of Miss Acklom, a famous belle of the period, she writes, in 1807, àpropos of a brother-in-law's devotion: "How rejoiced I should be to have her for my sister! And she dotes on me!" But in a few months, after the suit had failed—"I can't bear her . . . she persecutes me with her visits." Miss Acklom married and matters began to improve, for we now find that "She is quite affectionate to me and I like her much . . . I am quite glad we are reconciled, as I really think her very pleasing!"

The reader curious about the fads of a bygone age will find much to reward him in these pages. In May, 1808, Mrs. Calvert writes: "I begin a new science to-day—shoe making. It is all the fash-

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ion. I had a master with me for two hours, and I think I shall be able to make very nice shoes. It amuses and occupies me, which at present is very useful to me." The knowledge of many social customs has all but disappeared except from the pages of such a work as this. Who can tell to-day what is meant by "half-baptism," which seems to have been the fate of many an infant of the time?"

The waltz was introduced into England about 1810, and Mrs. Calvert, when she first saw it, describes it as "a very stupid thing." Often a room was set apart at large functions especially for that dance, but no well-bred, unmarried woman attempted it. Nevertheless, it grew in popularity. "All the ladies in London are gone mad over waltzing," our diarist recounts, ". . . I think it will end by their all losing their characters, it introduces so much freedom with the men." I hear some of the husbands are beginning not to like it." The peace of 1815 brought the quadrille from France, and this was eagerly taken up by those who could not or would not waltz, since the older dances were rapidly going out.

The impression gained by the reading of this volume is of a society in which the relations between royalty and the *beau monde* were far less formal than those that exist to-day; also it is evident that certain relationships that now never would be openly recognised were regarded with great tolerance and accepted as a matter of course. Little did Mrs. Calvert imagine when early in June, 1819, she wrote, "We are going presently to write our names for the Duchess of Kent who has produced a daughter," that the cause of this courteous attention was to bring about a great change in the attitudes of the world she loved so well. Living through the early Victorian era, for she died in 1859, at the age of ninety-two, she saw the new order well established, and while her lively comments on the transition period would doubtless be of great interest, limitation of space has forced the editor to conclude the extracts from her journal with the early years of George IV.

George H. Casamajor.

III

Karin Michaelis's "The Dangerous Age"*

It is not the sensational sincerity alone of Karin Michaëlis's new novel which is attracting widespread attention, but the fact that it deals with a mood of womanhood, universal in kind if not in degree, little phrased by women themselves and seldom sensed by the average male. The fictive literature of menopause is small: Octave Feuillet, it will be recalled, dramatised it in *La Crise,* a half century ago, and other Frenchmen, of course, have touched upon it from various angles; in English, too, George Moore's conventual study, *Sister Theresa,* centred its most moving chapters about this *motif à la Huysmans;* but, generally speaking, it is a neglected phase of literary analysis especially as a sustained study. Yet "this age of transition" from potential fruitfulness to the later calm of approaching age is full of the most subjective drama for woman, since it is the time of revolt and greatest conflict between the senses and settled standards of living. The psychological and physiological phenomena here manifested have filled volumes of medical literature, and it is no wonder *The Dangerous Age* has, in its diary and letter revelation of this condition, drawn attention to the tragic romance of woman's middle age. For those who are adverse to such revelations the obvious sincerity of the author is an answer, since seldom has a recent book of this sort so impressed one in its subtle plea for greater understanding of Nature's climax, and all that remains unwritten. Elsie Lindther, the heroine, is forty-two when she begins to pen her "confession," which carries her over only a year of her life, yet in it she unfolds all the unreasonable caprice, unsettling moods and desperate reaches of her time.

The outline of the story is simple enough: tired of her husband, after twenty-two years of married life, she divorces him for the mere hysterical reason that "she must get away from everybody and everything"; and the events which occur in her "savage solitude"

*The Dangerous Age. By Karin Michaëlis. New York: The John Lane Company.

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form the links of the novel. These events are mainly emotional adventures in the intense subjective. Marcel Prévost, master himself in all the filigrees of femininity, best describes this:

The nearer she gets to the crisis, the more painfully and lucidly she perceives the antimony between two feminine desires: the desire of moral dignity and the desire of physical enjoyment. In a woman of her temperament this need of moral dignity becomes increasingly imperious the more men harass her with their desires—an admirable piece of observation which I believe is quite new. Moral resistance becomes weaker in proportion as the insistent passion of men becomes rarer and less active. She will end by yielding entirely when men cease to find her desirable.

This is Elsie Lindther's case, but she only achieves it after months of thought and suffering—"a slave of an inevitable necessity." At first she broods over her own problem and that of men and women in general. Here is a typical example of the analysis her mood prompts:

It may safely be said that on the whole surface of the globe not one man exists who really knows a woman. . . . Do men and women ever tell each other the truth? . . . Between the sexes reigns an ineradicable hostility. It is concealed because life has to be lived, because it is easier and more convenient to keep it in the background; but it is always there, even in those supreme moments when the sexes fulfil their highest destiny. A woman who knows other women and understands them, could easily prove this in so many words; and every woman who heard her—provided they were alone—would confess she was right. But if a man should join in the conversation, both women would stamp truth underfoot as though it were a venomous reptile. Men can be sincere both with themselves and others; but women cannot. . . . A woman, even in the closest bonds of love, never reveals more of herself than reason demands. . . . She would never reveal to a man the hidden thoughts which sometimes, without the least scruple, she will confide to another woman. . . . And as each star runs its eternal course through space, isolated amid countless myriads of other stars, so each woman goes her solitary way through life.

Her mind dwells on the mechanism of her sex's attractions. She finds in recalling her friends' confessions—and the diary is full of them—that "few ever cried because of some imperative inward need." To one tears "were a kind of erotic by-play which added to the joy of life"; others acknowledged they had resource to tears "to work themselves up when they wanted to make a scene." Smiles, too, among women are Masonic signs: "We can use them between ourselves without any fear of their being misunderstood by the other sex. . . . No woman speaks aloud, but most women smile aloud." It is only natural that moods which linger on thoughts like these should become personalised. So we find Elsie gradually thinking more and more of a man much younger than herself, who still loves her. But her instinctive morality holds her back till it is broken down by the self-revelation which comes through her advice to her friends and analysis of their problem. So she confesses her love in a letter full of frankness embroidered for the occasion, and asks him to visit her.

He came by the morning train, and left the same evening. . . . I have burnt his letter unread. What could it tell me that I did not already know? . . . Once the cold moon was a burning sun; her own central fires consumed it; now she is cold and dead; her light a mere reflection and a falsehood. His first glance told me all. He cast down his eyes so that he might not hurt me again. . . . He has not committed a crime. He loved me once, now he no longer loves me. That is all. . . .

It is then she turns to her husband and asks him to come to her, only to find he has remarried:

So he has dared! So all his passion and his grief at parting were purely a part that he played! Who knows? Perhaps he was really glad to get rid of me. Ah, but this scorn and contempt! . . . That he should have dared to replace me by a mere chit of nineteen! . . . I must efface myself as soon as possible. I cannot endure the thought of being pitied by any one. . . . If I had her here—whoever she may be—I would crush her with a look she could never forget.

She writes her former husband a cheerful letter, however, sends his new bride a diadem he had once given to her and departs on her travels.

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Even these few extracts, as they touch the high spots of the plot with some indication of the mood and style, do an injustice to the grim power of the novel. The subtleties of her own misreading of herself, her distorted vision of externals and the suggested causes for her sudden flightiness and apparently inexplicable fears are admirably conveyed. Whether one likes this sort of book or not there is no gainsaying its effect—one feels he has followed the moving picture of a woman's emotions over strange hidden places, though at times the film is cut and arranged for the best effect. But even a real Amiel, Rousseau or Bashkirtseff knew they might be read. Elsie Lindther is not only *une hystérique:* she, like Moore's Mildred Lawson, is a capricious mood of nature.

George Middleton.

IV

Ruth Kedzie Wood's "Honeymooning in Russia"*

The book of travel should be to literature what the landscape is to painting. And the measure of public favour with which each is received is as good a measure of popular taste as any other. But the book of travel does not always fulfil its intent as successfully as does even the mediocre landscape painting. Which may be an excuse for the popular disinclination to become interested in books of travel. So many of them are no more than kodak snapshots, interesting to the writer as recalling memories of pleasant days, but indistinct in outline for the onlooker. The general public therefore, disillusionised too often, passes on with averted head and refuses to read even the best of such books, than which literature can afford no greater pleasure to the discerning.

Such a treatment of Mrs. Wood's book would be the reader's own loss. Somehow its title, the banality of most of the illustrations, and something about its handsome outer garb even, lead one to suspect the usual sort of reminiscences which are of interest only to the reminiscencer. But the book gives us a delightful surprise. It is a most artful combination of the personal equation with pages after page of really valuable inside information as to Russia of to-day, varied by charming bits of description of scenic beauties seen through the eyes of a happy bride for whom all Nature gleams and glows in radiant light. The air of truth lies over the entire volume. Whether or not the very important information, the experiences and the acquaintances that fell to the lot of Mr. and Mrs. Philip Houghton during their honeymoon trip in Russia did really come to them in the space of those short weeks, or were the garnered results of many scattered months of sojourn in the great Chaos which is the Empire of the Tsar, does not really matter. They did see so many important things and do so much that seldom falls to the share of even the most seasoned traveller to do, and they tell of them—or rather the bride does—so very cleverly that we are willing to accept their own statement as to chronology of events.

Every personal experience, many of which would make successful scenes for a "best seller," is artfully utilised to convey a picture of Russian life of to-day in its darker and its brighter sides. Over all is the warm sympathy of a clear-sighted, big-hearted woman of keen intelligence, with a mind fitted to understand the problems of the present from the lessons of the past. And yet withal charmingly feminine. The clinging tearfulness of the bride in some of the predicaments into which she is led by her interest in others, does not always fit in logically with her lucidity of reasoning on public questions. But the two warring elements give a picture of a woman one would like to know, and in whose company any journey would have enhanced value.

These travellers wander Baedeker in hand, but their eyes are open for the humanity around them, and their ready sympathy leads them into dangerous entanglements with the personal destinies of some of their Russian friends. Their own personal happiness, far from surrounding them with selfish isolation, opens their hearts to other lovers' troubles, and through all the varied fates

*Honeymooning in Russia. By Ruth Kedzie Wood. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

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that come to their ken, the reader wins a clear completed picture of what Russia really is. We see something of the spirit that is filling the lonely hamlets of Siberia with Russia's best, when we meet with fair young girls, surrounded by every luxury, apparently the perfect type of parasite women, who are willing to risk deportation and imprisonment, to risk treatment, at the unspoken thought of which a clean mind shudders, to help the oppressed. The ardent keen-eyed Russian student, man or woman, is already a well-known figure to American readers. But such women as the daughter of the Arabian Captain Ahary and Liuba Shulov, heiress to millions, are new acquaintances. They make us understand much, but make us marvel all the more at a country where such courage goes hand in hand with such blackness of greed and brutality. There are many quotable things in this unusual volume, things of import well uttered. The reader will find it well worth his leisure to discover them for himself. Of them all, a little picture that lingers long in the memory is the outburst of the young priest who forgot for a moment the Law of Silence:

"Ah, the things I remember best of America are not to admire alone, but to love. . . . I found my people free to live, to learn; free from suspicion, from superstition, from slaughter; free to live less like beasts in their stalls, more as live other creatures of God. Ah, my poor people of Russia . . . my gasping, struggling, bleeding Russia, . . . what shall the end be . . . for what may we hope! . . ." He stood quietly under the portal, looking after us as we crossed the square. The same thought possessed us both. What were the bonds which held these people if to this man of God the hordes of New York's East Side seemed, in comparison, creatures of fortune and happiness!

Grace Isabel Colbron.

V

C. Ranger-Gull's "House of Torment"*

English writers have not been over-fond of dwelling upon the period of their national history when Philip II of Spain was the King Consort of England. It is the truth, however, that at the time, this alliance, unsympathetic as it now seems, was for many Englishmen full of golden promise, either for their personal interests or for their national aspirations. And it was not only the Catholics who were thus won by the prestige of the southern sovereign. Philip Sidney's father, a representative Protestant, was a prominent member of the Spanish faction, and Sidney himself was named after the puissant prince whose name came later to be anathema to all good Englishmen. Mr. Ranger-Gull has shown a certain amount of courage in taking as the material for his fiction the events that occurred between the reigns of Henry VIII and Elizabeth, and in seeking to justify the temper of Mary's time to the romantic ideals of the historic novel. The problem is further complicated for the author by the fact that his hero is a Catholic, an equerry to the Spanish king, and his attendant on an occasion which is rather a wet blanket upon heroism—the burning of Dr. Rowland Taylor at the stake upon Medham Common. It is on riding with the king to the place of execution that he first sees Elizabeth Taylor, adopted daughter of the martyred divine, and falls in love with her. Surely, this is a sufficiently gruesome introduction to a tale of true love, and it takes no little tact and ingenuity on the part of the author to carry his hero unscathed through these rather compromising situations and associations where a single false step would forfeit him the respect and sympathy of the reader. Of course, as matters turn out, Johnnie Commendone rapidly detaches himself from the entourage of the precious royal couple, the work of moral principle and of humane sentiment being vigorously seconded by personal interest. Philip's pursuit of extra-matrimonial pleasures leads him across the path of his young retainer who, getting his king at his mercy, reads him a terrific lecture, tells him that he is no gentleman, and finally strikes him. From this point, an antithesis between exalted vice and honest virtue having been completely established

*House of Torment. A Tale of the Remarkable Adventures of Mr. John Commendone, Gentleman to King Philip II of Spain at the English Court. By C. Ranger-Gull. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

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in the traditional way, and Johnnie having been rescued by his own indiscretion from a service that would sooner or later have required the sacrifice of his self-respect, all moves smoothly in the approved melodramatic manner. Seeking to escape the private vengeance of the king, Johnnie and Elizabeth take ship for Spain, very conveniently for their royal persecutor, who has them seized and thrown into the prison of the Inquisition. Here, however, our hero encounters one further moral hazard. Mr. Ranger-Gull is apparently fond of posing fine problems of conduct and the solving them in ways that may seem a trifle violent or casuistical. In order to effect his own escape and that of Elizabeth, Johnnie has to agree to play the part of assistant torturer and to aid in the application of the *trampezo* to an unfortunate friar. Happily he is spared the ultimate ignominy of this manœuvre, and he and his lady make their escape unsullied from the "house of torment." On the last page there is a promise of a new narration of their adventures in Italy, close to the court of the Vatican and in the company of that delightful rascal, Benvenuto Cellini.

Over the bare bones of this rather conventional but sufficiently exciting historical romance, there is that veneer of manners and customs, studied from original sources, which we have come to expect from the historical novelist of today. Less the artist than Hewlett, Hueffer or Henry Newbolt, whose *The New June* was reviewed in these pages some time since, Mr. Ranger-Gull, nevertheless, follows in the footsteps of these pioneers, and gives us a careful and circumstantial account of what his characters ate and wore, and even shows a proper antiquarian interest in their slang and expletives which he approximates to those of the present in an attempt to give to the past something of the contemporaneity of our current usages.

Cleveland Palmer.

VI

Frances Hodgson Burnett's "The Secret Garden"*

Perhaps the principal reason that *The Secret Garden* is such a difficult book to review is that it is so hard to decide who is the leading character and whose story it is. Of heroes and heroines there is an abundance. First it seems to be the story of the little yellow-faced Anglo-Indian girl with her waspish temper and her domineering disposition. But no sooner has the reader made up his mind that it is the reformation of Mary that the secret garden and its mysteries is to bring about, than the other claimants to the chief rôle begin trooping in, Martha, and Dickon, the wonderful moor boy with his strange love for and control over dumb creatures; Ben Weatherstaff, the gardener; Mrs. Sowerby, the Robin, and finally, Colin, the bedridden boy, to whom the secret garden is to mean life and health and strength. Then, too, regarding the story from another angle, it might be the moor, the Yorkshire moor, resembling "an endless, dull, purplish sea," that is to be accepted as the protagonist.

It all begins in India, when Mary Lennox is a spoiled, neglected, disagreeable child about nine years old. The cholera comes, carrying away her mother and father, and she is sent back to England, to Misselthwaite Manor, the estate of an uncle, whose life has been terribly embittered by the loss of an adored wife. Mary is met in London by Mr. Craven's housekeeper, Mrs. Medlock, and learns from her some of the strange things about her new home. But what Mrs. Medlock can tell is very little compared with what Mary, in the course of time, finds out for herself. The great old manor, with its wings and towers, is a house of mystery. Wandering down one of the corridors she finds her way into a room where there is lying a bedridden boy, Colin Craven, the heir whose coming into the world cost his mother her life, and thereby made of his father a heartbroken wanderer over the earth. Colin is believed to be a hopeless cripple, doomed to an early death, and for that reason his existence has been kept secret from the outer world. But slowly, under the influence of Mary, and Dickon, and the wonderful secret garden, there is awakened in the boy the fire of a new life, and a day comes when there is a

*The Secret Garden. By Frances Hodgson Burnett. New York: The Frederick A. Stokes Company.

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glow of colour in the wan cheeks, and he cries out that he will get well and will live forever and forever. And on that very day, on the shores of Lake Como, a man whose mind for ten years has been filled with dark and heartbroken thinking, dreams a dream in which he hears the voice of a beloved wife urging him back to the secret garden. The *Secret Garden* is more than a mere story of children; underlying it there is a deep vein of symbolism. But regarded purely as romance, it is an exceedingly pretty tale, full of the pathos of sheer happiness, a tale which no one could possibly associate with any other name than that of Mrs. Burnett. *R. A. Whay.*

VII

Myra Kelly's "Her Little Young Ladyship"*

The photographic fidelity of observation and the human quality of actuality which made Myra Kelly's reputation in her well-known studies of East Side life will always be remembered when her work comes to mind, but it is unfortunate for her reputation that this posthumous novel should, in its present state, have seen the light of day. It would be unfair, however, to judge it too harshly, for it gives every evidence of lacking a final revision, which, no doubt, would have done much to remove the sketchy quality of many of the chapters. Miss Kelly's strength was in character and not in plot, and her weakness of the latter is revealed in the structural necessities of a longer scheme. The idea in the story, while somewhat conventional, is always of interest when treated by a pen which knows its subject; but there is no marked evidence here that the life which is utilised lay within Miss Kelly's own intimate observation save of a most superficial sort. The conflict of two points of national view, where one definite system of life is forced into juxtaposition with another, requires more skill in technical structure than this book shows. There is, to be sure, a certain melodramatic interest in the final chapters, when the half demented younger brother, tortured by the accident of his birth and completely obsessed by drink and bitterness, turns to death-bearing devices against his older brother; and the situations because of their nature are not entirely devoid of excitement. But Miss Kelly has attempted to mark the contrast between the Irish and American points of view, if one may judge at all by the social standards pointed to in the early chapters. Unfortunately she has not been happy in her choice of episodes to externalise, also, the series of temperamental contrasts offered and so the aim of the novel is not reached because of failure in ammunition. Yet it contains in Forbes and his wife two splendidly drawn characters, which easily remove the novel from mere melodrama and give this love story of their New England daughter and a young English nobleman a somewhat human background. Forbes, the girl's father, is both lovable and useful, and in the scenes with his doting wife much of Myra Kelly's humour finds an easy outlet. But is it capacity or mere provincialism which always endows American fathers in fiction with such masterly qualities when in foreign fields?

Griffin Mace.

*Her Little Young Ladyship. By Myra Kelly. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1911.

VIII

Kate Douglas Wiggin's "Mother Carey's Chickens"*

Kate Douglas Wiggin never disappoints her wide circle of admirers. She has accustomed them to a certain sort of offering from her pen, and she resolutely limits herself to it. We know exactly what to expect when we take up a new volume with her signature and we find just what we expect. This is a great recommendation to a certain class of readers who have not the exploring mind and who like to read the same kind of book just as they like to wear the same kind of shoe, eat the same kind of food, and sit on in the same corner of the subway car every day. Of course, there are others, just as there are people who do not care for the kind of thing Mrs. Wiggin writes. But then these people need not read her books, unless indeed

*Mother Carey's Chickens. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. Boston: Houghton Mifflin and Company.

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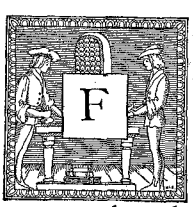
even they can forget what they do not like in the charm of her easy artistry.

The new volume remains true to type, without possibly any one character which will endure beyond the moment. It is really admirable, this ability of the writer to be as sentimental as she likes without cloying the reader's palate and bringing the distaste that repels. It certainly is Mrs. Wiggin's strong point. She handles the tools of her trade so well that she can come perilously near being "mushy" and yet still remain almost human. Of course, in this new book everybody is as perfect as usual, everything turns out well at the last after just enough wholesome adversity to bring out everybody's good points and altogether life swims in a jelly of goodness and sweetness, which with any other writer would be utterly impossible. But Mrs. Wiggin manages to win our abiding interest for Mother Carey and her brood of delightful youngsters, some of whom are alive with the aliveness of delicious childhood. No one that has ever watched those years of fascinating babyhood, from two to five, can help loving Peter. And Nancy is worth while knowing. The wholesome moral of making the best of everything may be trite and bromidic, but it is good to think of once in a while. Altogether this "kailyard school," as the English call it, is a clean, wholesome type of literature and undeniably good for the younger reader, to whom this particular book is evidently dedicated. When accomplished with as much artistic excellence as Mrs. Wiggin brings to the writing of all of her books, the type is its own best justification.

J. Marchand.

THE INDEX OF PROHIBITED BOOKS*

BY CALVIN WINTER



ROM time to time an item goes the rounds of the newspapers under the heading of the latest cabled news, to the effect that such-and-such a book, for the moment very much under the public eye, has been put upon the Index by the Church of Rome. Such was the case with Zola's *Lourdes,* Fogazzaro's *Il Santo* and quite recently this same novelist's *Leila,* the last volume that he was destined to write. It was while reading of the condemnation of *Leila* that it occurred for the first time to the present writer to ask himself seriously just what was meant by the phrase, "placed upon the Index"; that is to say, what special procedure was required in condemning a book and just what was the Index and how, why and by whom a book was placed thereon. It is to be presumed that members of the Catholic church in good standing have a fairly clear idea of the procedure as well as the consequences of having a book included in the forbidden list; but it is safe to say that the ideas of the average Protestant upon this subject are quite as hazy as were those of worthy Major Pendennis when informed by his nephew that he had been "plucked." Like him, we find ourselves wondering whether or not "placing upon the Index" is something that is done in public. What, indeed, is the Index in its tangible, physical form? Is it in the nature of a public announcement, a periodic list placed openly on some bulletin board outside the Vatican grounds, or printed in the columns of the daily press? Or is it some ancient and awe-inspiring folio volume, with leaves perhaps of vellum on which are inscribed from time to time the black sheep of the world of letters?

As a matter of fact, curiosity upon this point can easily be satisfied by any one who so desires by merely paying a visit to the public library in any of our larger cities and making out the requisite call

*This paper is designed to present the subject simply in its literary and historical aspect. Before printing it we assured ourselves that it contained nothing that could be regarded as in the slightest degree controversial.

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slip. The New York Library, for instance, has an interesting collection of editions of the Index of Prohibited Books, some of them quite venerable as to date. The list of books that the Index contains has of course slowly augmented through the centuries; yet even to-day it is a modest little volume in outward appearance, suggesting hardly greater bulk than the familiar Tauchnitz edition of English novels; while paper and print unite in making it almost as difficult to read as a telephone directory. A casual glance through its pages gives one the feeling of looking through just such a directory in some foreign town where one is a complete stranger, for the names are, at least ninety-nine out of every hundred, quite unfamiliar, and the chances are even that the hundredth name in its Latinised form will not be recognised. But the more you study this innocent-looking little book, the more you awaken to a sense of the many strange and curious facts, the vast amount of ecclesiastical history and dogmatic controversy lying dormant within its covers. And with this realisation is apt to come first of all a wonder that a book of this nature should have remained so small. In theory at least, such is the general outside impression, it is a list of the books which from the strict Roman Catholic standpoint must be regarded as dangerous in dogma or harmful to good morals. Now since the beginning of civilisation a great many millions of books have been written in a great many different languages by men of widely different creeds and often of no creed at all. Surely, it would take a shelfful of such indexes to contain all those of doubtful orthodoxy or lax morals!

The only way to understand how the Index has come to be what it is and not something radically different is to glance as briefly as possible at its origin and history. Church history is necessarily rather dry reading and there is not much use in trying to pretend that it is anything else. The only remedy is to follow the example of the modern medical practitioner and put up the necessary dose in the smallest possible capsule. Unlike most established institutions of the Church, the *Index Librorum Prohibitorum* is of comparatively recent date, the first official edition being that drawn up by Pope Paul IV. in the year 1559, more than half a century after the discovery of America, and nearly a hundred years after the introduction of printing into Italy. Not that there was anything new in the idea of a Church censorship over what the laity should or should not read. The custom of prohibitions by Popes, Councils and even Emperors regarding books considered dangerous to the faith goes pretty far back. Thus the Emperor Constantine proscribed the writings of Arius, and the Council of Carthage in the year 400 forbade the reading of pagan works. But it was not until the discovery of printing that the Church felt the necessity of vigorous measures. It was not until 1501 that Pope Alexander VI concisely posed the whole question in his preamble to the Bull, *Inter multiplices:* "Just as the art of printing is regarded as most useful to the readier multiplication of worthy and useful books, it may also cause the greatest amount of harm if those who practise it should use the art perversely."

Nevertheless, forty-two years went by before the first of all the Indexes was published in Venice, the foster-mother of the printed book, who little realised at that moment the blow she was dealing to one of her noblest arts. Symond in the sixth volume of his *Renaissance in Italy,* writes that "From an official report upon the decline of the printing trade in Venice, it appears that within the space of a few months the number of presses fell from 125 to 40;" and he adds: "The blow which maimed Venetian literature was mortal elsewhere, and the finest works of genius in the first half of the seventeenth century had to find their publishers in Paris."

Oddly enough it was in Paris and only one year later than the Venetian publication that the Faculty of Theology published a comprehensive catalogue of prohibited books; and in 1546 the University of Louvain followed this example. All these separate and local attempts culminated in 1559 in the first Index issued by the Roman Curia, in which Pope Paul IV interdicted the reading of the books therein enumerated not only to the lay-

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men but to the student and theologian as well.

The publication of this Index drew forth such widespread and vehement protests that the whole question was subsequently referred to the Council of Trent; and it was in accordance with the edict of that body that a commission was appointed which prepared the so-called *Index Tridentinus* published under Paul V in 1564. In this Index there was included the Bull containing the famous ten rules regarding the freedom of the press which have remained in force down to the present day. Nearly a quarter of a century later Pope Sixtus V caused to be prepared and printed, in 1590, a third Index; but it was never formally published, because just at this time he died and his successors suppressed it. Its historical importance is due to the fact that it formed the basis of the fourth Index published in 1596 by Clement VIII. This in a certain sense was definitive; and although more than forty editions have been published since its first issue, the changes made in it are mainly the introduction of new titles and the dropping out of certain others either where objectionable matter has been corrected or where, in much rarer cases, the original prohibition has been withdrawn.

Now, in this whole question of exercising a censorship over the public press, whether by a spiritual or civil authority, there are two views either of which a liberal-minded man may hold with equal honesty and justice. One of them has never been stated more concisely than Dr. Johnson once put it in his *Life of Milton:* "It seems no more reasonable to leave the rights of printing unrestrained, because writers may afterward be censured, than it would be to sleep with doors unbolted, because by our laws we can hang a thief." And the other view, namely, that the attempted suppression of a book encourages its circulation, has been stated once for all by Bacon, when he wrote: "A forbidden writing is thought to be a certain spark of truth that flies up in the faces of them who seek to tread it out." Both of these views obviously have influenced from the beginning that body of ecclesiastical officials known as the Congregation of the Index whose duty it is to pass upon questionable reading matter. The view that it is better to lock your door before the house is robbed is the one that has always been consistently applied to books dangerous in dogma or scandalous in attacks upon the morals of the clergy; but regarding books strictly secular in character, no matter how immoral or obscene in tone, the policy of the Church has been in the main to avoid calling attention to them, to wait in the majority of cases until a score or more of years after their publication, to let them if possible die a natural death. An excellent object lesson in the way in which this two-fold attitude is maintained is afforded by the case of Boccaccio's *Decameron.* This world-famous collection of *novelle* enjoyed the distinction of being the only book on Paul IV's pioneer Index, the condemnation of which was qualified by the phrase which afterward became so common, *donec corrigatur* ("until it be corrected"). Now it happens that an expurgated edition of the *Decameron* was printed in Florence in 1573 at the instance of Cosimo I and proved acceptable to the Church. The expurgating had to do only with references to religion or to Church dignitaries. To quote once more from Symond's *Renaissance in Italy:*

> The changes which Boccaccio's masterpiece had undergone were these: Passages savouring of doubtful dogma, sarcasms on monks and clergy, the names of saints, allusions to the devil and hell had disappeared. Ecclesiastical sinners were transformed into students and professors, nuns and abbesses into citizens' wives. Immorality, in short, was secularised. But the book still offered the same allurements to a prurient mind.

Equipped with this small measure of information, we are prepared to take a curious peep into the contents of the Index to Prohibited Books, possessed all the time with a sense that for the Protestant the Index itself falls under the same prohibition. In our ignorance we make all sorts of random guesses as to what we shall find. The whole thing becomes a sort of adventure, an incursion into unknown regions. Who can tell how many of our own favourite books are under the

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ban? For all we know half the contents of that inoffensive looking bookcase the other side of our writing desk may be catalogued in the list of the forbidden. Shall we, by chance, discover that Fielding and Smollett, Dickens and Thackeray, Mark Twain and Rudyard Kipling, Margaret Deland and Mrs. Humphry Ward, are any or all of them in the ecclesiastical rogues' gallery? And how about our dear old friends of classic times? Are Cæsar and Cicero and Vergil, Homer and Æschylus and Aristophanes cast into outer darkness as hopeless pagans? The whole question if you take it in the right spirit is fraught with all the delights of a pilgrimage of discovery.

And perhaps there is as much enjoyment to be derived from what we do not find in the Index as from what we do. A good many books, some of them rather voluminous, have been written upon the Index and usually in a partisan spirit which has considerably impaired their value. Any reader of this article who happens to be of a studious turn of mind and wishes to pursue the subject in greater detail may be referred to the three-volume work of Dr. J. Hilgers's *Der Index* (1904), a typically minute and conscientious piece of German scholarship, or to the less exhaustive but more readable work on the same subject by George Haven Putnam published about a year ago. The point, however, which it seems worth while to make is that if you want to be unfair, you can get almost any sort of result that you wish; you can even, by juggling a bit with the truth, prove the Index to be a catalogue of the world's best literature—with this important exception that the classics are exempt. The seventh *Regula* of the Council of Trent specifically declares that the classics, on account of their beauty and elegance, may be read; but they are to be kept out of the hands of the young. Nevertheless, Paul IV included *Lucian* in his Index, and also a group of Priapean verse erroneously attributed to Vergil. The one other classic author who came under the ban of the Church was Martial, and he only in the Lisbon Index of 1624, issued like the Spanish Index by the Inquisition.

Now if you should happen to look up the title *Index* in the comprehensive French encyclopædia of Larousse, you will find not merely an off-hand statement to the effect that practically every author of real importance in modern times has sooner or later secured a place on it, and that it is really in the nature of a literary *Who's Who,* a guide-book to the leaders of modern thought; but the article backs up this assertion with a list of names, which at first glance really looks rather imposing. It is only when you begin to examine the list, item by item, that you discover the flaws and the fallacies. Dante is there, but not for his *Divina Commedia* or his *Vita Nuova.* You find his name as far back as the *Index Tridentinus,* "Aligherius Dantes. *De monarchia libri tres*"—and it is worth while recalling the fact that this very book had been publicly burned in Lombardy more than two centuries earlier. Milton is on the Index and, what is more, it is his *Paradise Lost* that is in disfavour. But when we look a little further we find that the condemnation affected only the Italian translation by a certain Paolo Rolli and that the version in question contained a preface discussing Voltaire's essay on epic poetry. The book was condemned solely because of the preface—as is proved by the fact that numerous other translations of *Paradise Lost* have since been published without protest, one of them, that of G. C. Cuneo, in the city of Rome itself. Richardson's *Pamela* is one of the forbidden books, but only in a French translation, and the same is true of Swift's *Tale of a Tub,* prohibited just thirty years after the original English edition. Similarly, Defoe's *History of the Devil* escaped condemnation until a French translation was published in Amsterdam; his other works never got into the Roman Index, notwithstanding the fact that *Robinson Crusoe* was condemned by the Inquisition in Spain. It is noticeable that English books have very seldom been prohibited excepting in French or Italian translations. Thus Addison's *The Drummer* was ignored until an Italian version under the title of *Il Tamburo* brought it to the attention of the Vatican. Similarly Sterne's *Sentimental Journey* was con-

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demned because of a translation which, it is generally understood, was made by Ugo Foscolo. The note in the Index runs as follows: *Opus Anglice Editum, sed tantum in italica versione ad S. Congr. relatum.*—("An English work, but only the Italian version has been referred to the Congregation.")

It is of course only natural that historical, philosophic and scientific work and especially books touching upon the history of the Church itself should have been abundantly singled out for condemnation. Turn, for example, as a test case, to Ferdinand Gregorovius's *Geschichte der Stadt Rom in Mittelalter.* You will find it there, followed by the unusually sweeping note: "Work condemned in the original German and in every other language whatsoever." Look for Von Ranke's history of the Roman popes; you will find it, as well as Hallam's *Constitutional History of England* and Hume's *History of England,* "in whatever language published." Montaigne's *Essays,* Voltaire's complete works, Montesquieu's *Esprit des Lois* and *Lettres Persanes,* Pascal's *Lettres Provinçiales* and *Pensées,* Sainte-Beuve's *Port Royal,* Mills's *Political Economy,* Taine's *English Literature,* Renan's works, and the writings of Copernicus, Galileo and Machiavelli are just a few world-famous books which for diverse reasons at one time or another found their way into the catalogue of prohibited books. Concerning Machiavelli, it is not without interest to note that ever since Paul IV placed him in the first Index his writings have been relegated to Class I, namely, the works most strictly prohibited and available only under special authority of the Pope himself. As to Copernicus, it may be noted that his works were freely read for more than a century until certain writings of Galileo directed specific attention to passages in them the import of which had not previously been realised. Both of these names after being retained through many editions of the Index were eventually quietly dropped. This circumstance, namely that a book once declared pernicious may later have the prohibition withdrawn, calls attention to the fact that decrees of the Congregation of the Index even after receiving the confirmation of the Pope himself are not regarded in the nature of infallible pronouncements, but are simply official acts which may at any time be repealed by the same body.

It is, however, in regard to the lighter modern literature that the general reading public is likely to be mainly interested; and in this connection it may be said at once that those who expect to learn that any of the modern English or American novelists come under the ban of mortal sin, will be disappointed. With the French and Italian writers the case is far otherwise. Balzac, for instance, was put out of harm's way with all the thoroughness that could be concentrated in four comprehensive edicts. Eight volumes were condemned by that of September 16, 1841, including the *Contes Drolatiques* and the *Physiologie de Marriage;* three more were swept away on January 28, 1842 and four others on the fifth of April following. The remaining novels, including among others *Le Père Goriot,* were not interfered with for another generation, when the edict of June 20, 1864, made a clean sweep of them. It was this same edict which made it a sin to read Victor Hugo's *Les Miserables,* and *Notre Dame* followed suit about a month later. Any one happening to look in the Index of 1878 will fail to find *Les Miserables* there; but in the edition of 1881 it is back again in its old place. The edicts against George Sand began in 1840 with *Lélia,* followed in 1841 by eleven others, while in 1863 the Congregation seems to have intended to dispose of her once for all by the wholesale ban "all her works published up to the present time." As George Sand, however, continued to live and to write until 1876 her later works are by strict construction not even yet included in the Index. These novelists are in excellent company, for the ban of the Church has been extended to Stendhal's *Rome, Naples et Florence, Le Rouge et le Noir,* "and all similar works of this author"; to Henri Murger's *Vie de Bohème, Vie de Jeunesse* "and other extant writings," and the works of Alexandre Dumas, both father and son, "all extant writings which have been published under the name of either, in whatsoever language

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they have been circulated." Zola, in spite of his frequent rather frank treatment of religious questions and the daring undercurrent of thought throughout the whole volume of *La Faute de L'Abbé Mouret,* met with no interference from the Church until 1894, following the publication of *Lourdes,* in which was contained his world-famous attack upon the alleged miraculous cures at the shrine in the village of that name. But promptly on the twenty-fifth of January in the following year past oversight was remedied by a second edict couched in the laconic words: *Opera omnia.*

With contemporary Italian belles-lettres, the American reader is naturally less directly concerned, for comparatively few even of the names are familiar, to say nothing of the titles of separate works. Fogazzaro's later novels, however, are known to us in translation; and any one who remembers the audacious boldness with which in *Il Santo* he undertakes to tell the Roman Church the various ways in which he would reform and remodel it must realise that such a challenge could not pass unnoticed and that the book was predestined to a place among those proscribed. D'Annunzio, in spite of his many audacities, for many years escaped the censure of the Index, although now he has found the place in it which logically awaited his frank paganism. There is a rather pretty story, sometimes told by Roman Catholics when in a genial and expansive mood, anent d'Annunzio and the late Pope Leo XIII —pretty in the sense that it reveals in the latter a spirit of broad tolerance and whimsical humour. It is said that even at that early period the question was raised of placing d'Annunzio's writings upon the Index, and this fact came to the ears of the Pope. "What is this, what is this?" he asked of the Secretary of the Index. "You are thinking of prohibiting the works of Signor d'Annunzio?" "Yes, your Holiness," answered the Secretary. "Don't do it!" rejoined His Holiness emphatically, "I sometimes like to do a little reading myself, and Signor d'Annunzio is the only living author who can write decent Italian!" A rather lengthy list might be given of other writers, novelists and poets whose names have gone to swell the bulk of the latest revision of the Index: verses by Ada Negri entitled *Fatalità,* condemned in 1893, and *Il Diavolo,* by Arturo Graf, condemned in 1892. And this tendency to exercise greater promptness in examining and condemning questionable works has been directly encouraged by the present Pope, who, when reorganising the Roman Curia by the Constitution *Sapienti concilio* (29 June, 1908), decreed as follows:

> Henceforth it will be the task of this sacred Congregation not only to examine carefully the books denounced to it, to prohibit them if necessary, and to grant permission for reading forbidden books, but also to supervise, *ex officio,* books that are being published, and to pass sentence on such as deserve to be prohibited. Its further task is to remind the bishops of their sacred duty to combat the publication of pernicious writings, and to give information about them to the Apostolic See.

In conclusion, it seems worth while to emphasise the fact that there is nothing in the published Index to give any hint as to the nature of the offence given by any particular book or the amount of correction necessary before the prohibition may be removed. Thus it happened that a number of theological works quite orthodox prior to the Council of Trent were thereafter placed upon the Index because they contained terms which under new definitions laid down by that council became heretical. In other cases, the main body of a book may be beyond reproach and only the foreword be at fault—as we have already seen was the case with Milton's *Paradise Lost.* The special nature of the censure in each individual case is kept a secret from the world at large; but the secretary of the Index is empowered to communicate the strictures passed on any censured book upon direct request by the author of that book or his accredited representative.

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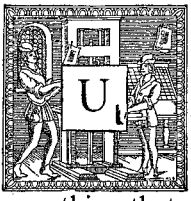
SOME REPRESENTATIVE AMERICAN STORY TELLERS

XVII—George Barr McCutcheon

BY FREDERIC TABER COOPER



NLIKE the majority of story tellers, Mr. McCutcheon belongs to the number of those whose biographies, so far as they have been given to the public, contain little or nothing that sheds a helpful light upon the quality and substance of their writings. It was Marion Crawford's year in India that gave him material for his *Mr. Isaacs;* Robert Chambers spent several valuable years in Paris as an art student before ever attempting to express colour in words; Owen Wister's books form a sort of blazed trail of the path along which the fates have led him; Booth Tarkington would never have written his *Gentleman from Indiana* had it not been for those years during which he sat upon a rail fence and meditated. But in the case of Mr. McCutcheon, it is difficult to see any direct correlation between the known facts and a fantasy like *Graustark.*

Briefly stated—and their scantiness necessitates brevity—the known facts are these: his father was one of the early settlers in the little town of Lafayette, Indiana, having come from Kentucky on a flatboat; and it was there that the novelist was born, about forty-five years ago. Of his boyhood, it is recorded merely that he "led the usual life in a benighted Middle-West town," but any one who reads intelligently between the lines of *The Rose in the Ring*—a book, by the way, that contains some of the best bits of sheer writing that Mr. McCutcheon ever set on paper—cannot fail to guess how much some of these boyhood memories still mean to him—otherwise no amount of mere verbal dexterity could have made so vivid, so actual, that atmosphere of enchantment which youthful romanticism flings around the tawdry tinsel of a country circus. Under Mr. McCutcheon's graphic touch we hear again the blare of the cheap orchestra, the clown's threadbare jokes, the snap of ring-master's whip; we smell again, as if it were yesterday, that unforgotten, acrid odour of the tan-bark. Yes, after all, Mr. McCutcheon does owe some of his best pages to the accident of birth and environment.

Later on he entered Purdue University, and then began to earn his livelihood by soliciting advertisements for one of the Lafayette papers. Shortly afterward he found a more congenial outlet for his energies as a newspaper reporter; and as reporter and editor he remained in Lafayette until he was about thirty-five years of age. Then came the acceptance of *Graustark* by H. S. Stone and Company, of Chicago, subject to some slight revision. The subsequent record of *Graustark* stands as one of the high-water marks, even in that era of big sales.

Now, it is known that Mr. McCutcheon spent a good deal of time in writing *Graustark.* Undoubtedly the spare hours of several years went to the making of the book, at the close of the daily grind of editorial work. But mere time does not explain the fact that this first attempt is, technically, an excellent piece of workmanship. I do not wish to be misunderstood as attempting at this moment to pass judgment on *Graustark* considered as literature, and to place it definitely a given number of inches above or below *The Prisoner of Zenda.* That sort of qualitative analysis is always to be made with reservations, and usually is of doubtful value. But measuring the book from the standpoint of craftsmanship—that is to say, from that side of the profession of writing which is largely a matter of patient learning rather than of inspiration, *Graustark* stands the test remarkably well. It would be interesting, if without indiscretion one might know just how the story of *Graustark* grew into its present form; how many revisions

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of the plot were anxiously brooded over and finally consigned to the waste-basket; how much alternate hope and discouragement went into the making of each chapter; and what radical changes, if any, resulted from the publisher's suggestion. Knowledge of this sort would have a practical value, because it would form an index of the price paid by Mr. McCutcheon for one of his most valuable assets, a rather shrewd power of self-criticism.

What the author of *Beverly* and *Truxton King* privately thinks of his novels in regard to their ultimate place in the world's literature is beside the question. Whether he underrates them or gives them an inflated value has nothing to do with that exceedingly practical kind of self-criticism which enables a writer to tell just how near he has come to the thing he has tried to do. To a man trying to hit a bull's-eye, at a hundred-yards' range, the ultimate value of his achievement to the world at large is not uppermost in his mind; the main thing is to hit that bull's-eye. In this sense, *Graustark* certainly was a centre shot. And coming from an unpracticed hand, it calls to mind the dramatic and yet amusing duel in the author's second novel, *Castle Craneycrow,* in which a young American, never before under fire, by amazing good fortune hits and carries away part of the jaw of a notorious duellist, a burly Russian who has forced the fight upon him. "Oh, I didn't mean to kill him," the American says jauntily, when the duel is over, "I hit him, as I always do, precisely where I intended!" Unlike his amateur duellist, however, Mr. McCutcheon subsequently proved that he could place his shot just where he wished—proved it conclusively by achieving that extremely difficult feat of writing a sequel to a popular novel that shall not merely duplicate the original success but outstrip it.

Accordingly, since it is evident that Mr. McCutcheon writes his one annual novel and his one annual short story with so assured a touch that, out of the twenty now standing to his credit very few have missed the "best seller" list, while it is a simple matter of record that over three million copies altogether of his books have been sold, it seems worth while to ask what are the main characteristics of a type of novel that appeals to such an astonishingly wide public. To the professional man of letters, there is, at least on the surface, something rather puzzling about this whole matter of big sales, because time and again, a novel by some new writer, which seems to bear all the hall-marks of popularity, falls hopelessly flat; while another, scarcely above mediocrity to the trained critical eye, soars triumphantly upward. Of course, what Mr. McCutcheon seemingly does so easily is in reality extremely difficult; otherwise, with the tempting rewards in plain view, we should have a host of successful *Beverly* makers, an ubiquitous *Fabrique de Graustark.* But the fact remains that we have only one George Barr McCutcheon. Now in order to find out something about the elements that enter into his books to make them different from others that aspire to the same class, it is worth while to examine just a few of them in detail, beginning with the corner-stone of his success, *Graustark* itself.

I

THE GRAUSTARK CYCLE

If a mere scenario of *Graustark* had been submitted simultaneously to the whole publishing world, in place of the novel itself, it would have been interesting to see whether any professional reader would have had the shrewdness to find in it a promise of popular success. It added one more imaginary Balkan state to keep Ruritania company; it swelled the list of reigning princesses whose susceptible hearts have succumbed to Anglo-Saxon courage and tenderness; and it gave once again in miniature a diverting travesty upon the trials and tribulations of royalty. There is no such striking central idea as that of the chance resemblance between hero and king which gave the *Prisoner of Zenda* its sufficient reason for existing; in the case of *Graustark* Grenfall Lorry, the hero, and the Princess Yetive meet, not in her castle at Edelweiss, but quite commonplacely in a Pullman parlour car, while she is touring America with her uncle and aunt, with her royalty effectively disguised under the name Guggenslocker.

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ARTIST BREHM SEES GEORGE BARR M'CUTCHEON.

From a sketch by George Brehm

GEORGE BARR M'CUTCHEON

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It is, I think, from this point on that one's admiration for the hero really begins. Grenfall Lorry's love must have been of that perfect sort of which Byron speaks, else he could not have withstood the shock of that name. Nevertheless, he does follow her, incidentally having some difficulty in locating the principality in question—which is vaguely indicated by the author as somewhere in the extreme east of Europe, and equally accessible on the north to travellers from Moscow and Vienna, and to mountain lions on the south from—but perhaps this zoological abnormality had better be referred to Mr. McCutcheon himself. At all events, young Lorry finally reaches the seat of government at Edelweiss, in company with another young American, who bears the prophetic name of Anguish. To their surprise and discomfiture, inquiries anent the name of Guggenslocker elicit no results, beyond making them objects of suspicion to the police. Having nothing better to do until some happy chance may bring them face to face with the elusive Miss Guggenslocker, they prowl somewhat indiscreetly in the neighbourhood of the palace grounds—and it is purely a coincidence that while they are loitering where they have no business to be, under shadow of a royal gateway, they overhear the final details of an audacious plot to kidnap the reigning Princess from the inviolate precinct of her bedroom. It is at this point that the purely American variation in this type of story begins to manifest itself. Grenfall Lorry has in full the American instinct to play a lone hand. So, in company with his friend Anguish, he follows in the trail of the abductors—their actual number escapes the memory, but in retrospect they seem as plentiful as a group of ninepins—and, as this gang of amiable cut-throats open a way into the royal palace, gagging and binding the sentries on the way, our American friends gag, bind, and by way of over-precaution, chloroform such of the abductors as are left on guard along the path. Of course, the reader knows in advance that when Grenfall Lorry reaches the bedroom of the Princess, it is merely a matter of waiting until the electric light is switched on, for him to discover the barrier that stands between him and the woman of his dreams. And it may be recorded to the lasting credit of Mr. McCutcheon that in the scene that follows with its medley of conflicting emotions, flying bullets and descending bludgeons he steers a safe course between cheap melodrama on the one hand, and burlesque on the other. Here, then, is the situation midway in the story: a poor little toy kingdom, hopelessly in debt to the rival state on the north, and with apparently only one resource, namely, to let the Princess solve the debt by marriage with the dissolute Prince of the northern state, or have the debt paid for her if she weds the still more unscrupulous ruler of the state upon the south. To complicate the situation is her sudden, rash love for Lorry, and it leads to some swift happenings. Yetive's betrothal to Prince Lorenz is followed by a public quarrel with the American, a challenge, the Prince's murder before dawn by an unknown assailant, and Lorry's arrest as the murderer. The rest of the story records the struggle of a woman who cares more just to be a woman than to be a Princess; her efforts to prove her lover innocent of the crime charged; and her even greater efforts to conquer herself and keep her allegiance to the state she rules.

And in the end Grenfall Lorry is vindicated by a shrewd bit of American bluff, the crime fastened upon Prince Gabriel, rival claimant of Yetive's hand, the constitution of Graustark amended by popular vote, and the Princess thus legally permitted to take an American consort. Granted that a plot like this is worked out with adequate skill, it becomes easy enough to see, afterward, that American self-complacency was bound to have a cordial liking for such a story. It nowhere makes the mistake of taking itself too seriously; there is throughout it a sense that the characters are taking life in much the spirit that we take a game of cards—and they play the game well and they raise bluffing to the dignity of a fine art. And when, at last, the old conservative Graustarkians cheerfully accept the unheard of indignity of a plebeian marriage

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for a royal line unsullied through centuries, it offends our sense of probability not a whit more than when, in the old nursery tale, the Prince brings the glass slipper and marries Cinderella from out her chimney corner. In each case the setting is equally remote, equally part of No-man's-land. If you want to get the vital and tremendous difference that this one little fact makes, turn for a moment to Mrs. Atherton's *Rulers of Kings*. What Mr. McCutcheon succeeds in saying with a certain sly twinkle in his eye, Mrs. Atherton has tried to say with so shrill a scream that her voice has broken and failed to carry. Grenfall Lorry marrying the Princess of Graustark symbolises the equality and freedom of our Declaration of Independence; Fessenden Abbott, opening his "contemptuous American mind to the deeper problems of Europe," and consenting to accept as wife a daughter of the Emperor Franz-Josef, as his price for not blowing eastern Europe off the face of the map, must be taken simply as a stupendous, if unintentional, joke.

Furthermore, the whole setting of the principality of Graustark is presented to us with such an engaging impudence, such an assured assumption that we will believe in it, that scepticism is in a measure disarmed. I think that the popular attitude toward Mr. McCutcheon's narrative marionette-show is not unlike that of children toward a well-loved doll house. They know the dolls are not alive, nevertheless they love them quite devotedly. For my own part, I have welcomed each additional volume in the cycle, and have grieved quite genuinely over the wholly needless slaughter of Yetive and her consort, Lorry, in the interval between *Beverly* and *Truxton King*. Secretly, it pleases me to believe that perhaps Mr. McCutcheon has been misinformed and that somewhere else, remote from Graustark and under new conditions, they are still enjoying life, free from the burdens to which *noblesse* obliges. None the less, they remain puppets, and it is difficult to imagine any staid, sensible person of ripe years eating his dinner with lessened appetite, because of a change of dynasties in Graustark. One must, alas, be blessedly young in order to sense to the full the possibilities of this type of book—young and feminine, in order to insist with unalterable conviction that each new volume in the series is "the best, really and truly, the best book that was ever written!" It would be an interesting detail of statistics if one could remember the exact number of times that one has heard some ardent young person use those identical words àpropos of *Beverly of Graustark*.

As a matter of fact, neither *Beverly* nor *Truxton King* is as good a piece of work as *Graustark*. It is not merely that the freshness of the subject has in a measure evaporated, but the element of suspense is largely spoiled; because, if a reigning princess can marry an American man, it follows as a foregone conclusion that a reigning prince can marry an American girl. Of course, the situation is in a measure aided by the prolonged and ingenuous mystification which keeps the reader up to the closing chapter of *Beverly* agreeably uncertain regarding the identity of the man to whom the American girl has given her heart and hand. And there can be no doubt that Mr. McCutcheon's safe majority of women readers find a stronger appeal in a book in which one of their own sex weds royalty. Each and every one of them sees in herself a potential Beverly.

As for *Truxton King*, the best that can honestly be said is that it is not an actual anti-climax to the series. The ten years which have elapsed, both by presumption and in fact, since the first Graustark volume, has rather sadly Americanised that feudal little stronghold. Labour unions, anarchy, and social unrest have seriously upset its old-time dignity—and a half American ruler, of the tender age of seven, whose only English is a rich variety of Bowery slang, affords a comic relief that frankly is somewhat out of place. Nevertheless, the technique of construction is up to Mr. McCutcheon's customary level, the thrills and surprises recur at carefully measured intervals; and the veteran reader finally lays the book down with the feeling that he has been for an hour in the company of a master of melodramatic ingenuity.

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II

THE OTHER NOVELS

There is no single common factor by which to measure the remainder of Mr. McCutcheon's longer stories. They include on the one hand his greatest single success, *Brewster's Millions,* and on the other his two or three errors of judgment, notably *The Sherrods.* And in between these extremes there are a few other volumes which, with all due deference to public opinion, are at best negligible quantities, notable among the last group being one fairly successful volume entitled *Nedra.*

Brewster's Millions has been made so familiar to the world at large, first in book form, and later in the phenomenally long run of the play derived from it, that space would be wasted in a detailed synopsis. For our present purpose just two thoughts in connection with it will suffice. In the first place it stands unique as a case where so young a man, after having achieved a great popular success in his own right, promptly duplicates it under an assumed name. The ovation that *Brewster's Millions* quite promptly received must have been extremely gratifying to its author and left him no valid reason for any longer concealing his fathership of it. And secondly, quite regardless of the way in which the story is developed, *Brewster's Millions* heartily deserves every bit of its success, if only because its central idea involves one of the cleverest paradoxes in all modern fiction. The idea that only by squandering a fortune in the face of gigantic obstacles; only by making himself penniless, while the whole world unites in interfering with his purpose; can the hero save himself from the loss of still greater and more fabulous wealth, is a germ idea worthy of a place between *Sindbad the Sailor* and *Aladdin's Lamp.*

Of *Castle Craneycrow* it will not be necessary to say more than that it contains the one good duel above mentioned, and that unlike most of the author's work it comes rather near to the level characteristic of the late Archibald Clavering Gunter. We may pass at once, and with almost equal brevity, to *The Sherrods.* It represents a sort of intellectual running broad jump on the part of Mr. McCutcheon, from the romanticism of Edelweiss to the sombre actuality of erring human nature in the Middle West. *The Sherrods* was a well-meant attempt to show how a man, not vicious by nature, but merely weak, drifts into bigamy; and how two average, everyday young women face the situation when the truth dawns upon them. At the time of writing this book Mr. McCutcheon's strong point was certainly not feminine psychology, and fortunately for himself, he realised that this was so, keeping in the main, from that time on, in the centre of what was for him the broad straight road of romanticism. There is, however, one important exception among his shorter stories, *The Butterfly Man,* which it seems worth while, presently, to discuss in some detail.

Of his remaining full-length novels there is none that would throw an additional light upon Mr. McCutcheon's materials or methods of fiction. *The Rose in the Ring,* as already intimated, contains some delightful reminiscences of things actually seen and adventures actually lived through; the plot, however, to be quite frank, is inferior to that of a number of his less carefully written books. It suffers structurally in much the same way as Booth Tarkington's *Gentleman from Indiana,* in being an attempt of a born romanticist to borrow the realistic formula. It begins in an atmosphere of delightful, reminiscent actuality and ends in a lurid flare of melodrama. Inasmuch as *Nedra* has been already cited as a typical bit of mediocrity, a word or two more may not be amiss. *Nedra* is the story of two blithe young persons who wish to marry but shrink from the ordeal of a church wedding—a condition upon which the young woman's aunt insists. The wedding day is two months off, because if the girl marries sooner than the specified date, she forfeits her fortune. The young man suggests that they shall elope, posing in hotels as brother and sister, and while away the tedium of the enforced delay by journeying to the Philippines, where, as he points out, it is as easy to be married as anywhere else. All of which plan might have worked admirably if

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fate had not taken a hand in the game, wrecked the ship, and cast the hero on a South Pacific island in company with the wrong woman. This was exceedingly kind of fate, because, you see, the man and girl had made a mistake in thinking they loved each other, and it was lucky that the right man and the right woman for each of them happened along before they had hunted up some missionary in the Philippines and been bound hard and fast. All of which would be an amiable bit of fooling for a short story, but becomes somewhat boresome in a novel.

III

THE SHORT STORIES

For the most part, however, Mr. McCutcheon does not make this sort of blunder. Some instinct usually tells him what plots are for his range of talent, short-story or half-length plots. *The Purple Parasol* is a capital case in point. The hero has been commissioned by the law firm for whom he works to track down, for the purpose of evidence in an impending divorce suit, a young woman who is on the point of leaving her elderly husband and eloping with a certain popular and fascinating young actor. The only thing that our hero has for a clew is the fact that the young woman in question carries a purple parasol, wears a grey skirt and white shirtwaist, and will be found at a small wayside station in the Adirondacks. A young woman meeting the description to the last detail, turns up at the station at the appointed hour; but unfortunately for the amateur detective she is the wrong young woman. The eloping couple are halfway across the Atlantic before he discovers his mistake. But on the whole the hero has no reason to be dissatisfied because he has spent the interim in paving the way to his own marriage instead of some other man's divorce. Almost the same formula serves for that even more popular story, *The Day of the Dog*. Here again a young man armed with legal papers seeks out a young woman about to be involved in a suit—in this case in protection of her own interest. It happens to be worth the while of the young woman's brother-in-law to prevent those papers from being signed; so he refuses to interfere when his bulldog proceeds to make things lively—and the result is that a young couple, strangers to each other, spend several momentous hours perched on a rafter in a barn with an angry dog jumping vainly for their dangling feet. And this story also ends with the prophecy of wedding bells.

The Butterfly Man, however, is a book of very different quality. Indeed, one suspects that the author himself was unaware what a capital piece of work he was doing. It is written with a touch that, while apparently light, is so assured that every sentence tells. Sedgewick Blynn is a character in fiction whose name deserves to be remembered as a symbol of just the sort of caddishness and hypocrisy from which he is blended. He does not scruple to rob his mother and sisters of their small inheritance under the flimsy pretence of reinvesting for them to better advantage; he does not scruple to lie systematically to a credulous elderly gentleman who has befriended him, and incidentally to work off upon him at face value a long standing accumulation of worthless stock. He finds it amusing, rather than otherwise, to engage himself to two girls at the same time, although the edge is taken off of his amusement when the two girls at last come together and compare notes. And finally, his whole social connections collapse like a soap bubble, leaving nothing behind, when it becomes known that for twenty-four hours he carried in his pocket unopened the telegram announcing his mother's death. He knew well enough what the telegram contained, but had he opened it he would have had to sacrifice a pleasant social evening.

Such, in brief, are the chief high lights and shadows of George Barr McCutcheon's literary productions up to the present time. That he is always easy reading; that he is fairly uniform in satisfying our expectations, and that he wisely gages the boundaries of his own power, may be cheerfully conceded. And there is one more thing equally true, and it counts for a good deal: there is no American writer of to-day whose stories are more uniformly clean, wholesome, and free from any taint of morbid suggestiveness.

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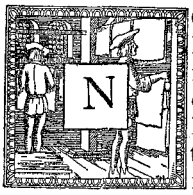
STORIES OF OUR GOVERNMENT BUREAUS

BY CATHERINE FRANCES CAVANAGH

X—Strange Stories of the United States Capitol



O other building on earth has entertained so many fascinated visitors as the colossal edifice which houses the Congress of the United States—which frames our laws—and the Supreme Court—which expounds them. Here History, Romance, Poetry, Politics, Oratory and Humour furnish a wealth of material, so vast, so various, that mortal tongue, however nimble or eloquent, cannot recite the thousand stories and ten thousand anecdotes woven around it; and the brain and hand of the ambitious scribe are almost palsied before the attempt to set them down. To chronicle them would be equivalent to trying to write an "Artistic, Poetical, Political and Humorous History of the World," in one volume; and there is no doubt that many such histories have been conceived in brains fired by the splendid possibilities of the subject, only to be smothered beneath the weight of material. But, despite the fact that the Capitol has been treated from the point of view of the artistic, the literary, and the political writer, it is to-day as full of possibilities for literary material as if it had never been touched. As we, who have known it all our lives, see new beauties in its architecture and landscape, every hour of the day, or night, when we happen to behold it, so its greyish-white walls seem ever capable of giving fresh and fascinating stories to whoever sets foot within—and even world-weary travelers grow enthusiastic over the architectural glories of the building and the indescribable charm which envelops it.

THE BEGINNINGS OF THE CAPITOL

The cornerstone of the Capitol was laid by President Washington, September 18, 1793. The Goddess of Liberty statue, which crowns the dome, was placed at noon December 2, 1863. In the seventy years of construction, History was kept busy writing the great events which occurred in the nation in general, and at the Capitol in particular, and once it faltered, as if waiting for confirmation of its fears that, the dream of a magnificent Capitol set on the hill in Washington, to vie with that at Rome, would end in ashes. This was when the British almost destroyed it by fire, August 24, 1814; after which event the timid-hearted, abetted by those who wished the Capitol of the United States to be situated elsewhere than on the Potomac, prophesied that here no American eagle would ever again scream, even if a phœnix attempted to arise from the flames. But they were vanquished by loyal, courageous admirers of the great man who laid the cornerstone of the building, to be the core of the city bearing his name. The fact that all other civilised nations, even Great Britain, regretted the violent measures adopted by the British when they captured Washington, also gave heart to those who wished to see a splendid Capitol realised, as it has been splendidly begun.

THE BRITISH IN THE CAPITOL

At the time when the British invaded the Capitol only the Senate and the House Chambers were considered completed, and these were connected by wooden corridors, which piled high with lumber, found conveniently on the grounds, formed excellent conductors for the flames proceeding from the torches and rockets of the enemy. In the chambers, the desks and chairs on the floors were of mahogany, and the galleries had seats of yellow pine—all lending readily to the fire which the brutal British commander, Admiral Cockburn, hoped would be the funeral pyre of the

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young nation. With the red-coats swarming around him, the band playing "The British Grenadiers," he marched into the House of Representatives (now Statuary Hall) and, standing in the Speaker's chair, shouted:

"Shall not this harbour of Yankee Democracy be burned?"

To which came vigorous "ayes" from some, and unparliamentary replies of "Fire the building! Burn the nest of the Republic!" until that chamber, then, as now, famous for its weird echoes, was in an uproar. Lost in this tumult, was the protest of an officer who was in General Ross's command:

"Hold! It were a shame to burn anything so beautiful!"

Thousands of visiting foreigners have paid tribute to the beauties of our completed Capitol, but none is so prized as that of the British soldier who stood within it, an enemy to its owners, lifting his voice to save it, because his eyes were washed clear from war's bloody film by the wellspring of beauty which was stirred within him. And, though his voice was not heeded on the floor that day, and the torch was applied, almost destroying the entire edifice, leaving blackened walls and tottering columns, his sentiments were echoed on the Continent of Europe, and even some men in England denounced in hot speech and cold type the barbarous proceeding on the part of Admiral Cockburn. It was that act of vandalism which drew world-wide attention to the beautiful possibilities of our Capitol.

MEMORIES OF LINCOLN

No man who ever sat in one of the Chambers of Congress failed to remember it, even in the throes of war, and to ask after its progress; for the affection men hold for habitations is next to that which they hold for human beings, when either has contributed to their sum of happiness. It is told that when President Lincoln and Secretary Seward, for the Union, conferred with Alexander H. Stephens, R. M. T. Hunter, and John A. Campbell, for the Confederacy, at Hampton Roads, February 3, 1865, Hunter—who had spent a considerable part of his life in Washington, as a Member of Congress from Virginia from 1837 to 1843 (as Speaker of the House from 1839 to 1841), and as United States Senator from 1847 until 1861—when he joined the Confederacy and became its Secretary of State, later Confederate Senator —approached Secretary Seward, at the conclusion of the peace conference which failed, and asked pathetically, as if for a friend whom he loved much, but whom he might never see again:

"Governor, how is the Capitol? Is it finished?"

It could not be called completed; but the dome was finished and crowned by the statue which some called "The Goddess of Liberty" and others "The Goddess of Freedom." Lincoln's ardent desire had been fulfilled in this, on that December noon, when the head of the statue was placed, and a United States flag flew from it; waving north, south, east and west, as the winter breezes blew it, as if prophesying better days, and a great united country once more; while from the forts encompassing the war-prepared city thirty-five guns boomed replies to the thirty-five announcements from the field battery in the Capitol grounds telling that the Capitol was crowned. The flag which flew from the statue seemed small to the crowd gathered on the terraces below, but, when it was whispered that the hands of a daring sailor, Sanders (or Saunders) by name, was placing it in the keeping of Liberty, the cheers that greeted it were scarcely fainter than the roar of the guns; and black men and women in that crowd who had known what slavery is, fell on their knees, weeping and crying, in the misery of remembrance and the joy of expectancy—as only their kind know how to mingle the emotions—shouting, at intervals:

"Freedom! Freedom! Fadder Abra'm, Bless Gawd! Freedom!"

A LETTER OF JEFFERSON DAVIS

With what emotion Jefferson Davis—then President of the Confederate States—must have heard of this momentous event! For, though Thomas Crawford, the sculptor, originally designed the statue, it was due to Jefferson Davis that the figure was not crowned by a Liberty

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cap, instead of the militant helmet of Freedom which she wears. As Secretary of War in President Pierce's Cabinet, Mr. Jefferson Davis was in charge of the building of the Capitol; and he had something to say about the design for the statue, so that Crawford was obliged to make several alterations before he suited Mr. Jefferson Davis's idea of what a crowning statue should be. On January 15, 1856, Davis wrote to Captain Meigs, who was in charge of the Capitol works:

The second photograph of the statue with which it is proposed to crown the dome of the Capitol impresses me more favourably. Its general grace and power, striking at first view, has grown on me as I studied its details. As to the cap, I can only say—without intending to press the objection formerly made—that it seems to me its history renders it inappropriate to the people who were born free, and who would not be enslaved.

The language of Art, like all living tongues, is subject to change; thus the bundle of rods, if no longer employed to suggest the functions of the Roman Lictor, may lose the symbolic character derived therefrom, and be confined to the single signification drawn from its other source—the fable teaching the instructive lesson that in Union there is Strength. But the liberty cap has an established origin in its use —as *the badge of the freed slave;* and though it should have another emblematic meaning to-day, a recurrence to that origin may give to it in the future the same popular acceptation which it had in the past.

Why should not armed Liberty wear a helmet? Her conflict being over, her cause triumphant, as shown by the other emblems of the statue, the visor would be drawn up so as to permit—as in the photograph—the display of the circlet of stars, expressive of endless existence and heavenly birth. With these remarks I leave the matter to the judgment of Mr. Crawford; and I need hardly say to you—who know my very high opinion of him—that I certainly would not venture, on a question of Art, to array my opinion against his.

A few days later, Mr. Crawford wrote to Captain Meigs that he had read Mr. Davis's letter with much pleasure and was induced by his remarks to dispense with the cap and put in its place the helmet, the crest of which is composed of a bold arrangement of feathers suggested by the costume of our Indian tribes.

CRAWFORD'S GODDESS OF LIBERTY

So Liberty, as represented by the statue on the dome of the United States Capitol, is the composite work of Thomas Crawford—who was also distinguished as the father of Francis Marion Crawford, the novelist—and Jefferson Davis, who, after serving the United States in many high offices, became the one and only President of the Confederate States of America.

To obtain a close view of this beautiful piece of work one should look upon the plaster cast set up in the National Museum about twenty years ago; after lying dismembered among débris, and covered with dust, in the subterranean halls of the Capitol for over a quarter of a century. This act of neglect, hiding such a glorious statue from public gaze for so long a time, is an example of how this nation can allow the dust of forgetfulness to cover some of its choicest representative objects of art and science, and yet appropriate vast sums to send abroad for art, or to dig in old world ruins for objects for its museums.

To know the Goddess of Liberty, as personified by Crawford, is to venerate and love her—whether in the white figure at the National Museum or in the bronze on the dome of the Capitol, enthroned midst changing skies. She is as fascinating as the most fascinating and changeful woman that ever lived—to those who know her—for she seems to possess a soul—a serene, courageous soul that sends its message alike on gold or grey days, to those who lift their eyes up to her. On moonlight nights she is, indeed, as near a goddess as we earthly beings can imagine; and on some stormy nights, when the lantern beneath her is lighted, proclaiming that Congress is in session—usually a stormy, rough session, when held at night—Liberty seems to assure those who look up to her, as they come out from the heat of the debates, that political storms may rock the chambers in the wings of the Capitol, but on its highest pinnacle she stands firm; an emblem of the firm righteousness of Liberty, invulnerable against the onslaughts of License.

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There are those who have joked about Liberty's mantle, which time and the atmosphere insist on dyeing a beautiful, unmistakable green—like the underside of an apple leaf. When this phenomenon was first observed—many years ago—some Member of Congress with Celtic blood in his veins declared that Liberty was Erin reincarnated. This irritated some, and Congress was appealed to to make an appropriation for the washing of Liberty's robe. It was disgraceful that she should look like a statue which has been the victim of a lot of college boys with brushes and a pot of green paint! Then uprose the artists of the land: "Out with you, and your scrapers and scrub-brushes! Scrape off that wonderful platina, which is to bronze what the old yellow is to ivory—never! Stick to your making of laws; but for Art's sake, leave Art alone!"

But the cry was not heeded at first, and poor Liberty had her face scrubbed with water and pumice stone until all the verdigris was removed. But, being a Goddess, she is much akin to the elements, and they saw to it that she gradually acquired the delicate green once more. Then the scientists explained why the cleaning process was not only an act of vandalism, but futile, and, in defence, the architect of the Capitol declared that in future care would be taken that only the dust and grease over the platina would be removed, and if Liberty wanted to wear a green robe she could, for all he cared!

THE WHISPERING GALLERY

Under the canopy of the dome is what has been called the Whispering Gallery, from the fact that a person speaking in a faint whisper at one side of it may be heard at the other, with the accuracy of a telephone. The old man who used to guard this part of the Capitol had no end of amusement in surprising visitors by replying to their queries addressed to some one near them. Brides and grooms were his tender prey; and if Jim asked Mollie—for the hundredth time that day—if she loved him, he was very much startled to hear a masculine voice from the other side of the great dome reply something like this: "Of course I do—you big foolish thing!" Naturally, Jim and Mollie were somewhat angry at this performance, after their amazement subsided; but when the old man explained, as best he could, the phenomenon, they laughed at the joke and joined him in the sport of "baiting other green visitors."

The old House of Representatives, now Statuary Hall, also possesses the weird power of making whispers at one end turn into shouts at the other. While visitors amuse themselves in talking by wireless method across the hall, this defective acoustic quality was the cause of much discomfort and an impediment to parliamentary business when the House of Representatives sat here for over half a century, until it moved into its present quarters, the southern extension of the Capitol. The giants that were there in that first half of the nineteenth century numbered great orators among them, but even the greatest of them all, Daniel Webster, was not immune from the mocking echoes which played around the chamber and tantalised the audience, as well as the orator, like invisible demons interrupting a feast. What wonder then that, when the chamber was vacated by the House of Representatives, it was decreed that it be given over to the statues of great men of the United States—establishing a "National Valhalla," to which each State may contribute memorials to the two most worthy of her sons, thus devoting it to silent eloquence to which there should be no taunting mockeries. (Alas! There are some, in the form of ridicule, heaped on the counterfeits of the great men; because no uniform method has been adopted in their designs—each State being an art critic unto itself, with the result that some statues are impressive, heroic in mould, and others are fanciful and dwarfed.)

THE FRANCES E. WILLARD STATUE

When Illinois presented a life-size white marble statue of Frances E. Willard as its gift to the temple of greatness, it roused all sorts of comment—for this was the first statue of a woman to appear therein.

"Heaven aid us Christian women!" exclaimed one ardent woman's-rights

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woman to a man who objected to this innovation in Capitol memorials. "You and your kind do not object to the heathenish mythological female figures displayed in the art scheme of the Capitol nor to the savage women depicted in its sculpture, and even in the Rotunda paintings, so why should you grow blue in the face over a decently clothed statue of a splendid reformer like Frances Willard? It's time a temperance advocate appeared in that chamber, for, from all I hear, most of those great men were pretty hard drinkers!"

The "mere man" was subdued, and he declared that that night he dreamed he was in Statuary Hall at midnight, when all the statues came to life and Frances Willard—who is represented as addressing an audience—actually did address these men, and asked them if they would not honestly own—from the unbiased zone of "the shades"—that each and every one of them who had been partakers of intoxicating liquors would have been even greater in life had they let them alone. She spoke so effectively that Daniel Webster, one of the chief sinners, wept, though at first he protested that the unmentionable—in the presence of a lady—noises of that old chamber were enough to drive any fiery-hearted and silver-tongued orator to drink!

This dream is but one of a hundred related about the midnight sessions held in this historic chamber; and some of the old employees among the watch solemnly declare that when a man is alone in this solemn semicircular room at midnight, he has to believe what his "sixth sense" tells him—that these figures come to life, and discourse and debate awaken the chamber echoes as of yore.

FUNERALS AT THE CAPITOL

It was there that John Quincy Adams, ex-President of the United States, died suddenly when on the floor of the House of Representatives, of which he was then a member, February 23, 1848. On February 26th his body lying in state in said chamber, funeral services were conducted in the presence of the prominent officers of the Government, including President Polk, the foreign Diplomatic Corps, and such of the public as could gain entrance to the crowded galleries. The body was temporarily placed in a vault in Congressional Cemetery—where it was one time proposed to bury all Members of Congress who died in Washington. (Aside, it may be said that this plan was not carried out. So many of the members experienced the sensation of being "dead" in Washington that they did not think it would lessen their obscurity to be "dead and buried" there!)

The solemn Rotunda of the Capitol has been made almost unbearably solemn by funeral services which have been held there—notably those of the three Presidents who died by the hands of assassins—Lincoln, Garfield and McKinley. And one who has looked upon the silent form of one of our rulers lying under the lofty canopy of the dome can never forget the awe of the occasion. The long black line in front, and the long black line behind, in the procession of reviewers are forgotten—one seemed alone with the august dead in the vast grandeur of the chamber typifying the core of the nation.

THE STORY OF PIERRE L'ENFANT

Sadness and irony struggled in the breasts of some who were present on that spring day in 1909 when the body of Major Pierre L'Enfant was conveyed with belated honours to that sacred spot, after having rested in an obscure grave on a Maryland plantation for eighty-four years. He had served in the Revolutionary War, and at its close had become interested in the engineering plans of the new Government. He designed the city of Washington—a monument to his memory which grows more beautiful with the years—but he was the victim of petty official bickerings; others carried out his plans; he was cheated of his just dues, and poor, embittered, and a believer in the general depravity of man, he turned to one loyal friend, Digges of Prince George County, Maryland, and accepted his hospitality until death opened its door to him. Several years ago, insistent voices of men who love the city of Washington succeeded in having Congress pay L'Enfant a belated honour—though the day for justice had passed—and his body was brought to the Rotunda of the Capitol. Great men, from

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President Taft to Ambassador Jusserand, of France, and an immense gathering of American and French citizens, were there to pay their respects to the memory of what remained of L'Enfant, sealed in the casket. Words were faint, indeed, to do justice to the lesson we were conning through heart throbs and brain beats—Republics may be ungrateful—but not forever! Though they may neglect their living great in the short period they have them, the day will surely come when they will tender the immortal crown of cypress, diamond studded with tears of repentance. So we remembered L'Enfant; for, after the high tribute paid to him under the dome of the Capitol, his remains were conveyed to Arlington, and given the place of supreme honour in that cemetery where so many warriors are honored. Last spring the President of the United States, the French Ambassador, and other distinguished men, gathered there to witness the unveiling of his tomb, on the table-like top of which is engraved his design of the City of Washington, while below it stretches in magnificent panorama the splendid realisation of the city he conceived.

WASHINGTON'S BURIAL PLACE

Soon after Washington's death, Congress passed a resolution for the erection of a monument to his memory at the city of Washington, and provided that a mausoleum for his remains, and those of Mrs. Washington, should be built in the United States Capitol. Mrs. Washington, while preferring that her late husband should be buried at Mount Vernon, where she could visit his tomb at will, bowed to the wish of the nation, and consented that the body be moved to the Capitol when the repository should be finished. Mrs. Washington died before this beautiful repository, known as the crypt, was completed, and when it was ready, Virginia, protesting that her favourite son should rest on his native soil, was upheld by Washington's heirs, who refused to allow the body to be taken from the old tomb on the eastern slope of Mount Vernon, though later it was removed to a new tomb on the estate where it rests in a marble sarcophagus beside that of his wife. The crypt, with its empty marble bier beneath the vaulted ceiling supported by forty close clustering Doric columns, was for many years the Mecca of patriotic Americans, who hoped that here one day Washington might be brought. Then that hope being effectually smothered, some pleaded that the ashes of Columbus be brought from the West Indies and given the place of honour. But Congress would not listen to such a proposition—if Washington did not rest there, none other should. Finally, a spirit of economy led one of the architects of the Capitol to build brick partitions in the crypt and use the space for storerooms. There many sombre relics reposed—death masks of dead Presidents and statesmen and funeral accessories—until toward the end of the nineteenth century Congress ordered that the brick partitions be torn down, the place cleaned out, and the crypt restored to its original state. It is now the admiration of hundreds of visiting architects, and a bijou temple, where thousands of Americans silently revere the memory of the man for whose ashes it was built.

"FIRST IN THE LAP OF WASHINGTON"

Horatio Greenough, of Boston, was the first American to receive a commission for a piece of sculpture for the Capitol. In 1832, Congress ordered him to execute a statue of Washington, and he did this—greatly to the disgust of many Americans then, as now—by portraying Washington as a Roman senator, seated on a Roman chair, his left hand grasping a sword, his right pointing upward, with the familiar words: "First in War—First in Peace—First in the Hearts of his Countrymen," on the pedestal. Originally, the statue was placed in the centre of the Rotunda; then it was removed to the eastern plaza of the Capitol, despite the protests of the sculptor, who contended that it should have a temple-like shelter built for it on the western side of the Capitol. The elements being destructive to the work, further ridicule was heaped upon "Washington in Undress," by covering him with a small wooden shed in winter season. Ignominy and insult were continually meted this classical statue by Americans who cared less for art than they did for a natural-looking Washington, and, finally, in autumn of 1908, a big inartistic truck,

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with a dozen uncurried horses, dragged the caricature of Washington down Capitol Hill to the shelter of the National Museum, where it may be seen with other freaks.

One moonlight night over ten years ago, a party of young men and women passing through the Capitol grounds stopped before the statue to get a moonlight effect. One of the girls, who afterward declared Luna must have bewitched her, after reading the classical inscription on the pedestal impulsively exclaimed:

"And I'll be first in the lap of Washington!"

Laughing dares from the rest of the party, helping hands from two of the young men, and she was seated triumphantly, but trembling, in the cold stone lap of the statue. But only for a moment; terror at the thought of being discovered by one of the Capitol police brought her to the concrete quicker than she left it; and when they teased her on her trembling, she replied:

"You don't know what an awful thing it is to sit on the lap of the Father of Our Country. Just try it!" But none was as bold as she.

THE ATTEMPT ON JACKSON'S LIFE

On the eastern portico of the Rotunda, where the inaugurations of our Presidents take place, an attempt was made to assassinate President Jackson. In a letter which Senator John Tyler—afterward President—wrote to his son on January 31, 1835, he stated that, on the day before, when the funeral services of Warren R. Davis were conducted from the House of Representatives, the procession, in which was President Jackson, moved through the Rotunda out on the east portico, and a minute later an explosion, as if from a firecracker, took place, and turning in the direction of the sound, he saw a man standing about four steps from the President pointing a pistol at him; when another report followed. Jackson, as irate as if aiming at a yellow cur that snapped at him, lifted his cane to strike the man, but before the cane descended the crowd enclosed the criminal, bound him, and led him to the jail. It was determined, on examination, that he was insane; for, though he was an Englishman, he claimed that President Jackson was responsible for the death of his father.

STRANGE INVASIONS

Every now and then Washington learns that an army of some sort or another is to invade the Capitol, and immediately the police try to head off the would-be invaders by informing them that the Capitol is not free soil for anything like an army or a mob. A riot was expected when "General" Coxey's army marched on Washington with the avowed intention of storming the Capitol, in the spring of 1894, but the ridiculous army did not enter the grounds, and only a few minor arrests were made; and the army, sadder and wiser, rode and tramped out of the Capitol which they had declared was theirs "to have and to hold."

In May, 1907, when, for the first time in history, Confederate soldiers, uniformed and armed, marched through the streets of Washington, with peace in their hearts as well as on their lips, they were deeply hurt when their march was halted at the entrance to the Capitol grounds. At their head marched Representative John Wesley Gaines, of Tennessee, who acted as their escort, and he declared that the holdup was an outrage. To which the officer replied, respectfully:

"If you are Representative Gaines, then you should be familiar with the law which prohibits any organised body entering the Capitol grounds bearing arms."

Representative Gaines considered, turned to the veterans and requested that they lower their banners, lay down their arms, and enter the grounds as private citizens. Of course, some old "tigers" objected, but the peacemakers prevailed, and the brave remnant of the Confederate Army entered the domain of the Goddess of Liberty, many of them saluting her in memory of their lost leader, who designed her crown, as well as for the ideal she represents.

THE HUNT FOR TREASURE

Captain Kidd's treasures, which are alleged to be buried anywhere and everywhere from Hawaii to Hayti, have been claimed by two men to be buried in the Capitol grounds. In the middle forties, one J. A. Hart came to Washington with

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a map showing that Kidd buried his treasures on Capitol Hill long before the building was thought of; and he proceeded to tunnel for the treasure, with the result that twice he was buried by the caving in of the dirt walls, and was so dangerously ill from the second disaster that he left Washington, never more to return. But several years ago, Page Cochran turned up with the same map, and refusing to tell how he came into possession of the Hart map, declared that he had given up the ministry to devote himself to this search. But the District Commissioners and the architect of the Capitol declined to enter his scheme to dig millions from under the building where millions are apppropriated, and he departed to join the shady ranks of the thousands who have come to Washington in the hopes of reaping riches by one scheme or another.

It seemed to the reformers as if when they had just succeeded in abolishing saloons in the Capitol, lo, enters the other and newest national menace—the moving-picture show! This exhibition took place in the House of Representatives last winter, when Colonel W. Goethals, Chief Engineer of the Panama Canal, home on leave of absence, lectured on the Panama Canal to an audience consisting of Members and Senators and other officials of the Government, in order to acquaint them graphically with a subject of vital interest.

According to the traditions of the Capitol, this was the first time its halls were lent for public lecture; though hundreds of requests have been made to use them for such purpose. Now that a precedent has been established, one cannot tell how popular this form of Congressional investigation and education will go. For Congress leaves nearly all the dignity of the Capitol to the Supreme Court, in its little, historic chamber, and if it wants to adjourn to the romantic terrace during comet time, to search the heavens for the mystery, it has not hesitated to do so. Nor does it blush at the recollections of the many wild rushes it has made to get out when the word comes that visiting aviators are about to pass over the stately edifice, where it is supposed to be strictly attending to the business of the country.

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE

LA LYRE D'AMOUR. An Anthology of French Love Poems from the Earliest Times down to 1866. Selected and Annotated by Charles B. Lewis. New York: Duffield and Company.

The construction of anthologies is one of the most delicious of vices. Your anthologist is a true epicurean voluptuary who brings to his board all the most delicate and exotic rareties and spends delightful days and nights in the mixing of savoury salads for the delectation of a palate that grows more and more refined and fastidious with each rolling of some sweet morsel under the tongue. For the ordinary hard-worked man of letters to contemplate Mr. Charles B. Lewis, at his task of poetic pearl-stringing, is like looking across a plate of corned beef and cabbage at a dainty dish of larks' tongues. But the feast of the anthologist is one at which all are free, and no one can begrudge the paradisiac pastimes of a compiler who has brought within the reach of all so rich a store of French love lyrics as are contained in *La Lyre d'Amour*. The very names of the poets in the earliest section, set down in the index, form a poem of the most seductive and enchanting music: Blondel de Nesle, Christine de Pisan, Li Chastelains de Coucy, Conon de Béthune, Guillaume de Machaut, Charles d' Orleans, François de Villon, to name but a few. It is a pity that coypright restrictions prevent the collection from being brought down nearer our time than 1866, though the anthologist's excessive adulation of Sully Prudhomme, and his patent want of sympathy with more recent manifestations of the vital French lyric spirit, make it perhaps just as well that he should keep within the safe confines of the accepted classical writers.

ANATOL: A Sequence of Dramatic Dialogues. By Arthur Schnitzler. Paraphrased for the English Stage by Granville Barker. New York: Mitchell Kennerley, 1911. Net, $1.00.

Arthur Schnitzler's name is heard with increasing frequency nowadays, and works by this young Austrian playwright have already been produced on the English and American stage. Nothing fresher or more original in

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the dramatic form has appeared for years than this sequence of dramatic dialogues, which present episodes in the *vie amoureuse* of a Viennese gilded youth named Anatol. Each dialogue deals with a separate and distinct love affair and there is the most delicious irony in the portrayal of the blasé, romantic youth who flits from flower to flower with so little real satisfaction to himself and with so bored a sense of the heavy obligation imposed upon him by each relationship—obligations which, however, he invariably fails to recognise as such, and which he is ingenious in casuistical considerations to escape. His charming and consummate effrontery is given a special grace of impudence by his constant appeals to his "honour," a fantastic sense of which he keeps intact through all scabrous vicissitudes. His only standard of morality is his own comfort and convenience, and this enables him to discover an element of pathos even in the situation in which he finds himself on his wedding morning, when a termagant mistress who has turned up the night before, almost prevents his presence at the ceremony. Both in the view of life and in the crisp and sparkling wit of the dialogue, there is much of the spirit of the English Restoration Drama combined with a poetic flavour of Musset's *Proverbes*.

CREATIVE EVOLUTION. By Henri Bergson. Authorised Translation by Arthur Mitchell, Ph.D. Net, $2.50. New York: Henry Holt and Company, 1911.

Professor Bergson, Member of the Institute, is recognised to-day as the first of French philosophers, and as one of the most potent influences of modern thought. Acclaimed by the late Professor James as a "literary philosopher," with the style of magician, it is likely that many will be attracted to his pages in the hope of a swift and gorgeous illumination of the world of ideas. Alas! it is to be feared that in most cases they will turn away with a cold shock of bewildered disappointment after a few paragraphs. Metaphysics remain metaphysics, always, and it takes a highly specialised intelligence in this field to respond sensitively and with understanding to even the most lucid and vivid of dialecticians. The public at large will always have to rely in large measure upon popularisers and text-book writers who can sum up the leading ideas of the real thinkers in a few succinct paragraphs, thereby gaining for their pains the disdain expressed for one well-known educator, of whom it was said by his students that he made philosophy seem too easy for them to believe that he could possibly be a good philosopher! Such is the prestige over us of that which we cannot understand, and our fanatical and jealous resentment at every attempt on the part of others to enlighten us as to that of which we are ignorant!

THROUGH THE HEART OF CANADA. By Frank Yeigh. With 38 illustrations. Net, $2.75. Chicago: A. C. McClurg and Company, 1911.

A substantial and well-written book, brimming over with colonial pride and patriotism, but not for that reason any the less acceptable to the dwellers in the "States," who wish to learn something of the history, growth, scenic and artistic wealth, and natural resources of their northern neighbour. In general, the passage of the work is from old to new, as it pursues its transcontinental course from Nova Scotia and "New Brunswick and its Neighbours," to "Southern British Columbia and the Coastal Cities." Canadians to-day live largely in the present and are proud of their rapid advance in the arts of modern civilisation. This side of life across the border too closely resembles our own life for it to offer the same attraction as that which comes to us from what remains of the wilderness and of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Those bent on making a fortune may make their way to the great wheat fields of Manitoba, or to the boom towns, like Vancouver. But the sentimental traveller in search of the picturesque will rather seek out Quebec and the apple orchards of Nova Scotia, where the tides of modern life still run sluggish and slow, and where he is confronted at every turn by some reminder of ancient days, in the speech of the people, in the *glacis* of old citadels, in narrow streets with high-pitched roofs, and in a general air of somnolent aloofness. Mr. Yeigh does full justice to all sides of his extended subject, and the approach to closer trade relations between Canucks and Yankees, followed as these will doubtless be by closer social relations as well, will render to his book a certain timeliness which it would not have had had it appeared five years or so ago. We already know much that is new about Canada, but there is much yet to learn. How many are aware of the magnificence of Montreal, that cosmopolitan capital with its half-million of inhabitants, or of the elegance of Toronto, the luxuriousness of whose life outshines in some ways that of its twin-sister city, Buffalo, across the frontier? Between these Canadian capitals to the north and those dream cities of South America far below us, it would seem sometimes as if, in our progressive country, we lagged and showed, already, some signs of senile exhaustion.

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MOUTHS OF HIPPOPOTAMI AND SOME RECENT NOVELS

BY ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

(With apologies to Frederic Taber Cooper)

I well recall (and who does not)
The circus bill-board hippopot-
amus, whose wide distended jaws
For fear and terror were good cause.

That mouth, that vasty carmine cave,
Could munch with ease a Nubian slave;
In fact, the bill-board hippopot-
amus could bolt a house and lot!

Wide opened, that tremendous mouth
Obscured three-quarters of the south
Side of Schmidt's barn, and promised me
Thrills, shocks, delights and ecstasy.

And then, alas! what sad *non plus*
The living hippopotamus!
'Twas but a stupid, sodden lump
As thrilling as an old elm stump.

Its mouth—unreasonably small—
The hippo opened not at all,
Or, if it did, it was about
As thrilling as a teapot spout.

* * * * *

The Crimson Junk, by Doris Watt,
I've read it. Who, I pray, has not?
Bill Wastel, by C. Marrow. *The Plaid Cowslip.* And *The Hocking Lee.*

The Fallow Field, by Sally Loo;
The Rose in Chains, I've read that too;
I've read them all for promised treat
Of thrills, emotions, tremblings sweet.

* * * * *

The bill-board hippopotamus
It was a wild, uprageous cuss—
The real one? Well— Can you recall
That it had any mouth at all?

THE BOOK MART

BOOKS RECEIVED TO DATE

VERSE

Published by Author:

The Poems of John Francis Myers. Together with Biography.

G. W. Dillingham Company:

Right Off the Bat. Baseball Ballads. By William F. Kirk.

RELIGION AND SCIENCE

The Bobbs-Merrill Company:

Day Unto Day. By Louis Howland.

Fleming H. Revell Company:

Christian Faith and the New Psychology. Evolution and Recent Science as Aids to Faith. By David A. Murray, D.D.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

Christian Thought to the Reformation. By Herbert B. Workman, M.A., D. Litt.

EDUCATION

Ginn and Company:

Selections from the Letters, Speeches, and State Papers of Abraham Lincoln. Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by Ida M. Tarbell.

Henry Holt and Company:

Daheim: A German First Reader. Selections for Reading, Reciting and Singing During the First Year of German in the Secondary Schools. Edited by Philip Schuyler Allen.

English Readings for School Series: Irving's Sketch Book. Edited by Arthur Willis Leonard.

An Elementary English Grammar. By Alma Blount, Ph.D. and Clark S. Northrup.

Gramática Castellana. A Spanish Grammar for Schools and Colleges. By Everitt Ward Olmstead, Ph.D. and Arthur Gordon, Ph.D.

Historical Atlas. By William R. Shepherd.

Introduction to Psychology. By Robert M. Yerkes.

FICTION

The Bobbs-Merrill Company:

Stories That End Well. By Octave Thanet.

The Man in the Brown Derby. By Wells Hastings.

Dividing Waters. By I. A. R. Wylie.

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Brentano's:

A Sense of Humour: The Story of One Day in the Lives of Four Intimate Friends. By Beryl Faber and Cosmo Hamilton.

The Broadway Publishing Company:

The Reunion of Christendom. By Francis Goodman.
Celibacy. By Leon R. Jacobs.

G. W. Dillingham Company:

Such a Woman. By Owen and Leita Kildare.
A Texas Ranger. By William MacLeod Raine.

Dana Estes and Company:

The House of Silence. By E. Everett-Green.
Virginia of the Rhodesians. By Cynthia Stockley.

Dearborn Publishing Company:

The Strugglers. By Uno Upton.

George H. Doran Company:

The Re-Appearance (Il Est Ressuscite). A Vision of The Christ in Paris. By Charles Morice. Translated by John N. Raphael. With Introduction by Coningsby Dawson.

The Liberty Press:

The Horroboos. By Morrison L. Swift.

L. C. Page and Company:

The Red Hot Dollar and Other Stories from "The Black Cat." By H. D. Umstaetter. Introduction by Jack London.
The Dilemma of Engeltie: The Romance of a Dutch Colonial Maid. By Emma Raynor.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

Kennedy Square. By F. Hopkinson Smith.
Her Little Young Ladyship. By Myra Kelly.
Children of To-Morrow. By Clara E. Laughlin.

Frederick A. Stokes Company:

A Prairie Courtship. By Harold Bindloss.

JUVENILE

Doubleday, Page and Company:

The Ride of the Abernathy Boys. By Miles Abernathy.

Reilly and Britton:

The Sea Fairies. By L. Frank Baum.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

The Kitten's Garden of Verses. By Oliver Herford.

MISCELLANEOUS

G. W. Dillingham Company:

Beauty Culture: A Practical Handbook on the Care of the Person, Designed for Both Professional and Private Use. By William A. Woodbury.

Paul Elder and Company:

Comfort Found in Good Old Books. By George Hamlin Fitch.

Henry Holt and Company:

Home University Library:
No. 11. The Science of Wealth. By J. A. Hobson, M.A.
No. 12. The Animal World. By F. W. Gamble, F.R.S.
No. 13. Medieval Europe. By H. W. Davis, M.A.
No. 14. Evolution. By Patrick Geddes and J. Arthur Thomson.
No. 15. An Introduction to Mathematics. By A. N. Whitehead.

The Pilgrim Press:

Child Nature and Child Nurture: A Text-Book for Parents' Classes, Mothers' Clubs, Training Classes for Teachers of Young Children, and for Home Study. By Edward Porter St. John.
The Labor Question. By Washington Gladden.

Ralph, Holland & Company:

Poetry and the Ideal. By Avary H. Forbes, M.A.

Frederick A. Stokes Company:

British Costume During Nineteen Centuries (Civil and Ecclesiastical). By Mrs. Charles H. Ashdown.
Mrs. Gaskell: Haunts, Homes and Stories. By Mrs. Ellis H. Chadwick.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The following is a list of the most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the 1st of August and the 1st of September

NEW YORK CITY

FICTION

1. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
3. Secretary of Frivolous Affairs. Futrelle. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
4. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.30.
5. Mrs. Maxon Protests. Hope. (Harper.) $1.35.

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6. In Her Own Right. Scott. (Lippincott.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The Principles of Scientific Management. Taylor. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Cost Keeping for Manufacturing Plants. Bunnell. (Appleton.) $3.00.
3. Life of Lord Chatham. Rosebery. (Harper.) $3.00.
4. The Suffragette. Pankhurst. (Sturgis and Walton.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

No report.

ATLANTA, GA.

FICTION

1. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) $1.25.
3. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
4. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
5. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
6. The Glory of Clementina. Locke. (Lane.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

BALTIMORE, MD.

FICTION

1. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. The Glory of Clementina. Locke. (Lane.) $1.30.
4. Love's Pilgrimage. Sinclair. (Kennerley.) $1.35.
5. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. Kennedy Square. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day. Bennett. (Doran.) 50c.
2. The Principles of Scientific Management. Taylor. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Human Machine. Bennett. (Doran.) 75c.
4. What Life Means to Me. Grenfell. (Pilgrim Press.) 50c.

JUVENILES

1. The Story Girl. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
2. A Cruise in the Sky. Lamar. (Reilly & Britton.) 60c.
3. The Rover Boys Down East. Winfield. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 60c.

BALTIMORE, MD.

FICTION

1. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
2. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
3. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
4. Keeping Up with Lizzie. Bacheller. (Harper.) $1.00.
5. Secretary of Frivolous Affairs. Futrelle. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
6. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The West in the East. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) $1.25.
3. Mental Efficiency. Bennett. (Doran.) 75c.
4. England and the English. Collier. (Scribner.) 75c.

JUVENILES

1. Rolf in the Woods. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
2. Bird Guide. Reed. (Doubleday, Page.) 75c.
3. The Stories that Glue Told. Williams. (Stokes.) $1.00.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

FICTION

1. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) $1.25.
2. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
3. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
4. The Glory of Clementina. Locke. (Lane.) $1.30.
5. The Miller of Old Church. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
6. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

BOSTON, MASS.

FICTION

1. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
2. The Glory of Clementina. Locke. (Lane.) $1.30.
3. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
4. Mrs. Maxon Protests. Hope. (Harper.) $1.35.
5. The Woman Haters. Lincoln. (Appleton.) $1.25.
6. Keeping Up with Lizzie. Bacheller. (Harper.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. The West in the East. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. John Ruskin. Benson. (Putnam.) $1.50.
3. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) $1.25.
4. The Cruise of the Snark. London. (Macmillan.) $2.00.

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JUVENILES

1. The Boy Scouts of Birch Bark Island. Holland. (Lippincott.) $1.25.
3. The Ride of the Abernathy Boys. Abernathy. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

FICTION

1. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) $1.25.
3. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
4. Kennedy Square. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Common Law. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.40.
6. The Secret Garden. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. England and the English. Collier. (Scribner.) 75c.

JUVENILES

No report.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. The Common Law. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.40.
3. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) $1.25.
4. The Glory of Clementina. Locke. (Lane.) $1.30.
5. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
6. The Carpet from Bagdad. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Mental Efficiency. Bennett. (Doran.) 50c.
2. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) $1.25.
3. The West in the East. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. My Life. Wagner. (Dodd, Mead.) $8.50.

JUVENILES

1. Rolf in the Woods. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
2. The Boy Scouts of Birch Bark Island. Holland. (Lippincott.) $1.25.
3. The Flying Girl. Van Dyne. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.00.

CINCINNATI, O.

FICTION

1. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
2. The Glory of Clementina. Locke. (Lane.) $1.30.
3. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
4. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
5. The Legacy. Watts. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Young Idea. Fillmore. (Lane.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The New Avatar and the Destiny of the Soul. Buck. (Stewart & Kidd.) $2.00.
2. A Buckeye Boyhood. Venable. (Stewart & Kidd.) $1.25.
3. Education in Sexual Physiology and Hygiene. Zenner. (Stewart & Kidd.) $1.00.
4. Yellowstone National Park. Chittenden. (Stewart & Kidd.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Rolf in the Woods. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
2. Boy Scouts of Birch Bark Island. Holland. (J. B. Lippincott.) $1.25.
3. Boy Scouts of America. Official Manual. (Doubleday, Page.) 50c.

CLEVELAND, OHIO

FICTION

1. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
2. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
3. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
4. Keeping Up with Lizzie. Bacheller. (Harper.) $1.00.
5. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
6. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

1. Heidi. Spyri. (Ginn.) 50c.
2. Little Colonel Series. Johnston. (Page.) $1.20.
3. Rolf in the Woods. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.

DALLAS, TEXAS

FICTION

1. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
2. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
3. Miss Minerva and William Green Hill. Calhoun. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.00.
4. The Golden Silence. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
5. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
6. The Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

DETROIT, MICH.

FICTION

1. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. She Buildeth Her House. Comfort. (Lippincott.) $1.25.
3. The Lighted Match. Buck. (Watt.) $1.25.
4. The Unknown Isle. Coulevain. (Cassell.) $1.35.
5. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
6. Keeping Up with Lizzie. Bacheller. (Harper.) $1.00.

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NON-FICTION

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JUVENILES

No report.

DETROIT, MICH.

FICTION

1. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. She Buildeth Her House. Comfort. (Lippincott.) $1.25.
3. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
4. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
5. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
6. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

FICTION

1. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
3. Miss Gibbie Gault. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.20.
4. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
5. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
6. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Mental Efficiency. Bennett. (Doran.) 75c.
2. Some Problems of Philosophy. James. (Longmans, Green.) $1.25.
3. Little Cities of Italy. Maurel. (Putnam.) $2.50.
4. The New Avatar and The Destiny of the Soul. Buck. (Robert Clarke Co.) $2.00.

JUVENILES

1. The West Point Series. Malone. (Penn.) $1.25.
2. The Betty Wales Books. Warde. (Penn.) $1.25.
3. The Sea Fairies. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

FICTION

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. Bawbee Jock. McLaren. (Putnam.) $1.35.
3. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
4. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
5. Mollie Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day. Bennett. (Doran.) 50c.
2. The Doctor's Dilemma. Shaw. (Brentano.) $1.50.
3. Mental Efficiency. Bennett. (Doran.) 75c.
4. The West in the East. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware in Texas. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
2. The Sea Fairies. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.
3. The Muffin Shop. Garnett. (Rand, McNally.) $1.25.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

FICTION

1. The Glory of Clementina. Locke. (Lane.) $1.30.
2. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
3. On the Branch. Coulevain. (Dutton.) $1.25.
4. The Miller of Old Church. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
5. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
6. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Three Plays. Brieux. (Brentano.) $1.50.
2. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) $1.25.
3. Love and Marriage. Key. (Putnam.) $1.50.
4. My First Summer in the Sierras. Muir. (Houghton Mifflin.) $2.50.

JUVENILES

No report.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

FICTION

1. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
2. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
3. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) $1.25.
4. The Glory of Clementina. Locke. (Lane.) $1.30.
5. In Her Own Right. Scott. (Lippincott.) $1.25.
6. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FICTION

1. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
2. The Glory of Clementina. Locke. (Lane.) $1.30.
3. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) $1.25.

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4. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
5. The Legacy. Watts. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Mental Efficiency. Bennett. (Doran.) 75c.
2. The Practical Flower Garden. Ely. (Macmillan.) $2.00.
3. A Study of Greatness in Men. Larned. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.
4. France in the American Revolution. Perkins. (Houghton Mifflin.) $2.00.

JUVENILES

1. Rolf in the Woods. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
2. The Story Girl. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
3. What Happened at Olenberg. Howard. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.00.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FICTION

1. Keeping Up with Lizzie. Bacheller. (Harper.) $1.00.
2. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
3. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
4. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
5. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
6. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. The Human Machine. Bennett. (Doran.) 75c.
2. Mental Efficiency. Bennett. (Doran.) 75c.
3. History and Power of the Mind. Ingalese. (Occult Book Concern.) $2.00.
4. My Life. Wagner. (Dodd, Mead.) $8.50.

JUVENILES

No report.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

FICTION

1. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) $1.25.
2. The Glory of Clementina. Locke. (Lane.) $1.30.
3. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
4. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
5. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
6. Miss Gibbie Gault. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.20.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

FICTION

1. The Common Law. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.40.
2. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) $1.25.
3. The Glory of Clementina. Locke. (Lane.) $1.30.
4. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
5. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
6. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

FICTION

1. The Miller of Old Church. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
3. The Patrician. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) $1.35.
4. The Grain of Dust. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.30.
5. Marie Claire. Audoux. (Doran.) $1.20.
6. The Golden Silence. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Seven Splendid Sinners. Trowbridge. (Brentano.) $2.50.
2. Three Plays. Brieux. (Brentano.) $1.50.
3. The Doctor's Dilemma. Shaw. (Brentano.) $1.50.
4. Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

1. The Story Girl. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
3. Betty Wales on the Campus. Ward. (Penn.) $1.00.

NORFOLK, VA.

FICTION

1. The Common Law. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.40.
2. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
3. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
4. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
5. Red Rose Inn. Sale. (Lippincott.) $1.00.
6. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. The West in the East. Collier. (Scribner.) 75c.
2. The Literature of the South. Moses. (Crowell.) $2.50.
3. The Spell of the Yukon. Service. (Stern.) $1.00.
4. The Consul. Davis. (Scribner.) 50c.

JUVENILES

1. The Motor Boys Series. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60c.
2. The Story Girl. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.

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OMAHA, NEB.

FICTION

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. The Common Law. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.40.
3. Excuse Me. Hughes. (Fly.) $1.50.
4. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
5. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
6. The Carpet from Bagdad. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

1. The Ride of the Abernathy Boys. Abernathy. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
2. The Motor Boys Series. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60c.
3. The Airship Boys Series. Sayler. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.00.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. The Glory of Clementina. Locke. (Lane.) $1.30.
2. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) $1.25.
3. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
4. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
5. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
6. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The West in the East. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. A Philadelphia Lawyer in the London Courts. Leaming. (Holt.) $2.00.
3. Prejudices. Flandrau. (Appleton.) $1.25.
4. Three Plays. Brieux. (Brentano.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Rolf in the Woods. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. The Glory of Clementina. Locke. (Lane.) $1.30.
2. Miss Gibbie Gault. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.20.
3. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) $1.25.
4. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
5. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
6. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Cabin. White. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
2. How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day. Bennett. (Doran.) 50c.
3. Philistine and Genius. Sidis. (Moffat, Yard.) 50c.
4. The Cruise of the Snark. London. (Macmillan.) $2.00.

JUVENILES

1. Boy Scouts Patrol. Victor. (Chatterton.) 50c.
2. The Sea Fairies. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.
3. The Story Girl. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

FICTION

1. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
2. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
3. Miss Gibbie Gault. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.20.
4. Keeping Up with Lizzie. Bacheller. (Harper.) $1.00.
5. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
6. The Legacy. Watt. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

FICTION

1. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) $1.25.
3. The Haunted Pajamas. Elliott. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
4. The Glory of Clementina. Locke. (Lane.) $1.30.
5. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
6. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.

NON-FICTION

1. The Art of Logical Thinking. Atkinson. (Progress Co.) $1.00.
2. The Modern Bank. Fiske. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. Sexology. Walling. (Puritan Pub. Co.) $2.00.
4. Care and Feeding of Children. Holt. (Appleton.) 75c.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
2. Boy's Book of Airships. Delacombe. (Stokes.) $2.00.
3. Motor Boys over the Rockies. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60c.

PORTLAND, OREGON

FICTION

1. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
3. The Golden Silence. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

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4. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
5. Miss Gibbie Gault. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.20.
6. The Land Claimers. Wilson. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. My First Summer in the Sierras. Muir. (Houghton Mifflin.) $2.50.
2. Love and Marriage. Key. (Putnam.) $1.50.
3. Mental Efficiency. Bennett. (Doran.) 75c.
4. The Piper. Peabody. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.10.

JUVENILES

1. Rolf in the Woods. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
2. Rover Boys Series. Winfield. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 60c.
3. Aunt Jane's Nieces and Uncle John. Van Dyne. (Reilly & Britton.) 60c.

PORTLAND, ME.

FICTION

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) $1.25.
4. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
5. The Common Law. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.40.
6. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The West in the East. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. John Ruskin. Benson. (Putnam.) $1.50.
3. Harriet Beecher Stowe. Stowe. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.50.
4. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Rolf in the Woods. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
2. Camping and Scouting. Grinnell and Swan. (Harper.) $1.75.
3. Boy Scouts of Birch Bark Island. Holland. (Lippincott.) $1.25.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

FICTION

1. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
2. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
3. The Glory of Clementina. Locke. (Lane.) $1.30.
4. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
5. John Sherwood, Ironmaster. Mitchell. (Century Co.) $1.20.
6. The Common Law. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.40.

NON-FICTION

1. The West in the East. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Cruise of the Snark. London. (Macmillan.) $2.00.

JUVENILES

1. Little Girl Blue. Gates. (Houghton Mifflin.) 50c.
2. Bunnikins-Bunnies. Davidson. (Houghton Mifflin.) 50c.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

FICTION

1. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
2. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
3. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
4. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
5. Miss Gibbie Gault. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.20.
6. Members of the Family. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The Doctor's Dilemma. Shaw. (Brentano.) $1.50.
2. The Human Machine. Bennett. (Doran.) 75c.

JUVENILES

1. A Cruise in the Sky. Lamar. (Reilly & Britton.) 60c.
2. Air Ship Boys Series. Sayler. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.00.
3. Patty's Success. Wells. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
3. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
4. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
5. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
6. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.

NON-FICTION

1. Three Plays. Brieux. (Brentano.) $1.50.
2. Mental Efficiency. Bennett. (Doran.) 50c.
3. Creative Evolution. Bergson. (Holt.) $2.50.
4. The Doctor's Dilemma. Shaw. (Brentano.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Rover Boys Series. Winfield. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 60c.
2. The Boy Aviators Series. Lawton. (Hurst.) 50c.
3. The Motor Boys Series. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60c.

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ST. PAUL, MINN.

Fiction

1. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
2. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
3. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
4. The Grain of Dust. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.30.
5. The Golden Silence. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
6. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.

Non-Fiction

1. How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day. Bennett. (Doran.) 50c.
2. Mental Efficiency. Bennett. (Doran.) 75c.
3. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) $1.25.
4. The Cabin. White. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.

Juveniles

1. The Story Girl. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Rolf in the Woods. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
3. Camping and Scouting. Grinnell and Swan. (Harper.) $1.75.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Fiction

1. The Common Law. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.40.
2. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
3. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
4. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) $1.25.
5. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
6. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

Non-Fiction

1. Comfort Found in Good Old Books. Fitch. (Elder.) $1.50.
2. The House of Orchids. Sterling. (Robertson.) $1.25.
3. A Senator of the Fifties. Lynch. (Robertson.) $1.50.
4. Luther Burbank. Jordan and Kellogg. (Robertson.) $1.75.

Juveniles

1. Petter Rabbit Stories. Potter. (Warne.) 50c.
2. Little Colonel Series. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
3. Betty Wales Series. Warde. (Penn.) $1.25.

SEATTLE, WASH.

Fiction

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) $1.25.
3. The Glory of Clementina. Locke. (Lane.) $1.30.
4. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
5. She Buildeth Her House. Comfort. (Lippincott.) $1.25.
6. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

Non-Fiction

1. The Mountain that was God. Williams. (Williams.) $1.50.
2. The Cruise of the Snark. London. (Macmillan.) $2.00.
3. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) $1.25.
4. How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day. Bennett. (Doran.) 50c.

Juveniles

1. Rolf in the Woods. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
2. Boy Scouts of Birch Bark Island. Holland. (Lippincott.) $1.25.
3. The Slant Book. Newell. (Harper.) $1.25.

SPOKANE, WASH.

Fiction

1. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) $1.25.
2. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
3. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
4. The Common Law. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.40.
5. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
6. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.

Non-Fiction

1. 15,000 Miles by Stage. Strahorn. (Putnam.) $4.00.
2. Souls in Action. Begbie. (Doran.) $1.25.
3. The Principles of Scientific Management. Taylor. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Mountain That was God. Williams. (Putnam.) $1.50.

Juveniles

1. Rover Boys on Treasure Isle. Winfield. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 60c.
2. Rambler Club Series. Sheppard. (Penn.) 60c.

TOLEDO, OHIO

Fiction

1. The Woman Haters. Lincoln. (Appleton.) $1.25.
2. The Other Man. Wallace. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
3. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
4. The Glory of Clementina. Locke. (Lane.) $1.30.
5. The Haunted Pajamas. Elliott. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
6. She Buildeth Her House. Comfort. (Lippincott.) $1.25.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

No report.

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TORONTO, CANADA

Fiction

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (McLeod & Allen.) $1.25.
2. The Common Law. Chambers. (McLeod & Allen.) $1.25.
3. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Claw. Stockley. (Briggs.) $1.25.
5. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
6. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Briggs.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

1. Old Indian Trails. Schaeffer. (Briggs.) $2.25.
2. Songs of a Sourdough. Service. (Briggs.) $1.00.
3. Ballads of a Cheechapo. Serviss. (Briggs.) $1.00.

Juveniles

No report.

WACO, TEXAS

Fiction

1. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) $1.25.
2. The Common Law. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.40.
3. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
4. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
5. Excuse Me. Hughes. (Fly.) $1.20.
6. The House of Bondage. Kauffman. (Mofyat, Yard.) $1.35.

Non-Fiction

1. The Writings, Speeches and Lectures of W. C. Brann, the Iconoclast. Brann. (Herz Bros.) $3.00.

Juveniles

No report.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Fiction

1. The Glory of Clementina. Locke. (Lane.) $1.30.
2. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
3. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
4. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
5. Miss Gibbie Gault. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.20.
6. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.

Non-Fiction

1. Mental Efficiency. Bennett. (Doran.) 75c.
2. The Doctor's Dilemma. Shaw. (Brentano.) $1.50.
3. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) $1.25.
4. Creative Evolution. Bergson. (Holt.) $2.50.

Juveniles

1. Rolf in the Woods. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
2. The Sea Fairies. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.
3. Uncle Remus and His Friends. Harris. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.50.

WORCESTER, MASS.

Fiction

1. The Common Law. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.40.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) $1.25.
4. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
5. The Glory of Clementina. Locke. (Lane.) $1.30.
6. Miss Gibbie Gault. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.20.

Non-Fiction

1. How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day. Bennett. (Doran.) 50c.
2. The Cruise of the Snark. London. (Macmillan.) $2.00.
3. Auction Bridge. Elwell. (Scribner.) $1.25.

Juveniles

1. The Rover Boys Series. Winfield. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 60c.
2. Motor Boat Series. Young. (Cupples and Leon.) 60c.
3. Peter Rabbit Series. Potter. (Warne.) 50c.

From the above list the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing			1st	on	any	list	receives	10
"	"	"	2d	"	"	"	"	8
"	"	"	3d	"	"	"	"	7
"	"	"	4th	"	"	"	"	6
"	"	"	5th	"	"	"	"	5
"	"	"	6th	"	"	"	"	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS

According to the foregoing lists, the six books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are

		POINTS
1.	Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35	243
2.	The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25	164
3.	The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30... The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) $1.25	151
4.	The Glory of Clementina. Locke. (Lane.) $1.30	139
5.	The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40	114
6.	The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35	104

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UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS. HAMLIN GARLAND

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"IN BOHEMIA." BY EVERETT SHINN

"In any place that is conducive to a stripping off of the formalities and a spontaneous intercourse of minds, there is the truest Bohemia"

See "The Message of Bohemia"

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